



HISTORY'S MOST FAMOUS WORDS

—
M^{RS} Chetwood Smith

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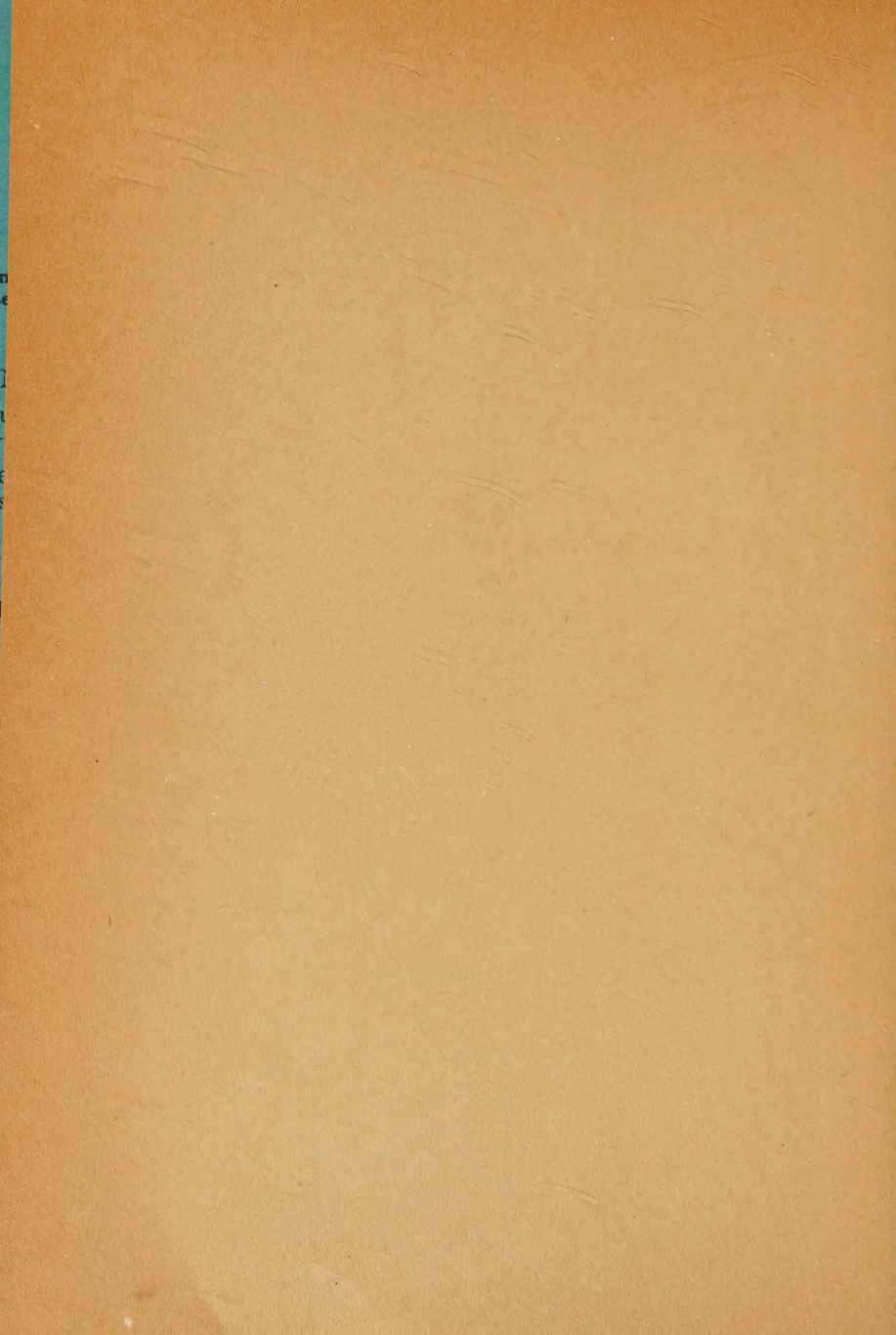
When, Where, Why, and by Whom Were
Used Great Sayings that have passed
into Common Speech

By

MRS. CHETWOOD SMITH

Illustrated from Famous Paintings

Who said, "Where there is life, there is hope"? Who used the expression, "All is lost save honor," and why? Who said, "It is the fortune of war," and what made him say it? Whence came "Put your trust in God, but keep your powder dry," and what called it forth? These are a few of the *two hundred* more or less well-known expressions, many of which are heard constantly, that Mrs. Smith has explained with great accuracy, giving two pages of glowing description of the sayer, scene, and circumstances of each. Such a book gives welcome culture in its most acceptable form. Any one can dip into it and become interested at once. These sayings range in time from 2700 B.C. to the present century, and come from many lands. To know their origin is in itself a liberal education. The author has made the famous words stand out with dramatic skill, and the work of artists inspired by their force adds to the enjoyment of a book that the world has really needed.



**HISTORY'S MOST
FAMOUS WORDS**



WAR TO THE KNIFE.

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When, Where, Why, and by Whom
Were Used Great Sayings
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Common Speech

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ILLUSTRATED FROM FAMOUS PAINTINGS



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HISTORY'S MOST FAMOUS WORDS

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In Every Life are Moments of Drama.

*Any Lips May Utter Words Whose Echoes Shall
Reach Down the Paths of the Years.*

*In These Sketches, Attempt is Made to Paint
Dramatic Moments in Important Lives; to Per-
petuate Some of the Ringing Words of History.*

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“PUT YOUR TRUST IN GOD, BUT
KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY”

OLIVER CROMWELL, 1599–1658

TO HIS TROOPS WHEN THEY WERE ABOUT TO CROSS A
RIVER TO ATTACK THE ENEMY

A DULL morning.

In buff coats and breastplates, a troop of soldiers sit their magnificent horses along the bank of a river. Gleams of pale sunshine hit against spears and tops of steel caps, striking off fitful blue sparks.

They strive to hold their champing steeds to the rigid discipline required. But the horses have not the same zeal of repression.

Suddenly their commander comes galloping to them. A strong compact figure; a head formed for a storehouse of energy, but in which there is no room for fear. Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of England, and one of the greatest cavalry leaders of history.

The forces opposed to him are the Royalists. They are men trained in all the gay chivalry and romantic gallantry of a Court. Their

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cause is an appealing adventure, touched by the glamor of monarchy.

Cromwell had realized that in order to achieve success, his Parliamentary soldiers must also be inspired by some great principle. They, too, must see a vision, and dream a dream. This motive had been found in Religion. Oliver Cromwell chose his troops, both officers and privates alike, from "religious men," who were actuated by sectarian enthusiasm. The desire to see the Puritans hold political power in England was vivified by the intention to attain their religious supremacy. Cromwell thus wielded a mighty influence.

He looks proudly now, with the glance of a leader of horse, along the well-drilled ranks. Always himself a religious fanatic, his harsh countenance reddens with emotion. The eloquence of deep fervor glows in his untunable voice, and his men thrill to his words.

A few sharp directions as to the fording of the river, and the battle array, into which they are to hurl themselves. A stirring reminder of the Faith for which they fought.

Then comes the ringing command:

"Put your trust in God, but keep your powder dry."

“ PLEASE STAND OUT OF MY SUN- LIGHT ”

DIOGENES OF SINOPE, 412-323 B. C.

SAID TO KING ALEXANDER THE GREAT

A GREAT Conqueror sweeps through the country; a soldier-statesman and student: Alexander the Great.

His retinue is gorgeous. Fierce, martial men and courtiers of a lighter mode, whose jewels glitter to their gay movements.

Alexander is on his way to interview a man named Diogenes, of whom he has heard strange things. It is said that Diogenes is a philosopher, who, in eschewing all luxury and pomp of the world, has reduced his living to the simplicity of asceticism.

Alexander's keen and brilliant mind is ever seeking new knowledge. If this be true, then Diogenes must have a motive for his virtuous self-control; there must be some reason back of his abstemiousness.

Is it possible that this is the famous Thinker? This half-naked figure, crouched in a wretched wooden tub? Yes, this is Diogenes of Sinope!

Alexander approaches him; addresses him

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kindly and asks in what he can pleasure him—what boon he can grant from his world-wide possessions and authority.

The courtiers crowd about, smiling and whispering among themselves.

We shall see how Diogenes' rigorous self-discipline relaxes at this unheard-of opportunity.

He will ask for wealth, say some, wealth to comfort his poor body with the good things of life.

Nay, say others; he will ask the King for power. For with power he can disseminate his philosophical doctrines and force his precious opinions on his fellow-men.

With a slow gesture Diogenes acknowledges that he has indeed a boon to crave.

Breathlessly the group listen. The request comes:

“Please stand out of my sunlight.”

That is all. All that the greatest King on earth can do for the philosopher of the tub. Because Diogenes holds already all things in his possession, by the mastery of his own spirit and body.

Thoughtfully Alexander the Great moves away!

“IF THY HEART FAIL THEE, DO
NOT CLIMB AT ALL ”

QUEEN ELIZABETH, 1533-1603

SAID IN REPLY TO SIR WALTER RALEIGH

A GREAT Queen saunters through a sunlit room followed by her courtiers. The hot sunshine blazes down upon the ruddy glory of her hair, piled high and twined with priceless pearls. A gauzy ruff rises about her throat, leaving bare her white bosom with its load of flashing jewels. Elizabeth, Queen of England and Empress of hearts!

Cut in the glass of a window-pane Queen Elizabeth sees the words:

“ Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall.”

Amusement flutters the group. It is Walter Raleigh who has done this.

He is the son of a poor gentleman of Devonshire and, hardly more than a lad, has lately come to Court to seek his fortunes.

Raleigh's ambitions turn to those far-away Western lands of which marvelous tales are beginning to be told. Tales of green and scarlet birds, who talk like humans; of trees called

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mahogany, whose dark wood is precious and glossy as marble; aye, and where the very city streets are paved with silver!

Queen Elizabeth realizes that the achievements of explorers and gentleman adventurers add to her own and England's greatness. She resolves now upon inspiring young Walter Raleigh by her personal interest. She asks her courtiers if a suitable completion to Raleigh's attempted couplet would be:

"If thy heart fail thee, do not climb at all."

Applauded and acclaimed, she draws a diamond ring from her finger, and inscribes the line.

Then laughing and chatting, the group sweeps on.

Into the empty room steals a youth of exceptional beauty and grace: Walter Raleigh. The Queen's gracious message enraptures him.

He leans against the lattice window, and for him it opens on perilous seas of fairy glamor. He sees himself the Admiral of a stately galloon with purple sails and crested prow, which sails to the havens where high endeavor is rewarded by the wealth that wins the smiles of Kings.

“GIVE ME A PLACE TO STAND, AND I WILL MOVE THE WORLD”

ARCHIMEDES, 287-212 B. C.

A SCIENTIFIC STATEMENT WHICH HE MADE IN A
WHIMSICAL MANNER

LONG, long ago, in one of the lovely Grecian Islands of the Mediterranean, a man read and thought and experimented. In his study, with its windows set wide to the green, wooded slopes and the ocean and the sky, he worked with the crude scientific appliances of the times. Archimedes, mathematician and philosopher.

Particularly his gaze wandered often to the sky. For his father had been a great astronomer, and as a lad, Archimedes had become familiar with thoughts of remote spaces and the lights which bridge purple abysses.

He had made himself famous as an inventor of mechanical contrivances.

Now he was pondering over the mechanism of levers, and the natural laws which govern them. He had demonstrated successfully that a very great weight could be moved by a very small force.

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Here was a thrilling truth! Why should it be limited? Could not the weight go on increasing? Surely! If only the lever could be long enough and adjusted with sufficient delicacy of balance.

The more Archimedes thought and worked on the subject, the more gigantic grew that typical weight. Farther and farther stretched that metaphorical lever, until it reached out into space—the star-dusted space to which Archimedes' thoughts so naturally and so easily turned. Larger the one—longer the other—till their very apotheosis is attained, and Archimedes, exulting, wondering, cries:

“Give me a place to stand, and I will move the world.”

It was true, if only he could reach a place, a point, a location among the stars, where he and his lever could stand. Whence, poised trembling amid the eternal, stately moving spheres, he could watch with awed rapture his lever like a mighty wing flash shining across dim distances. A place where secure, he could lift and raise until the cloud-wreathed earth moved. Oh, if only he could travel the crystal pathway among the stars to that far, fair place!

“ALONG THIS TRACK OF PATH-
LESS OCEAN IT IS MY INTEN-
TION TO STEER ”

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, 1451-1506

SAID ON HIS VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY TO AMERICA

BLUE water beneath, sinking to unsounded depths and reflecting the immensity of blue sky above. Between them, three small ships, their canvas fluttering and snapping in the salty winds that come from distances where more blueness lurks—misty, mysterious.

It is the first expedition of Christopher Columbus and goes forth under the patronage of Queen Isabella of Spain.

Columbus is serene in his conviction that the world is a sphere and that West and East meet somewhere under the sun. He bends his thin, thoughtful face over crude charts, planning his course into the Unknown.

But his sailors are doubtful and unhappy.

They throng the decks, gazing anxiously out over the wine-dark seas. This is a strange voyage on which they are embarked, and no man knows its harbor. What lies beyond them? Chaos—and a chaos not even decently void, but

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whirling with tempestuous storms and horribly inhabited with weird and evil monsters, waiting to devour too venturesome mariners.

Santa Maria! What slim, white body turned on that wave? And what song of devilish bewitchment was that? And if at the very best we win through all these perils of winds and waters, and escape the hideous maws of sea-creatures—why, surely, surely we shall but fall off the rim of the earth! For out there must be the end of all things. The fogs of oblivion.

Columbus' calm voice is heard:

“Along this track of pathless ocean it is my intention to steer.”

His confidence in his own scientific deductions and his dauntless courage inspire his men. Threatened mutiny and every other obstacle give way.

Christopher Columbus achieves a success even greater than his dreams. For this trip, one of the greatest voyages of discovery ever made, brings him not to the then already known continent of Asia, but to America the Beautiful.

“ O RIDER OF THE GREY HORSE! ”

SUKTA, A RAJPUT PRINCE

ABOUT 1556

THE ancient military caste of Rajputs is at war with Akbar, a Great Mogul of India.

Noble warriors as they are, the Rajputs have been overwhelmingly defeated by Akbar's crushing power. Their young Prince Pertâp has been forced to take to the hills of Mêwar, with only a few devoted followers.

Pertâp is the flower of Rajput chivalry. Dauntlessly brave; handsome; charming; the idol of men; the darling of women.

His little band retreats farther and farther into the rocky fastnesses, closely pursued by Akbar's ferocious soldiery. Among them, alas! is Pertâp's brother, Prince Sukta. Long years before, Sukta, influenced by various political reasons, had gone over to Akbar's side and now leads the hunters of his young brother.

A final skirmish decided Prince Pertâp's fate. Alone and wounded, he flees on his grey horse, Chytuc. But even this faithful comrade is failing him, for Chytuc, too, is wounded.

Up a narrowing, stony ravine Pertâp

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presses, hearing behind him the clatter of another and a fresher horse.

A cry soars up the echoing rocks:

“O rider of the grey horse!”

What? His enemy is within call already then.

Chytuc stumbles on—falters—checks.

“O rider of the grey horse!”

Chytuc is down.

Pertâp struggles to his feet, and turns to sell life dearly. But who is this that gallops up the trail? Pertâp dashes the sweat and blood from his wearied eyes, and looks again, looks into the loving face of his brother.

Prince Sukta hastily dismounts. With a few words of affection he lifts Pertâp upon his own swift steed, and sends him safe away among the sheltering hills.

Then sturdily, Sukta goes back to Akbar's camp and confesses what he has done. And Akbar, most magnanimous, as he was most magnificent, of Eastern potentates, quietly accepts the excuse of the man who had risked his life to save that of his brother.

“DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP!”

CAPTAIN JAMES LAWRENCE, 1781-1813

DURING THE WAR OF 1812

ONLY half a pistol-shot's distance between the two frigates lying yard-arm to yard-arm. The fearful broadsides of each blaze into the other with sulphurous flashes and thunderous roars.

It is one of the brilliant naval duels fought in the War of 1812 between England and the United States. Still the age of sails, remember.

Our American frigate, the *Chesapeake*, is woefully short of officers, and her crew has never drilled together, as many of the sailors have only just come on board. Our gunners, stripped to the waist, fire frantically. They have named their cannons “Raging Eagle,” “Spitfire,” etc.

Our opponent is the British frigate *Shannon*, a model of efficiency, with a thoroughly organized crew. She is commanded by a gallant captain, Philip Bowes Vere.

Captain James Lawrence of the *Chesapeake*

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is adored by us all for his courageous and chivalric spirit. At the beginning of the fight, he points for our inspiration to our starry banner floating at the fore.

But, alas! the odds are too much against us. It is only a question of time.

By scores our brave men fall.

Finally Captain Lawrence himself receives his death wound.

Sinking to the deck, he cries aloud:

"Don't give up the ship! Fight her till she sinks."

If anything could have carried us through, those words would have done so.

But the British boarders are rushing in a dense column on our decks.

Strange! The Englishman, who hauls down the American flag, that very starry banner to which Captain Lawrence had pointed, is killed by a shot from his own ship!

There is nothing left us but sullen surrender.

Our only comfort, as we follow the *Shannon* towards the English port of Halifax, is that Captain Lawrence never regained consciousness to realize the loss of his ship to the enemy.



DEATH OF CAPTAIN LAWRENCE.

“THE DIE IS CAST”

JULIUS CÆSAR, 102–44 B. C.

SAID ON CROSSING THE RIVER RUBICON

THE tramp of the Roman Legions shakes the land.

They are returning, bold, bloody, brazen, from conquests in Britain and Gaul. What of harm can touch them! Are they not led by Julius Cæsar, and is he not descended from the very gods—aye, from Venus herself? His personal charm by which he holds his soldiers' adoration proves this, and his commanding genius.

On sweep his vanquishing legions to camp at the foot of the Alps.

But what is this stern news which meets them? A bitter decree from the Roman Senate, prompted by the enemies of Julius Cæsar, that he must disband his army. This would make Cæsar a private person and thus liable to be called to account for some few little deeds which captious people might call unconstitutional. Can this be allowed? Never! Away, to prevent it.

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Cæsar summons his war chariot and leaps upon its wooden floor. Its high, crescent-shaped guard, overlaid with bronze and ivory, shelters him from the flying dirt, as the chariot-
eer, with reins tied about his waist, lashes the three fiery horses. Followed by a small company, Cæsar dashes for the River Rubicon, that outlines the frontier of Italy.

Cæsar knows that if he crosses the Rubicon with his soldiers, he is committed to hostile intent; if he does not, his enemies in Rome may ruin his career.

As they gallop to where the dark blue current rolls, Cæsar's momentous decision is taken. At least the crime of the unlit lamp shall not be his. He plunges into the river, shouting:

"Alea jacta est!" "The die is cast."

The dice have been tossed. They roll their appointed times and, settling irrevocably, engrave their numbers on the scroll of fate.

Cæsar enters Rome triumphant, soon to be made Dictator and Consul.

“FORTUNE LIES IN THE GUTTER”

JAMES MONROE, FIFTH PRESIDENT OF
THE UNITED STATES, 1758-1831

IN the beautiful forest of Saint Germain, in the environs of Paris, stroll some charming people chatting and laughing together.

A young man leads his little daughter by the hand. He is tall and somewhat slouching, but his deep-set eyes are vitally alive. He has an air of unusual refinement and culture.

They are accompanied by Madame Campan—the Instructress of the Kings’ daughters.

What way leads to success in life? What directions can we give to youth, that they may find the gilded guerdon? The conversation naturally turns to this channel.

The young man listens with the “patient consideration for all sides of any question” for which his contemporaries laud him.

Then he says decidedly:

“Fortune lies in the gutter. Anybody who takes the trouble to bend down can pick it up.”

Well may he think so! For he has but to stretch out his hand for fortune.

He is James Monroe.

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One public position after another was his.

Governor more than once of his native state of Virginia—Envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to France—Minister to Great Britain—he became, at last, twice President of the United States.

His name to-day is chiefly known in connection with what is called the “Monroe Doctrine.” This is a policy of the United States, not originated by President Monroe, but first by him announced in an official manner.

Summarized briefly, it is that European powers should take no part—should be prevented from taking any part in the politics of the American Continent.

The man who crystallizes an idea, who puts it in concrete form, has the right to be hailed as the father of that idea.

President Washington had recommended that the United States should avoid entangling itself in the politics of Europe.

It was left for President Monroe to formulate the counterpart.

**“ HE WONDERED AT THE EXCEL-
LENCY OF THE SHOE AND
PRETTY FOOT ”**

**OLD CHRONICLE OF PSAMMETICUS I, KING
OF EGYPT, 664-610 B. C.**

SLOWLY down the long flight of steps to the garden pool goes the lovely lady Rodolphe. Slowly through the blazing sunshine of that garden in Egypt long ago.

Her dusky maids go with her.

One waves a fan, bright-hued, of ostrich feathers; one bears a small, well-polished shield to serve as mirror; another carries jars of fragrant pomades, and of balms.

The pool is set about with reeds. Tall reeds and slender, whose smooth spires grow close and form a screen. For here Rodolphe, that “ fairest lady in her days in all Egypt,” bathes.

With low laughter and with talk between the laughter, her maids disrobe her for the bath. Carefully they spread their young mistress’ raiment in the sun. But one is careless—do her thoughts wander to some swarthy captain in the Pharaoh’s guard? She drops, unheeding, one of the little shoes of Rodolphe.

20 HISTORY'S MOST FAMOUS WORDS

Then from the far blue sky, a speck grows larger—larger—an eagle swoops down—and takes away the shoe!

Now it happens—on that day in the Egypt of long ago—that its King, Psammeticus I, sits on the terrace of his lonely, splendid palace at Memphis.

For Psammeticus cannot seek afar for companionship congenial to his soul. He is Egypt's King. He is but as the ploughman who may not wander from his allotted field until his work is done.

Lonely and bored, the King gazes up into the azure sky.

What comes?

Swiftly and strong, an eagle, in his flight.

The royal bird flies low—and drops a little shoe into the lap of the King!

Psammeticus “wondered at the excellency of the shoe and pretty foot.”

He takes a sudden resolution. He causes a proclamation to be made: “She that owns that shoe shall come presently to my Court.”

The ending?

Oh, Rodolphe came.

“GENTLEMEN OF THE FRENCH
GUARD, FIRE FIRST!”

LORD CHARLES HAY, LIEUTENANT OF THE
FIRST GRENADIER GUARDS

SAID AT THE BATTLE OF FONTENOY, MAY, 1745

THE battle had raged for hours.

Horrible noises roared and blazed. Bitter, suffocating smoke crushed down, shutting out the world of sane sunlight. Agony tore its way through writhing forms, and blood dripped thickly on turf that would grow more rank another spring.

It was the war of the Austrian Succession.

Fontenoy, a village of Belgium, was being held by the French, while the English and their Allies strove to take it and its surrounding woods.

Early on this May morning, the British and Hanoverians were rallying for another attack upon Fontenoy. Their losses had been great, and a stern and glorious rage possessed them. With flaunting pageantry, as if on parade, with colors flying and drums beating, they advanced up a slope to its low crest. Here a pause ensued. The French, both cavalry and

infantry, came forward from the redoubts that defended Fontenoy. The Guards Brigade and the Gardes Françaises met face to face.

Suddenly out from the English ranks darted a Lieutenant of the First Guards, Lord Charles Hay. He halted between the lines, a gallant young figure of war's pomps. Waving his hat in sweeping salute to the enemy, he shouted:

"Gentlemen of the French Guard, fire first!"

Whirling to his own men, he called for three cheers.

The astonished French officers drew themselves up, and with dashing spirit returned Lord Hay's salute. Their men answered with a rousing counter-cheer.

Then came the French reply, ringing gayly across the carnage of the stricken field.

"Sir," called the Comte d'Auteroches, "we never fire first. Please to fire yourselves!"

By companies, the English fired. Their whole line poured out a tremendous series of volleys that shook the earth. Under that fire fell fifty French officers, and seven hundred and sixty men of the French line.

“ I WOULD RATHER HAVE WRIT-
TEN THAT POEM, GENTLEMEN,
THAN TAKE QUEBEC TO-
MORROW ”

MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES WOLFE, 1727-1759
THE NIGHT BEFORE HE WAS KILLED ON THE PLAINS
OF ABRAHAM

THROUGH the tranquil night a boat is drift-
ing silently.

The wide river flows with a deep and mighty
current. Near the bluffs on the northern
shore, impenetrable shadows merge land and
water into lowering masses. Farther out,
drowned stars float on the mirroring surface.

From the stern of the boat comes a low voice
that mingles with the lap of the ripples:

“ ‘ The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,’ ”

A man is lying, closely muffled in his cloak,
and his musical words find an obligato in the
sigh of the dark-blue night:

“ ‘ And all that beauty, all that wealth e’er gave
Await alike the inevitable hour:—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.’ ”

24 HISTORY'S MOST FAMOUS WORDS

Who would fancy that this is a great military expedition? But such it is.

The English are stealing down the Saint Lawrence River, under cover of darkness, to surprise the French in Quebec. It is their leader, Major-General James Wolfe, who is quoting lines from Thomas Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard."

Dreamily he says:

"I would rather have written that poem, gentlemen, than take Quebec to-morrow."

Yet that he desired to take Quebec he had given ample proof. For he had accepted active service in spite of the fact that he was seriously ill, and constantly suffering exquisite pain; also he had left the woman he loved on the very eve of their marriage.

He was a skilful and conscientious soldier and had neglected nothing to make this campaign the success which it was to prove itself on the morrow.

But in the midst of war and war's alarms, there had come to him this quiet hour, full of the peace which lies enshrined in poetry.

The echoes of his voice linger still on the reaches of the river:

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

“ I FEEL THE FLOWERS GROWING
OVER ME ”

JOHN KEATS, 1797–1821

SAID JUST BEFORE HE DIED

A POET in his youth lies dying.

John Keats, who before he was twenty-four gave us the loveliest lyrical poetry which the world has ever heard—odes, whose star-touched words hold sheer beauty.

He is in a room in an Italian house, somewhat bare and poorly furnished. The balmy sunshine floods softly in, but it cannot dispel despair and corroding illness.

Keats' sensitive spirit is torn. He is separated from the young girl whom he loves with the strange, impassioned fervor of a poet. He knows that he is being cut off at the very threshold of his poetical work. He broods over the cold reception accorded his published poems.

Spring was coming, but not for John Keats.

His friend, Joseph Severn, tends him with utmost devotion.

Sometimes in the long hours of the night,

Severn falls asleep in his chair and then the one candle, which the young men can afford, burns out, leaving the room to total darkness. To obviate this, Severn arranges a thread between the end of the burning candle and the wick of the new one, so that the little fairy lamplighter can creep through the purple night, and touch and light the other candle. All the while, breathlessly the sick lad—for he was little more—watches the feeble aspiring spark, typical to him of how much!

He lay, holding in his hand his sweetheart's last letter, unopened.

Towards the last, he spoke tranquilly:

“ I feel the flowers growing over me.”

Yes—flowers grow over John Keats. Violets and daisies cover his grave in Rome. And beside him, after sixty-seven years, was laid Joseph Severn.

Flowers as fair grow in Keats' poems. In his pages bloom all he loved. There, till the future dares forget the past, shall be found color and dewy fragrance and the sound of green branches.

“ I WILL NOT STAY IN THE SHIP,
UNLESS YOU WOULD FORCE ME ”

PHILIP STAFFE

SAID TO THE MUTINEERS OF HENRY HUDSON'S SHIP,
Discovery, JUNE, 1611

It is too much! No more can be borne!

The searing cold; the awful, unnatural darkness of the arctic Winter, just passed, have beaten and maddened the men's souls and bodies, until they have reached the point of senseless, useless mutiny. They will take another leader! No more shall the Master, Henry Hudson, guide and guard them!

Cold and cruel, the immensities of snow and ice surround them. Broken only where the still, black waters of the north yawn between ice floes. At the side of this ship, *Discovery*, rides her shallop, or skiff.

With snarling, childish raging, quarreling already among themselves, the mutineers seize and bind Henry Hudson, and fling him into the shallop. Then they drag the sick and wounded among their comrades to be his companions on that sail of death.

But there is one man of that disgraced ship's company who remains loyal. Philip Staffe, the ship's carpenter, voluntarily, for love of the Master Hudson, and for the sake of right, disdained the safety of the *Discovery*—which eventually won home to England. Philip Staffe struggles through the fighting group to the ship's side, and makes his declaration:

“I will not stay in the ship, unless you would force me.”

Staffe keeps his head. He uses his personal influence with the mutineers and obtains a little food, a musket, and some ammunition. He takes also the tools of his trade, too true a craftsman to neglect them even in this dire stress. How their good familiar touch must have comforted him! Then he goes quietly down into the forlorn shallop.

With its tragic load, it is cast adrift, never to be heard from again. Henry Hudson, the great explorer-navigator, has set forth on his last voyage.

Philip Staffe, the ship's carpenter, who chose a death with honor, steers with him, north by west, into the eternal silences.

**“IN THE NAME OF THE GREAT
JEHOVAH AND THE CONTI-
NENTAL CONGRESS!”**

**ETHAN ALLEN, AMERICAN PATRIOT,
1739-1789**

AT THE SURRENDER OF TICONDEROGA

A SMALL body of men are tramping through the woods from Bennington, Vermont, towards Lake Champlain.

The spring forest is cool, with spicy shade. Not a tree has ever felt the axe. Trees have flourished their appointed time. Then they have fallen, to be buried in green moss and nourish the roots of other trees as gigantic as themselves.

The men are evidently of a military expedition. But some of them are dressed simply in the garb of backwoodsmen, and wear caps made of fur with the tails hanging down behind. Their leader is Ethan Allen. He is a stalwart New Englander, humorous, kindly, and with a shrewdness in thought and action which is equal to any emergency.

Meanwhile, leagues away, the garrison of a British fort pursue their daily routine, with no thought of present alarm. Their fort, well-built for those days, is of earth and timber, and

is the key to the inland approach to Canada. It is called Ticonderoga, from an Indian word, meaning "sounding waters."

One fine morning the British Commander of Ticonderoga, Captain de Laplace, is told that a force of men have marched into his fort and formed on the Parade.

In amazement, "with his breeches in his hand" the Captain hastens out. He is confronted by Ethan Allen, who calls on him to surrender.

"In whose name?" demands the astonished Britisher.

"In the name of Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!" replies Ethan Allen calmly.

Who? What? Strange Allies!

Indeed, with the battle of Lexington a bare three weeks behind them, the authority of Congress, as Ethan Allen himself remarked, "was but little known!"

The British meekly surrender.

Ethan Allen writes an account of the proceeding to the Massachusetts Congress, which he signs triumphantly:

"Ethan Allen, at present Commander of Ticonderoga."

**“ HE WAS BURIED BESIDE HIS
WIFE IN THE TAJ MAHAL ”**

**SAID OF SHAH JEHAN, A GREAT MOGUL,
1592-1666**

A SCENE of unbelievable beauty rises before us.

A building of white marble—inlaid with precious stones: jasper, bloodstone, turquoise.

Slowly we move towards it, up the long mosaic terraces, through the center of which flows a canal of azure water. The shadows of cedar-trees lie like black velvet across the gardens and fountains.

The building, its great white dome crowning it, stands in the center of a marble platform, on each corner of which soars, with aerial grace, a white marble minaret.

It is the Taj Mahal, at Agra, an ancient city of India. It was built by Shah Jehan, Mogul Emperor. Twenty-two years he spent, gathering together every conceivable beauty to adorn it. It was designed by Ustad Isa, a clever Persian architect. The perfect symmetry of its contours, the delicacy of its decorations, the lavish magnificence of its ma-

terials, make it "the most splendidly poetic building in the world."

Also the use for which it was intended marks it as one of the world's romantic edifices. For it was not as a pleasure palace, or a monument for the gratification of his own pride, that Shah Jehan built it.

The Taj Mahal was a Mausoleum for his wife, Mumtaz Mahal, who died in giving birth to their thirteenth child. History declares—although it is not the record we should expect of an Eastern potentate—that Shah Jehan loved only her and was faithful to her till death did them part.

So the Taj Mahal—the Tomb of Mahal—was chiseled a memorial to wedded love.

A bubble of light, a globe of stone, so airy that it seems to drift up in the yellow Eastern dawn, to crystallize into a lasting vision of beauty and love.

According to Shah Jehan's wish, "He was buried beside his wife in the Taj Mahal."

**“DAMN THE TORPEDOES! FULL
SPEED AHEAD!”**

DAVID GLASGOW FARRAGUT, AMERICAN
ADMIRAL, 1801-1870

AT THE NAVAL ENGAGEMENT OF MOBILE BAY

“DAMN the torpedoes! Full speed ahead!”

“I beg your pardon, Commodore? Did I understand you to say ——”

“Well! Isn’t it enough to make any man swear?”

“Here I have my chance to force an entrance into Mobile Bay, so far in the hands of the Confederates. We have actually gotten in part way—our seventeen Union cruisers and gunboats lashed together in couples, in order to tow away the vessel on the side of the fort, should it become disabled.

“Because, of course, we are fearfully exposed to the fifty guns of Fort Morgan. We are obliged to keep in the one-hundred-yard channel near the fort, for good and sufficient reasons. My leading ship, the *Tecumseh*, having just fallen foul of one of those reasons, has been blown up. She sunk in ten seconds.

“Discouraged?”

“No.

“I have climbed up into the rigging of my boat, the *Hartford*, because the smoke from the enemy's guns and our own obscured my vision. I must see clearly. I suppose I am a better mark here—but I have had myself lashed into the ratlines, so if I am wounded I will not fall to the deck and bother the men.

“And now—now—the *Brooklyn*, which is leading our line—stops and blocks us from advancing. And when I demand ‘Why?’ the signals come back: ‘There are torpedoes ahead!’

“Swear! I wish I could think of some more words!

“Please signal the *Brooklyn*, politely, very politely, that if it makes her feel any easier to know the number, there are just one hundred and eighty torpedoes anchored in the channel.

“Now, gentlemen, once more, ‘Damn the torpedoes! Full speed ahead!’”

The battle of Mobile Bay was won gloriously—by Commodore Farragut, in his fifty-third year.

“Ah! methinks I see him now,
Lashed to the rigging still.”

“ A SONG WHICH NOBODY IN THAT
COUNTRY KNEW EXCEPT
THEY TWO ”

CONCERNING KING RICHARD I OF ENG-
LAND, 1157-1199

KING RICHARD paces the narrow confines of his prison, in the castle of Durenstein on the River Danube.

King Richard has sacrificed all his other interests and ambitions to fulfil his crusading vows. He has fought with the greatest valor and gallantry in the Holy Land, earning for himself the nickname of Lion-hearted. He has concluded a truce with the Saladin, under which Christians receive free access to the Holy Sepulchre.

But on his way home from Palestine, King Richard has been taken prisoner by his personal enemy, Leopold, Duke of Austria. His friends and his subjects in England are in total ignorance of his whereabouts. Who can find him? Who will rescue him?

Is he doomed, in the vigor of his young manhood, to lifelong incarceration? Other men have so suffered and languished.

Will year after year drag its iron length to

corrode and torture his manly spirit while his flesh becomes shriveled—his hands turn into talons—and in his frowsy hair the vermin—“God have mercy upon all prisoners and captives!”

Suddenly the King lifts his head.

A troubadour is singing as he saunters by the prison wall—King Richard is himself a member of that gentle brotherhood—and he listens enraptured.

But what joy is this!

Why! It must be none other than his own faithful Blondel, because he is singing “a song which nobody in that country knew except they two.”

So indeed it proves.

Hardly able to control his trembling voice, King Richard sings the concluding bar of the song—and Blondel answers!

The faithful minstrel had been wandering through country after country, looking for his master, with this musical method of search.

Blondel returns to England with the news of its King's whereabouts.

Richard is promptly ransomed by the payment of large sums, and arrives safely in his native land.

“ THOSE TRAITOROUS SICILIANS ”
CHARLES OF ANJOU, KING OF NAPLES AND
SICILY, 1220-1285

CONCERNING THE SICILIAN VESPERS

DING—Dong—The silver sound of the bells.

Peacefully the people of Palermo, Sicily, this Easter Monday evening of 1282, stroll across the fields. They are going to hear vespers, as is their custom on festivals, at a church a little distance out of town.

Ding—Dong—The sweet, singing peal of the bells.

But what is this horrid sound that mingles suddenly with the bells? A woman's screams, in terror and humiliation.

Sicily is under the dominating tyranny of a foreign conqueror and usurper, Charles, Count of Anjou, brother of King Louis IX of France.

For years the Sicilians have suffered from the unbounded greediness and brutal licentiousness of the French soldiery. They have borne oppressive taxes and cruel laws. Even their young nobles have been forced into de-

grading personal services—they have turned spits in the kitchens of the foreigners.

Various of their patriots are secretly encouraging the Sicilians to revolt—among them the gallant John of Procida. More and more the spirit of nationalism soars.

Oh! the sobbing ring of the bells! On this holy evening, a French soldier brutally seizes a beautiful young woman, member of an aristocratic family, and publicly insults her.

The girl's shrieks, as half-mad she runs through the streets, arouse the entire populace. Led by her young husband and her father, the Sicilians snatch up whatever weapons come to hand, and fall upon the French. The clashing of the bells becomes a tocsin.

Loudly pound the bells. Their wild, metallic clatter surges through the pulses of the Sicilians, until they massacre every one of French blood in Palermo—sparing neither sex nor age.

When Charles of Anjou was told of the insurrection of the Sicilian Vespers, he cried out against

“Those traitorous Sicilians.”

Traitors, to begin the freeing of their country?

**"THEN SELL YOUR LIVES
DEARLY!"**

GENERAL WILLIAM EATON, 1764-1811

SAID TO HIS COMMAND IS THE LIBYAN DESERT

THE African sun blazes down upon the desert. It turns the sands to quivering gold that stretches away in undulating waves. Between the billows lie sharp-cut shadows of solid black. The sky seems like an inverted bowl of burning brass.

A little company struggles across the hot, sliding sand. A few Greeks, some Arabs. Can these others be American soldiers? Yes, thus far from home are they.

For their leader, General William Eaton, has heard that some fellow-countrymen are prisoners in Tripoli. Christians in the hands of Infidels! Americans, liable to insult and torture by Turks!

Let us push on swiftly!

But the terrific and unusual heat is telling on the American lads. Also the food is giving out.

Worse still, our allies, the handsome, treacherous Sheiks are becoming more and more difficult to manage.

At last the Arabs refuse to progress, and insist upon a halt for a long rest. General Eaton at once stops rations.

The infuriated tribesmen circle the Americans, whom they greatly outnumber, wild, dark faces scowling above brandished guns.

The handful of Americans draw together and steadily face the horrible glare in which their barbaric enemies reel and shout!

Quietly General Eaton cautions his men not to commence hostilities—to stand firm. But should the firing actually begin, he adds:

“Then sell your lives dearly!”

The determined front of the Americans causes the Arabs to halt. Their chiefs began to consider—somewhat belatedly—that, after all, they are Christians, like the Americans with whom they have made common cause against the Turks.

Sullenly they lower their guns.

General Eaton suggests supper! If the Sheiks will promise to start their tribesmen in the morning? Agreed!

Not this time will those brave young American lives be sold.

The swift, southern dusk falls coolly over the desert, and above are the peaceful stars.

**“ HIS SHIP WAS CALLED THE
GREAT DRAGON ”**

BOAT OF SWEYN, KING OF THE DANES

SAID ABOUT 1000

THE Danes! The Danes!

Dreadful cry of warning!

The inhabitants of the little coast villages of England rush out of their thatched cottages and gaze despairingly off to sea.

There they come, the ships of the Vi-Kings—Vi meaning bay or inlet, whence these northern Kings sail out on their piratical raids.

See them! Each boat has a high, gilded prow in the shape of some ravening creature, dragon or griffin or vulture, whose grim shadows are cast upon the waves.

The Danish King Sweyn “of the forked beard” leads them.

“His ship was called the Great Dragon.”

Sweyn comes with better reason this time than the Danes usually have for their raids. He comes to avenge the murder of his sister, a fair and stately lady, named Gunhild.

Many, many times the Danes have made bar-

barous and overwhelming incursions into England until they have conquered much of the Island. Many of their people have settled here. Not all of them are pirates at heart. Some are glad to be quiet farmers and traders.

But Sweyn forces the English to pay an enormous tribute in gold, which is a terrible tax on them.

The English King, Ethelred, nicknamed the Unready, is weak and vacillating. He tries to fight the Danes and expel them by force of arms, with no avail.

Therefore with the wicked cunning of a feeble man, Ethelred sets a day when, by secret means, every Dane living peacefully in England is murdered. Among those who fall is the royal lady, Gunhild, and her household.

When this news is brought to Sweyn, his wild rage bubbles forth in frantic commands for a new and fiercer raid. He vows to pluck the crown from the brow of Ethelred.

For three years the Danes carry fire and sword over England. At last Sweyn becomes "a foreign King of England." But very short was his cruel reign.

“THESE ARE MY JEWELS!”

CORNELIA, WIFE OF TIBERIUS GRACCHUS
SAID OF HER SONS, CALLED “THE GRACCHI,” ABOUT
153 B. C.

CHARMING creatures of the female species made morning calls in Ancient Rome, as they have done everywhere ever since there were any mornings in which to make them!

We see a rich and sumptuously attired Roman matron, languidly descending from her slave-borne litter. She enters the house of her friend, Cornelia.

How glad they are to see each other!

The visitor sinks amid the cushions hospitably offered her. While secretly pitying her dear friend for the wretched taste with which she does her hair, she compliments her upon being in excellent looks.

Then with studied carelessness, she moves her graceful arm so that its broad band of gold may catch the sun's rays.

Cornelia, not to be outdone in politeness, admires the gold bracelet.

Oh! does she really like it—a mere trifle, but it *is* pretty. Husbands are sometimes complacent to one's wishes!

But if you care for such things, darling Cornelia,—here I'll show you—*just look* at these pearls. I wear them half-concealed beneath my robe. And here are some moonstones carved by a famous craftsman. Now, dearest Cornelia, show me *your* jewels!

Cornelia is irritated; as much irritated as so good a woman as she can allow herself to become.

Of course, her visitor is unutterably vain and frivolous. But it *would* be nice to be able quietly to outdo her by some splendid piece of jewelry. But the gods know Tiberius Gracchus never seems to bring home many spoils, for all his grand campaigns in war!

What *shall* she show?

An idea comes. Cornelia gives a triumphant order, and the next moment two handsome, well-grown lads bound into the room.

After all she is fortunate above most women. Two sons such as these are certainly to be classed among earth's most precious possessions.

We hear Cornelia's suave, complacent words:

"These are my jewels! And their virtues are my ornaments."

“THY NEED IS GREATER THAN
MINE ”

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, 1554-1586

SAID WHEN HE GAVE HIS CUP OF WATER TO A DYING
SOLDIER

THE Spanish convoy has been beaten off!
The provisions are ours!

But at what a price!

Our beloved leader, Sir Philip Sidney, has
been hit. A bullet has struck his thigh and he
reels in his saddle, fainting.

This obscure skirmish has taken cruel toll.
Philip Sidney—the flower of English chivalry,
the pattern of all that is knightly and splendid
among her young nobles.

Bind his wound—oh, for water to assuage
his deathly fever! Can you ride on, Sir Philip?

Supported by loving arms, the Knight rides
slowly towards camp. His blood is ebbing
fast—oh, where are the messengers who search
for a spring or rivulet? His anguish grows,
and his brave young lips are set and white,
though not a moan escapes them.

Bear up, Sir Philip! He fails more and
more! Praise the Saints—water at last!

A trooper comes galloping madly, carefully bearing in his helmet the precious water, clear and cool. The sad cavalcade stops, and eagerly the water—alas! there is but little of it—is poured into a cup. It is lifted towards the Knight's parched mouth.

As Sir Philip Sidney bends his head to drink, he sees by the roadside a common soldier who has been wounded—wounded more grievously than himself. For the man is even now dying, choking his life out in the stifling dust.

The soldier's glazing eyes look wistfully towards the cup of water. He knows there is not enough for both, and of course, it is quite right that his superior should have it, only—he is so thirsty ——

Gently Sir Philip Sidney motions to his anxious attendants. Astounded, they obey him. They draw back the cup of water from the Knight's lips and carry it to the dying soldier. He drinks in bliss, and the last thing he hears upon earth is Philip Sidney's quiet consolation:

“Thy need is greater than mine.”

**“ I PROPOSE TO FIGHT IT OUT ON
THIS LINE IF IT TAKES
ALL SUMMER!”**

**LIEUTENANT-GENERAL ULYSSES S.
GRANT, 1822-1885**

AT SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT-HOUSE

STURDY U. S. Grant!

It took more than a war to disconcert him!

It is in the spring of 1864 and the struggle for the Union has been raging cruelly for three long years. President Lincoln has just formally invested Ulysses S. Grant with the credentials of the first Lieutenant-Generalship since the days of President Washington.

General Grant is bringing all the driving energy and iron determination of his character towards leading the combined Union forces forward to final and conclusive victory. Opposed to him are General Robert Lee and his army of gallant Southerners, and the strength of both sides is being tested to the utmost.

General Grant's explicit policy is "attrition." That is, the constant wearing and pounding of the Southern line. This means of course that his own men are used with a merci-

less stress and hurry; thrown into action again and again with breathless, dogged power. These were his own words for it:

“ I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer! ”

They rang over the battlefield of Spottsylvania Court-House, to announce his final and irrevocable resolve.

On and on pour the Northern regiments; on and on the steady ranks of blue, one closing in upon the other. Men and horses sweeping on to fill the gaps left by their fallen comrades. On and on—slowly gaining, rod by rod. Artillery pausing—flaring—bumping on again. Cavalry wheeling in flanking manœuvres. Camp followers; commissary stores; all pressing forward. Men—men—men—to die—to lie under the stars—to stumble up and on, bitterly wounded. Ever the march goes on.

Is there no end to it? Is there no mercy? Thousands killed in an hour —— What? Still on?

But the summer is gone, the fight is over, and the line has reached and penetrated the heart of the Confederacy.

“LAST NIGHT THERE WERE FOUR MARYS ”

CONCERNING THE LADIES IN WAITING OF
MARY STUART, QUEEN OF SCOTS,
1542-1587

AH! not to-day?—Not this very morning?

Yes. The harsh decree has gone forth. The Queen of Scotland is to die to-day upon the scaffold. She has been a prisoner of state to Queen Elizabeth, in England, for nearly twenty years.

Unfortunate, sinned-against Queen! Beautiful, brilliant, subtle, dangerously fascinating woman. Her failings have been those of her century with its limitations; its cruelties; its constant warfare. In her personal qualities there never was a woman so sure to attach friends and followers.

How they have loved her! They, the ladies of her Court, who have gone with her into exile and prison.

They kneel weeping beside her to kiss her hands—those lovely hands whose whiteness once betrayed her. Those gracious hands, which only last night distributed amongst her

attendants her jewels and money. Poor enough they are, most of them, and looking forward to little of this world's prosperity. So that these royal gifts will comfort them materially, as well as by the sentiment of the memories connected with them.

Such memories! Of balls and banquets and frolics that verged on carousals. Of escapes from the Queen's enemies and wild rides through the night.

It is true also that these fair hands of hers wrote bitter messages last night to Philip, King of Spain, calling for vengeance on her enemies. But why—why, they, her ladies ask you, should she not? They are also enemies of her Church.

Can it be that they gaze for the last time upon her exquisite charms? Her hazel eyes, her dimpled chin, her sweetly formed mouth.

“Last night there were four Marys, to-night there'll be but three ——”

Alas! They, the Queen's Ladies in Waiting, sing this pathetic song in exile.

Mary Seton, Mary Beton, Mary Carichael, and Mary Hamilton were the Queen's favorite dames in waiting.



“LAST NIGHT THERE WERE FOUR MARYS.”

**“SISTER ANNE, SISTER ANNE, DO
YOU SEE ANY ONE COMING?”**

**WIFE OF GILES DE LAVAL, THE REAL
BLUEBEARD, 1396-1440**

Not true—all that about Bluebeard?

Indeed it was, as I, one of the monster's wretched wives, have good reason to know.

Monsieur Perrault wrote a story about us. He sends my sister up into the tower to watch for help. Almost desperate, I shriek to her:

“Sister Anne, Sister Anne, do you see any one coming?”

Bluebeard's real name was Giles de Laval, Seigneur de Retz. He was a brave and distinguished soldier of France, and he inherited vast estates. We lived in great splendor.

In the curious, emotional way of life which people sometimes follow in these Middle Ages, Giles mingled a careful heed of religious observances with personal profligacy. His private chapel was gorgeously decorated. When King Charles VII was consecrated at Rheims, I have been told that Giles marched in the procession to the Cathedral and carried the ampulla containing the sacred oil.

But, oh! I am not the only woman who suffered from his abominable ways.

Gradually his dissipations squandered his great wealth. Endeavoring to retrieve his fortunes, Giles had recourse to alchemy.

Then he turned for help to sorcery. In order to complete some of the diabolical rites of black magic, it was necessary to have "the blood and hearts of beautiful children." So Giles lured dozens of young women and murdered them!

He did! Oh, he did! And all this while he was fulfilling his religious duties with careful precision.

Of course he was finally arrested, and the records of his trial are in the archives at Paris. His judges were overcome with horror at the atrocious crimes which Giles brazenly confessed.

The remains of over eighty bodies of his victims were found in his various castles.

He was executed by strangling.

And showed his strange nature to the last by the typical request that a Bishop might head his death procession!

“WHOM HE DEFEATED IN TWELVE GREAT BATTLES”

CONCERNING ARTHUR PENDRAGON, KING
OF BRITAIN, ABOUT 500

LEGENDARY?

Nay—Arthur Pendragon, King of Britain, was a real person.

Old histories, old chronicles, tell of him. How he drew the petty Princedoms under him. How he led the armies of the British Kings “against the Saxon invaders whom he defeated in twelve great battles.”

We see him, in the wide hall of his palace on the mount of Camelot, above the dim, rich city. Here is the round table, where sit Arthur's Knights in an equality of position symbolic of their equality of purpose and affection.

For when Arthur, “the blameless King,” first mounted his dais, robed in red samite, with the golden dragon of Britain clinging to his crown, he instituted a new order: The Knights of the Round Table. He bound the youths of his Court with such strait vows of utter hardihood and utter gentleness that, “when

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they rose, knighted from kneeling," their young eyes were dazed as if with the coming of a light.

From Camelot the Knights ride forth—to redress human wrongs; to aid distressed damsels; to search for the Holy Grail.

When they return victorious, tournaments are held in the fields by the river.

Round the lists sit Lords and Ladies, in brilliant green and rose and orange velvets and silver tissue.

Those Knights who hold the lists, and those who assail them, set lance in rest. Spurring their plunging horses, they dash forward to meet in the center with such furious shock that many a rider is hurled to grievous wounds or death. To the victor comes the joy of choosing the Queen of Love and Beauty, who will rule the feasts that follow.

Arthur Pendragon is long dead. The ideals of his Round Table still live, although not in the same form—not under the same guise.

“The old order changeth, yielding place to new.
And God fulfils Himself in many ways.—”

“ON ME BE THE SUFFERING”

ZAHIR-UD-DIN MAHOMED, CALLED BABAR,
1483-1530

THE first of the Great Moguls—called Babar, the Tiger—holds his court at Agra.

Through the struggles of long, arduous years, he has made himself master of India and has founded a Mohammedan Dynasty—which is to last nearly four centuries.

Now the King rests himself and rejoices in peace.

Born on Saint Valentine's Day, Babar has one of the most delightful personalities known to history. A brilliant soldier; a beneficent ruler, as Eastern Monarchs go; a winning friend; an accomplished student.

With him now are his three beloved daughters, Rose-blush, Rose-face, Rose-body. Also their mother, whom Babar calls “Dearest-Dear.”

Surrounding their palace are gardens where flourish specimens of the flowers which Babar has noted in his copious autobiography written during his travels. There is an oleander of a red unlike all other blossoms, and a tulip, “yellow, double, scented like a rose.”

The courtiers arrange elephant fights at which the King looks on. Babar's favorite elephants are hung with velvet of a crimson color, studded with turquoise.

To this scene of royal comforts comes, of a sudden, a tragic change.

Humayon, the eldest son and heir of Babar, is brought home to Agra, dying.

Learned doctors and wise men declare that nothing will save Humayon's life save some supreme sacrifice.

Babar agrees solemnly. He offers his own life.

The wise men are aghast! They had only hinted at a sumptuous present of money or jewels as a present to God—to go through their hands!

Babar enters the chamber where the young Prince's soaring soul is almost ready to take flight among the soaring wings of the pigeons without his window. Babar prays by his son's bedside. Then he walks three times about it, saying each time:

“On me be the suffering.”

Humayon recovers.

But Babar is dead before the year is out!

“NOT A DRUM WAS HEARD, NOT A FUNERAL NOTE”

SAID OF THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE,
1761-1809

DARKNESS, deep and lowering, drawn across the winter sky. Darkness, heavy and sad, closing in upon our hearts. For our Commander, Sir John Moore, lies dying.

Our English army has been endeavoring to assist the Spaniards against the advance of Napoleon. We were forced to retreat from before Madrid, with our men in wretched condition. Mile after mile the French pursued us, while our regiments that Sir John Moore had trained covered themselves with glory in the ceaseless, rear-guard fighting.

At last Sir John Moore stood gallantly at bay near Corunna. Here, yesterday, by heroic and desperate fighting, we succeeded in giving the French a thorough repulse.

But at what cost! Sir John Moore received his death-wound.

Still in the prime of life, he is blessed with virtues and accomplishments. He is adored by

the rank and file whom the mercy of his discipline has often saved from the lash.

Sir John Moore will not allow his sword to be taken off, although the hilt galls his wound. Like the knights of old, he insists upon dying with his sword buckled to his thigh.

Faithful warrior; he sends with stiffening lips messages to his government. Charming and romantic lover; he murmurs the name of Lady Hester Stanhope.

Now—he is gone.

In the darkness, we obey his last command. We bear his body to the ramparts of Corunna, and in sorrow and in haste we bury him.

We dare make no sound, so close is the enemy's camp.

“Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note.”

Fitful moonbeams break through the clouds to show us the face of our dead.

We smooth and tramp the sod above that beloved head, and bitterly we think of “the foe and the stranger” who will tread upon it—when we are far away.

We do not mark his grave. Its place is found in the chart of glory.

**“THERE LIES THE ONLY MAY-
POLE IN NEW ENGLAND”**

**JOHN ENDICOTT, GOVERNOR OF THE
MASSACHUSETTS BAY COLONY,
1588-1665**

SUNSET on Midsummer Eve in New England. From the woods come the crystal calls of thrushes, and long, level sun-rays shimmer through the balmy, golden air.

A Maypole has been erected.

It is twined with boughs of the liveliest green, among which roses seem to have grown by magic. Its shaft is stained in brilliant colors and silken ribbons hang fluttering about it.

Around the Maypole dance, hand in hand, a crowd of gay revelers. The lads and lasses are decked in fantastic disguises which create delicious, mutual laughter. Music sounds in mirthful cadences and young voices ring out in gleesome peals.

This is the Settlement of Merry Mount, or Mount Wollaston, now Quincy. Its policy differs radically from the rest of New England, both in theory and in practice. Its leaders are men who have imagined a philos-

ophy of pleasure, and have come here to the new world to try and act it out. In spite of its Puritan neighbors, the banner staff of Merry Mount is the frivolous Maypole.

Suddenly, in the midst of the wild frolic, arrives Governor Endicott of the Massachusetts Bay Colony and some friends. They are stern and bigoted Puritans, and are horrified at the antics of the masques.

As if Endicott was a dread magician, the fun and dancing stop. The bedizened throng gather about him, with angry, frightened looks.

Why should Governor Endicott interfere with this amusement and gayety?

Because it was a vital question whether light-hearted irresponsibility was to prevail in New England—or sober, God-fearing toil.

“The future complexion of New England was involved in this important quarrel.”

Governor Endicott draws his sword and cuts down the Maypole, crying:

“There lies the only Maypole in New England.”

It fell with a shower of rose-leaves.

Tradition says that, as it sank, a shadow reached out from the New England woods, to fall upon the land.

“HE HAS KEPT THE FIRE BURN-
ING ALL THE WAY!”

SAID OF PAZZI, THE FOOL, ONE OF THE
FOUNDERS OF THE GREAT PAZZI
FAMILY OF ITALY

WE stand in the dust and stones of a Con-
tinental roadside—long centuries ago—to
watch the return of the Crusaders.

The glitter of arms; the musical clash of
armor; the martial tramp of horses. The long,
long lines push on.

Knights and monks—squires and pages and
men-at-arms. The uncounted stragglers and
camp followers. The flashing, crowded ranks.

Ever above them float the banners with the
Emblem in honor of which they have fought.

In the midst of the procession is a strange-
looking group.

Pazzi—the Fool!

Yes, a fool—for see what the man is trying
to do!

He rides an ass, with his back to the ani-
mal's ears. The ass is being led, lest it go
astray, for its rider's whole attention is bent
upon a lighted taper which he carries and

which he shields with his own body from every breath of air.

A glow of exultation is on Pazzi's lean, handsome face, and in his dark eyes that have the mixed passion and languor of the South. He will succeed in his self-imposed mission. He will keep this sacred fire lighted, which he has taken from the Shrine at Jerusalem——

In and out of fords; up and down hills; camping under the lonely stars; marching the streets of foreign cities—still Pazzi guards with his body the fire of his taper. Until at last he carries it safe to the Duomo of his native city of Florence.

“He has kept the fire burning all the way!”

Ever thereafter it is kept burning—tended by pious love.

Ever thereafter, on Easter Eve, a dove flies from the High Altar of the Duomo to light the car of fireworks—the Carro dei Pazzi—which burns in the square.

Even still it is so tended—that fire which burned in the heart and the hand of Pazzi—the Fool of God.

**“ AN OPPRESSIVE GOVERNMENT
IS MORE TO BE FEARED
THAN A TIGER ”**

**CONFUCIUS, THE GREAT SAGE OF CHINA,
550-478 B. C.**

CONFUCIUS, the Sage, journeys through the country.

Of the highest lineage of China, cultivated, winning, devoted, Confucius has drawn to himself crowds of disciples. These he instructs by quiet discourses, choosing examples from every-day happenings.

But unlike almost every other great moral teacher, Confucius founds no religion. He does not demand that men shall worship him.

The travelers pace slowly through sun and shade. Beautiful flowering shrubs surround their path, and on the hillsides stretch terraces of tea-plants. They approach a lonely and rocky field and see a woman weeping at a grave. Confucius sends one of his followers to ask for whom she mourns.

The woman comes to fall at the Sage's feet and relates a grisly story.

On this spot, she explains, her husband's father was killed by a tiger. The fierce beast

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continued to lurk in the neighborhood, and some months later, sprang upon her husband and killed him also. And now—now, the tiger only the day before has killed her son.

But why, demands Confucius, did they linger in so fatal a spot? And why does she, herself, still remain?

Meekly she replies that here there is no oppressive government.

The Sage turns to his disciples—"Remember," he says, "an oppressive government is more to be feared than a tiger."

It was indeed for the principles of good government that Confucius mainly contended. They were his dearest hope.

He believed that "given the model ruler, the model people would appear." He himself would make this model ruler!

To this end he strove.

Until the close of his life, he would not abandon the endeavor to help his native land to right rules of government.

Then, on his death-bed, he sighed:

"No intelligent ruler arises to take me as his master."

Adding tragically:

"I have prayed a long time."

**“ IF WE MUST FIGHT, LET US
FIGHT FOR OURSELVES! ”**

**SPARTACUS, LEADER OF THE GLADIA-
TORIAL WAR AGAINST ROME, 73 B. C.**

SLAVES made gladiators!

Imperial Rome for nearly two hundred years of wars has sold into slavery the captives of conquered towns, until it has been estimated that there is one slave to every five free men in Rome.

Often the slaves are of noble birth, warriors and aristocrats in their own countries, sold to a fate sometimes worse than the death from which the avarice of their masters saves them.

Many of the men are trained as gladiators, whose muscles are iron and whose hearts flint. They are taught to stand their ground before the wild beasts of the arena and not to lower their gaze before the glare of a lion's ferocious eyeballs.

They butcher each other by the thousands, these gladiators, before the roaring audiences of the amphitheater—" to make a Roman Holiday."

In this year 73 B. C., one of the bravest and

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boldest of their number is a young captive Thracian named Spartacus.

To his free, bounding spirit, the life of a slave is so unbearable that he incites his fellows to revolt.

A large band of the slaves led by Spartacus escape and take refuge on Mount Vesuvius.

There they are joined by desperate men of all kinds—brigands, other escaped slaves—until their forces are counted by the thousands.

Spartacus, in a romantic, guerrilla warfare, leads his men clambering down the precipices and away—across Italy.

Constantly he reminds his companions that the Romans had trained them to kill, and:

“If we must fight, let us fight for ourselves!”

During the next two years, Spartacus fought his way back and forth across Italy, almost to the Alps.

Freedom was in sight!

However, there could be but one ending.

The slaves were finally overwhelmed and annihilated.

Spartacus, at the beginning of the last fray, stabbed his horse so that he would have no means of escape—and fell, sword in hand.

“ WE HAVE MET THE ENEMY AND
THEY ARE OURS ”

LIEUTENANT OLIVER HAZARD PERRY,
1785–1819

AT THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE

It is the War of 1812.

A handful of pygmy vessels are afloat on the placid waters of picturesque Lake Erie. They are commanded by a young officer who has never yet heard the thunderous cannonade of a naval battle. He is the Rhode Islander, Oliver Hazard Perry.

Now! The British are in sight. Their vessels come on, like veterans to the fight.

Perry on the quarter-deck of his flag-ship, the *Laurence*, has by his side his young brother, only thirteen, but as eager for the fray as are the men.

It is high noon—the battle is general.

Four vessels attack the *Laurence* at once, pouring in a destructive fire. Officers and men fall, horribly mutilated, dead—dying.

One of the surgeons who served in the cockpit on that dreadful day relates that Perry called down the hatchway, asking the surgeon's

mates themselves to "come on deck and work the guns."

All went who could by any possibility be spared.

Then Perry called again, "Can any of the wounded pull a rope?" he pleaded.

Several poor shattered fellows staggered on deck, and gave what last expiring strength they had.

But the gallant flag-ship is doomed.

Accordingly Perry and his little brother spring into a rowboat. Perry wraps his battle-flag about his body and, standing erect in the stern, steers straight through the center of the fight.

They reach safely the consort ship, the *Niagara*. The battle-flag flies to her mast-head; she plunges into the thick of the battle.

It was from her deck that Perry won the Battle of Lake Erie; from her deck that he wrote, on the back of an old letter to his commanding officer:

"We have met the enemy and they are ours."

And the British flag-ship, the *Detroit*, yields to the crippled *Laurence* in her almost helpless condition!



PERRY'S VICTORY ON LAKE ERIE.

“ I, TOO, AM A PAINTER!”

ANTONIO ALLEGRI, CALLED CORREGGIO,
1494-1534

SAID ON FIRST SEEING A PAINTING OF RAPHAEL’S

THE interior of a church in old-world Bologna.

The dim light is full of the palpable softness of shadows, and the air is trembling with the fragrance of incense. Down far aisles from the High Altar rosy flakes of radiance flicker, to touch jeweled shrines and gleam on gilded statues.

The young Antonio Allegri, called Correggio from his native town, is standing before a painting. He is lost in rapt and delighted contemplation.

It is the painting of a fair girl saint, who in the midst of a pious earthly company listens to the music of Heavenly visitants. On radiant wings, through cloven clouds, angels have come.

Of course it is the representation of an actual event. For does not the old story tell that the playing of Saint Cecilia brought angels down to listen to her strains of praise and teach her

others? Does not this picture prove it? Has not the Master Raphael delineated the very musical instruments with which the melodious miracle was performed?

For years Correggio has longed to see a painting by the great Raphael. Now his hopes and expectancy are more than fulfilled by this wonderful creation before him.

Correggio's life has been singularly isolated. He has had little chance to study the works of other painters. He has labored conscientiously at his art, and been very successful. But it has been in a small circle. He is almost unknown beyond his own district of country, in the territory of Modena.

And yet—and yet—he has always had sufficiency of employers and orders. Lovely paintings were those of his brush, and he could not but know it.

He gazes upon this picture by one of the world's acknowledged masters, and suddenly he cries:

“ I, too, am a painter! ”

It was the calm self-confidence of an artist who has measured his productions by the standards of beauty and truth.

**“THIS LITTLE RIVULET YIELDS
ITS DISTANT TRIBUTE TO THE
PARENT OCEAN”**

**IN DIARY OF LEWIS AND CLARK EXPEDI-
TION, 1805**

THE top of the last rise has been laboriously scaled.

This is the Continental Divide, the great range of Rocky Mountains which separates the Continent of North America into two parts.

Breathless and awed, the little band of explorers and their Indian guides stand beside their leaders, Meriwether Lewis and William Clark. What a view! Far, far distances of unpeopled forests, with the fascination and mystery of their primal freshness. The wind sings on the spicy air, reverberating with woodland perfumes.

Behind the explorers are the long miles of unmapped, wonderful country which they are the first white men to cross, and each inch of which they have covered with wearisome marches, or work at paddle and pole on tempestuous streams. For many months they

have climbed and slid and toiled. They have camped to feast on wild game—or starve on roots dug from underneath the snow.

The Indians had helped them at times. But the white men had never known when their dusky friends would treacherously turn against them, and harassing watchfulness had been necessary.

Now the thrilling moment has arrived to solve a question, which at the beginning of the nineteenth century greatly interested scientific men, geographers and surveyors. Where do the rivers of the farther sides of the Rocky Mountains go? Do they empty into the Pacific Ocean? If not, then where do they go?

Here is a spring of the clearest, most limpid mountain water, which shall show. Eagerly Lewis and Clark bend over it.

See—see! Follow the rippling of its tiny rivulet. It is true! Its waters flow *the other way!* Into the West—it follows the course of the sun. It rushes to the bosom of its father, the blue Pacific.

From dim, far-away fastnesses:

“This little rivulet yields its distant tribute to the parent ocean.”

“WAR TO THE KNIFE”

JOSÉ DE PALAFOX, DUKE OF SARAGOSSA,
1780–1847

ANSWER TO THE FRENCH GENERAL AT THE SIEGE OF
SARAGOSSA

WAR—bitter war—war that has already taken a terrible toll of our men and even of our heroic women. But war that shall continue in all its terrors, ere we yield to the invader.

Look at the ravage of the reeking plains about the walls of this our fair Spanish city, Saragossa! See the unburied slain, their bodies covered with blood's unbleaching stains, and the vultures drifting through the thick and viscid smoke.

Thousands and tens of thousands of our people lie dead from the wounds of battle and from the pestilence that follows in its gory train.

Our young Duke Palafox, hardly more than a boy, still animates our patriotic defense against the French, under Napoleon's officers. He inspires our resistance to the curst foreign oppressor who seeks to overwhelm us.

He reminds us of the proud derivation of

Saragossa. Its Roman founders long ago called it Cæsar-Augustus, and it must retain its proud title of emperor among cities.

Palafox flings his gallant answer to the French commander: "War to the knife."

We retire from the outer barricades; from the fortress itself; back through the streets—until half Saragossa is in the hands of the French—and still we fight!

Priests kneel to confront the foe with the Crucifix, holding the Blessed Symbol on high, against the horrid wind of the bursting shells.

Women caught up by the noble thrill of patriotism, their black eyes flashing under their long black hair, swarm to the defense.

Who so well as they can avenge a fallen lover? Who so eagerly appease the ghosts of the beloved dead? Weak and delicate though their frames may be, their spirits are intrepid. The tender fierceness of those maids of Saragossa was led by one Maria Agustin—whose name is forever wreathed in laurels.

After sixty-one days the siege is over, for the French withdraw.

But, alas, they are to return!

“WILL YOU JOIN MY REGIMENT?”

COLONEL JENKINS, COMMANDING THE
GUIDES, 1878

SAID TO AFGHAN WARRIOR

IT is not often that a soldier is decorated by his enemy.

We are high up in the Khyber Pass, British India. Our regiment of British Guides has had a terrifically hard climb up over the rocks and shale.

Here we make our stand, holding the Pass, keeping back the hordes of natives who swarm upon us. They seem to spring from everywhere; from nowhere. The very mountains teem with them.

Fine fellows they are, too, these Afghan warriors! Again and again they press forward, although scores are shot down.

Now they are sweeping up with a splendid squadron of their cavalry, the Kazilbash Horse, to contest once more the Pass.

What a charge! Some of them have won through our lines, and away!

But who is this?

Alone, in the rear of the charging files, ap-

pears a solitary cavalier. He and his beautiful horse advance with dignified calmness, into the very hell of our raking fire. Extraordinary that they are not hit. They continue to advance, and the man is seen to wave his sword in cool defiance.

The Colonel of the Guides, himself the bravest and most gallant of men, thrills to the Afghan's courage. Here is a man after his own heart!

He gives the quick order, "Cease fire!" Then he sends one of the Guides to bring the Afghan warrior to him.

The man with his sword still in his hand stands haughtily before the British Commander.

"I am a Warrior of the Sword," he explains, "and I fear nothing."

"You are the kind we want," exclaims the Colonel. "Will you join my regiment?"

"Yes," replies the man with the true Easterner's lack of words.

He is immediately "lanced for bravery on the field."

Thus a Warrior of the Sword, late of the Kazilbash Horse, becomes a Lance-Sergeant in the British Guides.

“NOT ANGLES—BUT ANGELS”

POPE GREGORY THE FIRST, SURNAMED
THE GREAT, 540–604

SAID IN THE SLAVE MARKET AT ROME

THE Slave Market at Rome, in early medieval days!

A place of horror! Despair welters here, in blistering heat and filth. Men, women and children are exposed for humiliating barter and sale. Many are wounded or ill; most are clothed in rotting rags.

Some of the slaves are sullen and brutalized into callousness. Others are cringing and abject, whining out the tale of their sufferings.

But among them there are a few who bear themselves with dignity and fortitude, the ineradicable marks of high breeding.

Of this last class is a group of blond youths. Their fair skin and golden hair make them conspicuous among their dusky companions. Their thoughts must have been with their far-away island home—its cool green woods and blossoming fields.

The populace surges by, careless of the slaves' misery. Now and then a gorgeously

robed patrician stops to purchase a slave for his household. Or an officer in gilded armor picks out a dozen men.

At last with quiet steps a certain holy monk approaches. He pauses to bestow a meed of gentle sympathy on the sad scene. His hands which, we are told, were of "surpassing beauty," move in benediction.

His attention is attracted by the blond youths. He asks who they are, and is told that they are Angles.

"Not Angles—but angels," the good man answers, "for they have the faces of angels and should be co-heirs with the angels in Heaven."

From that moment the monk determines to convert to Christianity these fair lads' people. For they are heathens and worship strange gods. They bow at strange altars, beneath vast oaks, on desolate heaths.

Later when, as Pope Gregory the First, vast power lay in those beautiful hands of his, he did not forget the Angles. He despatched a mission to their distant foggy land.

Thus arose the name of a great nation.

**“ECLIPSE FIRST—THE REST
NOWHERE!”**

COLONEL DENNIS O’KELLY, 1720–1787

SAID AT EPSOM RACES

THEY’RE off! They’re off!

Steel muscles moving under satin coats;
wide nostrils full of foam; glaring eyeballs!

The second heat of the great race of 1769,
at Epsom Downs, has begun. The stakes are
the Queen’s Plate, fifty guineas in cash.

The spectators leap to their feet. They
jostle and push each other by the race course
sides. What a mad pace! The horses are run-
ning so that they appear almost flat—as if they
were poured along the ground.

The dashing young Irishman, Dennis
O’Kelly, sways with the crowd. He tries to
steady his field-glasses, to follow his pic-
turesque racing colors, scarlet jacket and black
cap. His all is invested in his share of the
noble five-year-old stallion Eclipse—an almost
untried and quite unfamous horse.

There he is—the darlint! The brilliant
chestnut, whose coat shines iridescent in the
sun. Large and powerfully built, his small

head, which shows his Arabian stock, is lowered, and the one white stocking on his off hind foot rises and falls in flashing rhythm.

Will he run—the crayture? Run? Sure, his jockey couldn't hold him if he wanted to! Deil a whip has ever been laid on Eclipse, nor has he ever felt the tickling of a spur!

O'Kelly is risking more than the price of the horse. For, confident after the first heat of Eclipse's possibilities, he has bet heavily that he would "place all the horses in the second heat." A crazy bet which was eagerly taken up.

In heat races, a flag was dropped after the winner passed the post, and all horses that were not within two hundred yards were ignored by the judge.

What—the race is over? Who wins? Eclipse! Eclipse!

And Dennis O'Kelly has won his bet. For when Eclipse passed the winning post, not a competing horse was within the requisite distance.

"Didn't I say it?" shouts O'Kelly. "Eclipse first—the rest nowhere!"

“ I WILL GIVE WAY TO CUSTOM ”
CROWN PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM OF
PRUSSIA, 1770-1840

SAID TO THE MISTRESS OF ROBES

WHAT? Not see his wife, his adored sweetheart, whenever he chose? Be bound by irksome rules of Court etiquette? Visit her morning-room only when announced and heralded by ceremonious palavers?

Nonsense!

The young Prince was disgusted with the whole formal fuss!

Crown Prince Frederick William of Prussia had been lately married to the Princess Louise of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. She was one of the most beautiful as well as charming women of her time.

But the trammels of Court usages hampered the young lovers with the onerous grip of tradition.

The Prince lounges impatiently, tapping his boot with his riding-switch, although a smile lurks in the corners of his mouth. Before him stands the Countess von Voss, Mistress of Robes. Every furbelow of her stiff Court dress bristles with horror.

Surely, His Highborn Excellency must

realize that the dreadful insubordination and kindred evils which are overturning political and social institutions have their beginning in the disregard of etiquette.

Oh! Can this be true!

The Prince wilts under the starched sentences.

All right—all right! He waves his hand.

“I will give way to custom,” he declares. “Be so good as to precede me, Countess, to inquire if I may speak with my Royal Consort.”

The triumphant old lady departs on her important mission. With due decorum, she slowly enters Princess Louise’s apartments.

But what is this she sees!

The agile young Prince has rushed up the private staircase and entered his wife’s boudoir by another door. He is hanging enraptured over his wife’s chair. Against his arm rest her fair curls among which glisten flowers of diamonds on black velvet. Her sweet eyes smile up at her hero—her husband. A charming picture.

It is on record that the good old Countess von Voss was “disconcerted,” but that both young lovers merrily joined in consoling her.

**"A SUBTERRANEAN AVENUE
LEADS TO CHANDRA-GÛPTA'S
SLEEPING-CHAMBER!"**

**SAID BY CHANAKYA, A BRAHMAN
ABOUT 321 B. C.**

CHANDRA-GÛPTA, Emperor of India, has moved his sleeping chamber again.

In fact, he never occupies the same bedroom two nights in succession. He knows too much! He would not otherwise have climbed, as he has, from the condition of a nobody to that of one of the World's Great Rulers. For only such perpetual precautions save his life from being stabbed out some night by the hands of his implacable enemies.

Outside the Emperor's Pavilion, his Guards stand sternly to their watch and ward. Within the quiet chamber, lit by shaded torches, golden lotus blossoms in golden bowls perfume the air. By the silk-covered couch of the sleeping Chandra-gûpta sits the Brahman Chanakya, his dearest friend and councilor. Drowsily Chanakya's glance strays about the peaceful scene.

He notices a caravan of ants. The tiny creatures are moving in the methodical man-

ner of their kind, in a long line. Each one carries a crumb. Idly Chanakya watches them.

Suddenly he starts forward, to watch the ants with horrified curiosity.

The next instant his cry rings out:

"A subterranean avenue leads to Chandra-gûpta's sleeping-chamber!"

Up starts the Emperor.

In dash the Guards.

"What has happened ——?"

"What is the matter ——?"

"See, see!" points Chanakya. "The ants!"

As the others stare in amazement, he gasps:

"The ants are carrying crumbs. Then—then the bread from which they stole the crumbs must be near, and where are the men who are eating that bread? I tell you, they have dug beneath the Pavilion."

So indeed it proved.

According to the ruthless customs of the East, orders were given to burn the Pavilion. The men under it—brave albeit assassins—perished in the flames.

Were the ants burned, too? Or did they escape, to go calmly about their business unwitting of the humans whose affairs they had so greatly influenced?

**“ IF THE PEOPLE LACK BREAD,
WHY NOT GIVE THEM CAKE? ”**

**QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE OF FRANCE,
1755-1793**

SAID AT THE BEGINNING OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

JEWELLED, perfumed, radiant, Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, idles through the pageants which are her days, and the revels which are her nights.

She is surrounded by the luxury of the most frivolous of Courts. A luxury which is monstrous in the extravagance and lavishness of its splendor. Dissolute and fascinating men and women vie for her favor and one intrigue after another spreads its glittering meshes about the Queen's heedless steps.

Without her palace walls, stark famine and disease swarm menacing. Pale, haggard skeletons stalk in groups, and the rumble of their raging rises above the ragged huddles of their bodies.

“ Bread! ” they mutter. “ Give us bread — ” and their voices sink in the exhaustion of starvation.

Is the diamond-clasped plume or the tur-

quoise most becoming? Shall we dance at the Pavilion of the Petit Trianon, dressed as Nymphs of the Glades? Which Cavalier shall we honor with our hand for the feast? And where is that rose-drenched billet-doux for the Mask wearing a knot of rose-colored ribbon? These are the questions which Marie Antoinette and her ladies discuss, their soft laughter caressed by the music of low lutes.

But the tumult of suffering without grows nearer, clamors more insistently. The populace of Paris has turned itself into a grey, heaving sea, flecked with pallid, wolfish faces. It beats against the Palace, and the voice of its crying is "Bread—bread." Courtiers and ministers, aye, the very King himself, must needs listen, shuddering, to the swelling horror.

The Queen turns her graceful head to listen too. Then she smiles gently. How foolish to interrupt our pleasures for even a moment's consideration, when the problem presented is so simple of solution!

Her sweet voice says daintily:

"If the people lack bread, why not give them cake?"

The roots are here—which grow into the tree that forms the guillotine!



QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE
On her Way to the Guillotine.

**“THIS JOURNEY STANDS ALONE
IN HISTORY”**

**SAID OF THE BURIAL JOURNEY OF DAVID
LIVINGSTONE, 1813-1873**

IN his hut of rushes, in the African swamp, David Livingstone kneels by his bedside in the attitude of prayer—but cold and dead! He was the discoverer of Central Africa; a great Missionary, and one of the chief instigators of the abolishment of the Slave Trade.

His few faithful blacks have crept in, to find him thus. Outside, the rain drips with dismal monotony. Mist drifts coldly over the mud and elephant grass, and the pale yellow sedges by the shores of the stream seem like ghosts of green branches.

The white man must rest with his people.

To the simple-hearted natives, this fact admits of no misinterpretation. They have been converted by their dead master, and they know that a Christian must lie in consecrated ground.

David Livingstone's body must be taken to the English settlement at the coast. As there is no other means of locomotion, they must

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carry their beloved dead across Africa in their arms.

They embalm the body as best they can, by drying it for days in the sun. Then wrap it in calico and enclose it in the bark of a Myonga tree.

Miles and miles in cold and heat. Miles and miles through spongy swamps, in which they sink waist deep at every step. Miles and miles through gloomy forests, following the paths made by wild beasts, and fording countless streams below their drinking-holes.

Several of the men fall ill in the fever-laden districts. They have trouble with other natives. At one village, opposition is shown to a corpse passing through it, so that the faithful blacks are obliged to conceal it in a bale of goods.

For nine long months they walk.

At last, after more than one thousand miles, they reach Zanzibar.

The astounded Englishmen who reverently receive the body of their distinguished countryman pay tribute to the faithful blacks—

“This journey stands alone in history.”

**“PRESS WHERE YE SEE MY
WHITE PLUME SHINE!”**

KING HENRY IV OF FRANCE, 1553–1610

SAID AT THE BATTLE OF IVRY

How fearful are the odds against our Huguenot forces!

Company on company, we see the stout infantry ranged in solid ranks. Troop on troop of steeds are plunging under their heavily-mailed riders.

Alas! These are our own countrymen. The same blood of dear France flows in their veins, and we must strive in that most cruel of all wars—a Religious and Civil one.

We fight that our leader, Henry of Navarre, may gain his rightful heritage: the throne of France. Opposed to us are the soldiery of the League, wishing to make Cardinal de Bourbon King.

But see! Huzza! The King himself has come to marshal us! Henry of Navarre's gallant head is held high and his dark-grey eyes flash keen as a hawk's. His white plume gleams above his bright armor. His look and mien of vitality is so sparkling that the very

air about him seems to tingle, and the force of him flows out to lift us all to high enthusiasm of endeavor.

Follow him to the death? Aye, that is a small thing to do for such a man—such a soldier—such a King! For here is a King indeed! Our acclaims ring out.

With proud glances along his small but heroic battle array, Henry of Navarre bids his men mark and remember what he says. If his standard-bearer, who carries close behind him the Golden Lilies of France, falls—and fall he well may in the terrible struggle ahead of them—then follow the helmet of Navarre.

“The Helmet of Navarre,” he cries, “shall be your oriflamme to-day.

“Press where ye see my white plume shine!”

And follow we do, that oriflamme, that standard, unsullied as Heaven's white clouds. Follow, till Henry of Navarre's white plume has wafted us to victory, and the Battle of Ivry is ours.

“WHERE ARE THEY?”
SAID BY BRITISH SAILORS OF THE UNITED
STATES SHIP *CONSTITUTION*
WAR OF 1812

OUR enemies' ships are closing in upon us.

We—on board the United States ship *Constitution*—cannot fight a whole fleet. We must flee—that we may live to fight another day!

But we are hard put to it to escape, for there is little or no wind.

Our beautiful ship poises like a sea-gull. Her white sails are all set wide to catch the faintest breeze, like wings in the pale light.

No wind! No wind!

It is next to impossible to maintain a steerageway.

We bring buckets of water and throw on the sails, to make them hold the wind. The gleaming streams splash high against the canvas.

Still our enemies pursue, hour after hour.

We send our small boats ahead, to tow. Manfully, desperately, our sailors pull and strain at the oars, till their hearts are like to burst asunder. “Old Ironsides” is hard to tug!

Still no wind. What are the soundings?

Twenty-five to thirty fathoms, sir.

No matter—we must try, as a last hope, the device known as “kedging.”

We make fast a light anchor to all available rope on board; carry it ahead and drop it. Now—warp in on the windlass.

This, an extraordinary piece of seamanship in such deep water, helps. We creep ahead.

What now?

Clouds heaping up to windward. They swoop with sudden frightful menace.

Wind—nay, a hurricane!

Our commander, Captain Hull, is equal to even this emergency.

Ostentatiously, the *Constitution* is made ready for a gale, that her enemies may think her about to ride it out, close-reefed.

Now, fog and driving sheets of rain swirl down in a merciful curtain, which hides us from peering British eyes. Quick! Unfurl every reef and slip away.

The storm over, the fog lifts.

“Where are they?” gasp astonished British tars.

Safe in Boston—after a chase of sixty-four hours!

**“THE REFLECTION OF WHAT MAN
HAS DONE ABIDES FOREVER
IN THE LIGHT”**

ZOROASTER, ABOUT 1000 B. C.

ONE OF HIS SAYINGS

A FAR cave, among precipitous and lonely mountains.

The air of this cave is quiet; very serene and coolly fresh. There are no shadows in the dimness.

In the midst of the floor there is a boulder, like a great ball of black marble.

A young man enters with slow step.

His extraordinarily tall body moves with the matchless grace which men had when the world was young. His face is fair, with the paleness of the student and recluse, and his deep eyes are supremely calm and thoughtful.

It is Zoroaster, the Persian Mystic.

He is in the ecstatic poise of founding a new religion. A religion which became the foundation of the teachings of the Magi, and which survives to-day among the Parsees of India.

With even steps, Zoroaster approaches the black boulder. It becomes an altar as he bends

over it. He lays his long hands upon the smooth surface and draws them slowly together.

Lo! A wondrous thing takes place. A light springs softly up and a fire is born between his fingers. Higher and higher rises the flame, until it culminates and stands like a blazing arrow of incandescent gold. It emits a steady white effulgence that sheds an unearthly radiance over Zoroaster's peaceful form and, flowing out of the cave, darkens the sunlight.

This tall and pointed flame is immovable. It neither rises nor falls when Zoroaster takes away his hands; neither does it flicker.

Zoroaster teaches in his mysticism that what he calls the "Universal Agent" is a subtle and all-pervading fluid or essence, of which the phenomena Light, Heat, and Vitality are but gross, or earthly manifestations.

He stands now, in the inactivity which is a mode of perfect motion, before the Flaming Light which he has called forth. He adores it as one of the symbols of the "Universal Agent." He murmurs:

"The reflection of what man has done abides forever in the light."

“ I’LL BELIEVE IN THE MERMAID, AND HIRE IT ”

PHINEAS TAYLOR BARNUM, 1810-1891

SAID ON CONTRACTING FOR THE FIJI MERMAID

“ I’LL believe in the mermaid, and hire it.”

Yes, but the question is: Will the public believe in the mermaid enough to pay twenty-five cents to see it?

P. T. Barnum, showman, museum proprietor, circus manager, was always quite ready to believe—with his tongue in his cheek—in any kind of a “freak” out of which money could be made. In his “Life, Written by Himself” published in 1855, the jolly old man confesses with smug glee how he has “humbled” and “hoaxed” people.

A mermaid? How absurd, my dear! There is no such thing as a mermaid. They don’t exist; never have existed.

Oh! but I assure you, there is a most charming transparency of it, outside Mr. Barnum’s American Museum, representing the exquisite sea-creature of which we have all read in legend and poetry. Half fish, half woman, it

is eight feet long, with glorious hair streaming over its white shoulders.

Really? How marvelous!

Yes, and for some time before exhibiting the mermaid, Mr. Barnum distributed—and at half-cost, too, wasn't it nice of him?—pamphlets proving the authenticity of mermaids! It is said that this one was taken in a fisherman's net, off the Fiji Islands and lived upwards of three hours after being captured.

Well, dear, since you urge it, I will go with you to see it.

What the ladies really saw was an ugly, black-looking specimen of dried-up monkey and fish, about three feet long. Yet it was somehow thrilling!

P. T. Barnum, years afterwards, complacently remarks that he supposes some Japanese artist had "nicely conjoined" the monkey and fish, with great ingenuity.

His belief in the public's credulity was justified.

The receipts of the American Museum for the four weeks immediately preceding the exhibition of the mermaid amounted to \$1,272. During the first four weeks of the mermaid's exhibition, the receipts amounted to \$3,341.93.

“ NOW IS MORTIMER LORD OF THIS CITY ”

JACK CADE, d. 1450

SAID AS HE STRUCK HIS SWORD ON LONDON STONE

A RAGGED multitude of base-born peasants. A mob of rebels—rebels against Henry VI of England.

They surge wildly, riotously, gayly down the hedge-bordered lanes towards London. They brandish home-made weapons and sharp implements of labor.

They have risen at the instigation of Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, who is laying claim to the throne of England.

Their leader is one Jack Cade, and *he* claims that he is son of Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March ——

Oh, never mind, lads, who Jack Cade may be! Has he not promised that when he is crowned King, we shall all eat and drink on his score? And that he will make it a felony to drink small beer?

On to London! Death to all gentlemen and scholars! Kill and knock down—throw them into the Thames.

The mob is becoming larger and more formidable. It sweeps all before it.

Into London dash the rebels, with Jack Cade riding triumphant at their head.

Follow me, my bully boys, and the conduits shall run claret for your comfort!

Now they reach London Stone—that strange monument of prehistoric times. The Romans found it here when they came to Britain. They made it the center from which their great Roman roads radiated over all England, corresponding to the Golden Milestone in the Forum at Rome.

Jack Cade halts his band with the sudden, unforeseen reverence of the adventurer. To him, as well as to his half-taught followers, London Stone stands at once the guardian and the symbol of civic welfare. Lifting high his sword, Jack Cade brings it down with a ringing blow on London Stone, and cries aloud:

“Now is Mortimer Lord of this city.”

Did he really believe that he was Mortimer?

When he came to his death at the hands of his enemies, only a week later, he died like a brave man, and like the gentlemen he professed to despise.

“TO-MORROW’LL BE ANOTHER
DAY!”

VALDEMAR IV, KING OF DENMARK,
1320-1375

ONE OF HIS HABITUAL SAYINGS

A PEASANT maiden sits at her spinning-wheel, amidst the brilliant tulips. Her yellow curls toss above her blue kirtle and her wide, white sleeves.

Who comes riding gayly, to draw sudden rein at her garden gate? A band of bold knights. The handsomest—he in the scarlet cloak with golden spur on heel—greet the blushing maiden, and swears he has loved her long.

What words are these for the ears of a modest peasant lass!

He calls her by her sweet name of little Elsie. He declares he will clasp wondrous gems about her throat, will she but accept his heart with the jewels.

Demurely courtesies little Elsie. Then puts her noble wooer to rigorous tests.

Will he doff his brave apparel, and wear simple fustian, as would become her peasant-husband?

The knight laughs and agrees—for her sake.

Will he back no more his splendid war-horse,
but hold the plough and drive the oxen?

Yes—so that she walk by his side.

Then comes the final and real test: Will he
break his knightly shield and forget its heraldic
bearings?

No—she has asked at last something no
knight may do.

Thus finally the roguish little Elsie betrays
that she has seen his joke.

For joke it was, and wager, that he, the
knight, who is really King Valdemar, should
win little Elsie from her troth-plight to his own
young squire Henrik.

Long and loud laughs the merry monarch.
Away he rides with his followers, calling gayly
back his favorite saying that won him the nick-
name “Atteday”:

“To-morrow’ll be another day!”

Out from concealment behind the roses
springs Henrik. He clasps his darling little
Elsie in his arms in triumph. For she is proven
true, and the wealth of the wager is his.

Back to the lovers floats the call of the heart-
free King:

Oh! yes—“To-morrow’ll be another day!”

“BRAG OF YOUR CATCH OF FISH AGAIN”

SAID BY SKIPPER IRESON
LAST PART OF SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

UP the rough lane from the wharves lumbers a cart. It is whipped by the salt wind and followed by the wail of sea-gulls from out of the fog of the moaning sea.

The cart is dragged—strange—by women. They tug and pull; their hair loose and their kerchiefs torn open with their frantic gestures, and their skirts blown and tumbled. Some have the burning blush of youth's passion; others are haggard with curst age.

What travesty of human form is this, crouching, shamed, in the cart?

A man. But a man whose stripped body is like a rained-on fowl. He is matted and beslobbered all over with tar and with feathers; feathers that are ruffled and a-droop, of hens and chickens and owls. There are wings of turkeys fastened to his sides with slabs of tar that do not hide his nakedness.

It is old Floyd Ireson, who, for his hard heart, is “tarred and feathered and carried in

a cart " by the women of Marblehead, on the stern coast of Massachusetts.

The women are shrilling revengeful maledictions at him; shouting; screeching.

What has old Floyd Ireson done?

He has committed a bitter crime, and one which fisher-folk never forgive.

He has sailed away from a sinking ship and a ship with his own townspeople aboard, as he well knew. The doomed men hailed him, but Ireson's hard heart froze. Why should he delay his catch of fish? why should he risk his own boat? He sailed away, and sailing, flung back a taunt to the sinking men:

"Brag of your catch of fish again."

But landing, Ireson was met by the women, whose husbands and sons and sweethearts had been left to drown by him.

Thus thrust from his home, Floyd Ireson was always to hear in the sound of the sea the pitiful hail of the sinking men; and forever its spray on his cheeks was to seem the tears of their desolate women-folk.

“THE LIONS SPOILED THEM ALL
—THE BEST DOG DIED THE
NEXT DAY”

OLD CHRONICLE OF THE LIONS OF THE
TOWER OF LONDON
IN SIXTEENTH CENTURY

ONE thing we must surely do, my dear, now that we are up from the country for a few days in London, and that is to go and see the lions at the Tower.

King James is most interested in animals, I assure you. He gives his own royal attention to their care and feeding. Is it not wonderful of his gracious Majesty?

Why, it is said that he has some splendid white Gyrfalcons—whatever they may be—and silkworms and an elephant!

Fancy!

Yes, the elephant was brought through the streets of London at midnight to “screen it from the vulgar gaze.” But some street-loiterers made such a clamor at the sight of its undreamt-of proportions that they roused the sleeping city.

As for the lions—every one is allowed to go and see them at the Tower of London.

Afraid? Oh, no! We need not be.

There has been a regular place fixed for ferocious beasts, "at this grim old seat of English royalty" for these last three hundred years or more.

When the King and his courtiers come to see a fight, the trap-doors are open, and the lions are let out into an arena, and baited with bears or dogs.

Only last week, I hear, some mastiffs were set upon the fiercest lions.

"The lions spoiled them all—the best dog died the next day."

There is a prettier tale. A live lamb was let down to the lions on a rope. The lamb, sweet, innocent creature, walked up to the lions, who very gently looked at him and smelled him, but did not hurt him at all! And the kind-hearted King ordered that the lamb should be safely drawn up again.

So all travelers flocked to the Tower. Thus arose a proverbial saying: "The Lions!"—passing as an equivalent for any marvelous or important sight.

**“THERE IS BUT ONE GOD, AND
MAHOMET IS HIS PROPHET”**

**SALUTATION TO FOUNDER OF THE RE-
LIGION OF ISLAM**

SEVENTH CENTURY

A MAN wrestles with the Lord in prayer.

Long days and nights this man has spent in the solitude of a cavern on the side of a mountain, in meditation, fasting.

He is no longer young. His expressive face is set in lines of deep thought which has been continuous through years of earnest seeking after truth.

It is Mahomet ——

Without the cave, the high-skied desert stretches far away, and the peaceful stars look down.

Mahomet is engrossed to the point of obsession with the importance of religious reform for his race. He believes that the one true religion was revealed to Adam and was practised in the days of innocence.

But how sadly men have wandered from the original purity of its teachings!

From time to time prophets have arisen before the Lord to reënlighten the people and to

lead them back to the paths of truth. Now in these latter days, another teacher is needed. Can it be that he—Mahomet, the camel-driver—is to be inspired to this great cause?

The wind brings soft perfumes of night and of the freshness of trickling water. Perfumes were always to Mahomet an interpreter of the good and the beautiful. “Fragrances render me more fervent,” he writes, “in devotion.”

He has worked himself up to the point of ecstasy—he swoons—his enemies say he has an epileptic fit!

Now—the Angel Gabriel appears to him, and ratifies his self-appointment as “the prophet of God.”

That Mahomet believed in his divine mission we cannot doubt.

On his descent from the mountain, he explains his vision to a few devoted friends. They hail him:

“There is but one God, and Mahomet is His prophet.”

Thus was founded Mohammedanism or, as Mahomet himself called it, Islam, meaning “submission to the will of God,” which was to become one of the great religions of the world.

**“WHEN THE RAVENS CEASE TO
FLY ROUND THE MOUNTAIN,
BARBAROSSA SHALL AWAKE”**

**OLD LEGEND CONCERNING FREDERICK I,
GERMAN EMPEROR, 1123-1190**

A MOUNTAIN cave in Thuringia, Germany, holds Barbarossa, not dead but peacefully sleeping. At least so the old legend says. He is sitting in his chair of state, with his golden crown upon his head, and his beard growing down to his knees—to the ground. And round that mountain fly the ravens, birds of death.

“When the ravens cease to fly round the mountain, Barbarossa shall awake and restore Germany to its ancient greatness.”

Great indeed was Germany in the days of Frederick I! He was stalwart of stature, with long, flaxen hair and a red beard, from which came his nickname of Barbarossa, or Red-beard.

Magnificent, magnanimous man.

Chosen King of Germany while still young, to succeed his uncle, his coronation as Roman Emperor followed.

Barbarossa's reign was a happy and pros-

perous time for his native land. Evil-doers were in terror, and there was praise for all well-doers.

Although capable of cruelty at times, Barbarossa on the whole governed with a clemency exceptional for his generation.

Once there arose a question of punishing two quarreling nobles who were causing trouble and scandal.

Barbarossa condemned each to walk to the other's country, carrying a dog on his shoulders. They were to be followed by ten retainers each carrying a dog!

Certainly a mild punishment which caused laughter rather than suffering.

But how foolish the dogs must have felt!

Barbarossa's almost lifelong quarrel with the papacy was an inherited conflict. In no way did it reflect on his religious faith.

In his old age, he led a hundred and fifty thousand men to the Crusade. He attacked the Moslem forces and defeated them in two great battles.

One day in Asia Minor his army was crossing a bridge. They did not go fast enough to suit Barbarossa. He plunged his horse into the water to swim across—and was drowned.

“ONE OF THE BOOKS WAS COVERED WITH BLOOD”

SAID OF A COPY-BOOK BELONGING TO LADY
RUSSELL'S LITTLE SON
IN SIXTEENTH CENTURY

HORRIBLE—unnatural story!

But the boy was a young devil—perfectly incorrigible. He simply would not study or improve himself, which was of all things most irritating to his refined and intellectual mother, Katharine, Lady Russell, one of four sisters, famous for their scholarship.

Lady Russell could read and write Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, and compose poetry in all three languages!

How maddening to her then when her young son would not learn to write properly. He seemed to have a particular repugnance to writing.

“He wilfully blots his copy-books in the most slovenly manner,” so his mother angrily complains.

The lad was the son of Lady Russell by a former marriage. For one of those mysterious

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inherent reasons, hidden in the inexplicable make-up of poor, erring, human souls, there was an antipathy between them.

She beat him for his ill-written copy-books.

More and more severe the beatings became. More and more stubborn the boy's refusal to learn to write.

Until at last—frightful to relate—Lady Russell beat her small son to death.

Ever thereafter she—or rather her ghost—has been doomed to haunt the chamber in which the awful deed was committed.

Clad in black with a pale, pale face, the tragic woman paces back and forth. Always before her feet flows a river and ever she strives to reach its cleansing water to wash away the stains of her child's blood defiling her hands. But ever the river recedes, and its waves ebb before her weary footsteps.

Is it all true?

Why, only a few years ago, in altering a window shutter of that fatal room, a quantity of antique copy-books were discovered pushed between the joists—"and one of the books was covered with blood."

What further proof do you want—for a ghost story?

“KNOW THYSELF”

SOCRATES, ATHENIAN PHILOSOPHER,

469-399 B. C.

ONE OF HIS PRECEPTS

IN the condemned cell a man waits.

Across his window drifts cold moonlight. Now—a leaf flutters in, to lie under his quiet footfalls. High above in the serene air sounds the call of migratory birds as they fly free and far. Now—the sunrise challenges woe with a golden gauntlet.

Socrates has been judged guilty, “an offender against public morals,” and has been condemned to death. Socrates—whom future ages are to hail as one of the greatest of thinkers and moral teachers, the founder of Moral Philosophy.

Ordinarily the criminal would drink a cup of hemlock on the day after his sentence. This was the Athenian custom. During the trip of the sacred ship, sent annually to the Oracle at Delphi, however, no one was put to death.

Hence it happens that Socrates remains in imprisonment for thirty days.

His friends visit him and with them he

holds, as usual, his wonderful discourses. Many persons love him in contradiction to the Greek belief that moral excellence is indicated by physical beauty. For Socrates is of awkward figure and homely face. His quaint sense of humor, of which his contemporaries speak, must have added to his charm.

He describes his philosophy as regards death. Joyfully he welcomes it. For in the next world he hopes to be permitted to carry on his passionate search after truth. His courageous and lucid mind longs to probe all secrets of the universe.

The analyzing of words and ideas down to their ultimate meaning Socrates insisted upon. This was among his chief contributions to original thought. He sums up much wonderful advice to restless man by the precept:

“Know thyself.”

So we come to the last scene.

Longing—Aspiration—Longing to know all and with knowledge—which is love—to comfort his race.

“Socrates drinking the hemlock —

Some of us call it Longing, and some of us
call it God.”

**“ I SOLEMNLY VOW THAT I WILL
NOT CUT OR COMB MY HAIR
UNTIL THAT DAY ”**

HAROLD, KING OF NORWAY, 850-933

VERY young was Harold to be King of warring Norway. The country was divided into Fylkes—or Districts—each having its petty Kinglet. All were quarreling as to who should be chief among them.

Harold's thoughts were bent on sweeter things than fighting. One of the Kinglets had a fair daughter named Gyda. Gyda's eyes sparkled like the icebergs of her native land, and its snows were not whiter than her bosom.

Her beauty shook the young King's heart, and he wooed her for himself.

But Gyda repulsed him scornfully.

“ Never ”—she declared—“ will I yield myself to a man who has only a few Districts for his Kingdom. Conquer all Norway—then will I consent to be Queen of it! ”

Her words inflamed Harold with a mighty rage of ambition. In the quaint manner of those days, he cried:

“ I solemnly vow that I will not cut or comb

my hair until that day when I shall have made myself King of all Norway. If I fail in this, I shall be dead of trying!"

He kept his vow!

Kept it, as year after year he fought and conquered the surrounding chiefs. Kept it until his uncut, uncombed hair grew into such a tangled mass that he was called: "Harold the Frowsy-Head."

Gradually Harold became ruler of more and more Districts.

The last triumphant battle was a sea-fight. This Harold won by the help of his Bersekers—terrible fighters were these men! They stripped off their armor and even their clothes, replacing them with a fury of onslaught which was half-crazed.

Now—Harold's vow was accomplished. All Norway was under his rule. The tangled strands of his hair were cut and combed, until men marveled at its softness and color. From that day he was called: "Harold the Fair-Haired."

A splendid marriage followed—and Harold's wife, Gyda, was Queen of Norway.

**"THROUGH THIS SIGN THOU
SHALT CONQUER"**

**VISION APPEARING TO CONSTANTINE I,
SURNAMED "THE GREAT," ROMAN
EMPEROR, 288-337**

CONSTANTINE, Roman Emperor, is hard beset by his enemies. They are offering him battle in vastly superior numbers, and are on the point of attack.

To whom can Constantine turn?

His friends—his soldiers—his vast wealth and resources—all are threatened with demolition.

There is no help in man for Constantine, surnamed the Great. To whom then shall he apply for aid in this his dire emergency?

To the gods of the Romans?

He has sacrificed to them in all piety, but they have failed him.

His mother, Helena, has told him of a new Asiatic Deity to whom she has given her faith and allegiance. Will this White Christ help now?

Constantine lifts his eyes to the noonday heavens, which are as brass above him. He kneels down and prays that the Crucified God

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of the Christians will reveal Himself and grant him the victory.

Lo, a Miracle!

A dazzling glory shines out from the heart of daylight, far surpassing it in brightness.

Constantine and his soldiers behold the wondrous sight in awe.

That beamy light forms itself into a fair Thing, of two bars crossed.

O radiant and lovely Attitude! O blessed Symbol!

It is the Cross.

Beneath it in fiery letters are the words, *In hoc signo vinces*: "Through this sign thou shalt conquer."

From that moment Constantine embraced Christianity.

From one victory to another, through the coming years, he led his troops. Always at their head was borne the sacred banner called Labarum, from the Basque word, *labarva*, signifying Standard. It was a spear, crossed at the top by a bar from which hung a purple cloth richly jeweled. This was surmounted by a golden wreath encircling the sacred monogram formed of the first two letters of the Name of Christ.

**“SHE HAS BEEN TRANSFERRED
TO THE VIRGIN CHOIR
IN HEAVEN”**

**LETTER OF KING EDWARD III ABOUT HIS
DAUGHTER, PRINCESS JOANNA,
1333-1348**

It is the fourteenth century.

The pestilence is raging over Europe and England with its terrible virulence. It is emphatically called, from its effects on the human body, the Black Death.

Unbelievable are the accounts of its ravages, which come from all sides. It is estimated that twenty-five millions of persons have died of it.

Here on the border of Spain flourishes the beautiful city of Bayonne. We, its inhabitants, throng its streets in pleased excitement, to watch the triumphant entry of a Princess.

In Bayonne's cathedral, preparations are being made for a brilliant spectacle and festival. A royal marriage is to take place to-morrow.

The fair Princess Joanna, daughter of King Edward III of England, is to wed with the Infant Don Pedro, eldest son and heir of the King of Castille.

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Although only in her sixteenth year, the beauty and graces of Princess Joanna are such that she is the theme of many a minstrel's song.

To-morrow becomes to-day.

There is feasting and revelry for all classes. The more fortunate gain entrance to the Cathedral to see the wedding. We succeed in pushing in.

But what is this horror that meets our affrighted gaze?

It is not a bride coming slowly up the aisle. Not a blushing maiden borne forward to her bridegroom.

Don Pedro stands pale and shaking by the altar to receive the corpse of Joanna.

The Princess was stricken down by the Black Death in the night.

At the very place and hour appointed for her wedding—her funeral takes place.

King Edward, heart-broken, writes to the Queen of Castille, "Your daughter and ours has been transferred to the virgin choir in Heaven."

Our only comfort is that Joanna was spared the torment of being the wife of a man, who afterwards was celebrated as "Pedro the Cruel"—the most furious man in Europe.

“ I WILL TRY TO BE GOOD ”

QUEEN VICTORIA OF ENGLAND, 1819-1901

ON HEARING OF HER ACCESSION TO THE THRONE

FIVE o'clock on a lovely June morning at Kensington, England. The balmy breath of roses fills the air and larks are singing in the gardens.

A landau has just driven furiously to the palace, and its four reeking horses are pulled on their haunches. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Marquis of Conyngham hastily descend from the carriage while their attendants pound on the great doors.

It is some minutes before the two stately gentlemen succeed in gaining admittance from sleepy servants, and then it is only to be told that “ The Princess Victoria is in a sweet sleep and cannot be disturbed.”

State business will not wait! She must be waked up, that is all!

A few moments later—and a young girl comes quietly into the room, where the two gentlemen await her. Her long fair hair is flowing loose over her shoulders, and a dressing gown is wrapped about her short, dignified little figure.

It is Alexandrina Victoria, niece of King William IV.

She hesitates a moment by the open window where the level sun-rays of early morning trace a far, bright pathway before her.

Down on his knees goes Lord Conyngham. Breathlessly he delivers the official announcement of the death of King William IV within these very last hours.

Princess Victoria—Princess now no longer—regards her lords with steady eyes. Her girlish voice says simply:

“I will try to be good.”

Deeply touched, Lord Conyngham bends to kiss the hand of his Queen.

Nobly was that pledge of her youth redeemed.

Many were the years of her reign as Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and Empress of India—many, until almost unique event, she celebrated the Diamond Jubilee of her Accession. Queen Victoria's name became inseparably associated with all that stood for the highest in public and private life.

She never forgot nor belied her girlish intention to “be good.”



THE PRINCESS VICTORIA.

Published on the Day of Her Majesty's Accession, June 20, 1837.

“OUR RIGHT IS IN OUR SWORDS”

BRENNUS, KING OF THE GAULS

SAID TO ROMAN AMBASSADORS, 390 B. C.

SPEARS clash upon shields of rawhide. Trumpets made from horns of wild beasts blare angrily through the camp as the Gauls crowd about their King, Brennus.

Opposite to them stand three young ambassadors from Rome. They are brothers—called the Fabii. Their graceful togas hang in folds, and with an elegance which is somehow infuriating to the unkempt chieftains. The Gauls toss back their long, shaggy locks of hair and try to understand what the calm, haughty Romans are saying.

King Brennus and his wild followers, Gauls or Celts, have swept down out of their foggy, unknown, northern lands, upon the small Etruscan State of Clusium. The inhabitants of Clusium, in great alarm at this invasion of savages, had sent to Rome for help.

King Brennus endeavors to explain to the Fabii that he and his men mean no harm to the people of Clusium. They only want to

share their fertile lands, because their own country is growing too small for them. Such a simple solution.

The Fabii demand, superciliously, how dare the Gauls thus invade an ally of Rome—*of Rome!* What right have they to claim the land of strangers, barbarians that they are?

“Our right is in our swords,” shouts the fierce King of the Gauls.

His answer naturally does not promote peace. A battle is the inevitable consequence.

In this battle, the Fabii fight in the ranks of Clusium, and one of them kills a Chieftain of the Gauls.

King Brennus may be considered by the Romans as a barbarian, but he knows perfectly well that it is against the laws and customs of all nations for ambassadors to fight. This insult shall be avenged! The proud Romans shall be taught that the Gauls will not brook affront.

On to Rome! Down upon it sweep the marauding hordes of Gauls. Bitter, bitter is the price the Romans must pay before King Brennus and his soldiers retreat at last to their own land.

“THEIR SKINS WENT TO BIND
THE SECOND EDITION OF
HIS BOOK ”

THOMAS CARLYLE, 1795–1881

SAID CONCERNING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

A DINNER party in a prosperous English home.

Massive silver dishes are heaped with good things and the wine circulates freely.

The conversation turns casually on the ubiquitous subject of Liberalism versus Conservatism. The ladies' soft laughter is a pleasant undercurrent and the candle-light gleams on their jeweled fans.

A ruddy old gentleman comfortably asserts, over his roast beef and mustard, that the British people can afford to laugh at theories—such theories as are propounded by Visionaries and Liberals.

He is answered unexpectedly.

A man with snow sprinkled on his bushy hair, with fire in his amber eyes, speaks sternly. It is Thomas Carlyle—writer—thinker—progressive. He leans forward, clenching his great hand, and the random discussion suddenly takes on a grim aspect. Laughter is

hushed. Shadows loom in the corners of the room which the graceful candle-light cannot penetrate.

Carlyle hammers out his cast-iron words.

He vociferates that there was a time when the French Nobility thought they could afford to laugh at theories. Then came a man—Jean Jacques Rousseau—who wrote a book called “Social Contract.” This book was a theory, and nothing but a theory, and the French aristocrats laughed at it, gayly. “But,” continues Carlyle, “their skins went to bind the second edition of his book.”

What a horrid thing to say!

The ladies draw themselves up.

Who is this dreadful old man? Mr. Carlyle—Oh! My dear, he is always odd, and says whatever comes into his head. Shall we have coffee on the terrace? Of course such a thing couldn't be true! Human skins for book-binding indeed!

The ladies gather up their skirts and flutter away.

Alas, pretty ladies, it might well have been true. For during the French Revolution there was a tannery of human skins at Mendon.

So much for disregarding theories of life!

**“THE FIRST WORDS HE UTTERS
TO YOU SHALL BE WELSH!”**

EDWARD I, KING OF ENGLAND, 1239-1307

SAID TO WELSH CHIEFTAINS

WALES is finally conquered.

Its bold mountain race has struggled against the English to the uttermost, only to be overcome, after generations of conflict, by the arms of King Edward I.

Despairingly the Welsh chiefs and magnates gather at the Castle of Carnarvon to tender their final submission. They are to vow fealty to that Lord Paramount whom King Edward sees fit to present to them.

But for one thing they petition with unbroken pride. May they not have a Prince who is a native of their own country and who does not speak Saxon or French? For the King will please consider that the Welsh people cannot understand a word of those languages.

Yes. King Edward, gay and magnificent, assures them that their wishes in this respect shall be granted. Renowned for his personal

beauty and magnetic bearing, he smiles joyfully upon his unwilling subjects.

Then he waves his hand, and to the amazement of the Welsh, in sweeps a triumphant procession of nurses and attendants, bearing a baby boy. It is the King's son, born to his wife but a few days before.

The devotion of Queen Eleanora has caused her to follow her lord in his Welsh campaigns, even to this mountain stronghold. Here, in a little dark chamber, built in the thickness of the walls, and without a fireplace, was born to her this boy, afterwards King Edward II of England.

What! This baby to be the Prince of Wales?

Surely. King Edward declares, half in jest, half in earnest, that he has redeemed his pledge.

For here is a Prince, born a native of their country. He cannot speak a word of Saxon or of French! Moreover he shall have a Welsh nurse, and "the first words he utters to you shall be Welsh!"

Perforce the chieftains submit, and kiss the tiny hand which is to sway their scepter.

“ WE ARE TOO MUCH GENTLEMEN
TO TAKE A THING A GENTLE-
MAN VALUES SO ”

DICK TURPIN, 1706-1739

SAID ON RETURNING A MOURNING RING

STAND and deliver!

Did the words really hiss out on the mid-
night breeze?

A timorous outside passenger swears he
heard them.

Travelers by stage-coach on this Great North
Road out of London do well to make their
wills and say their prayers. A nice parallel
border of grass edges it, miles on miles, where
horsemen can canter unheard — What was
that?

The coachman shakes his head, and whips up
his horses to a yet faster pace. On swings the
coach.

Its coming is coolly expected, round the
very next corner. For there, in the velvet
depths of a shadow, lurks a slim, young figure,
wearing a black mask! Dick Turpin, most gal-
lant and romantic of highwaymen. He backs
a beautiful black mare.

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“Whoa, Bess, my beauty. Not a whinny or stamp, to betray us.”

The stage-coach is coming—it is here!

Dick Turpin's steady hand presents his bright pistol. Comes his voice, with a lilt of laughter ringing through it:

“Gentlemen, your purses, your rings and your watch-fobs. Ah! Thank you!”

Then, with a courtly gesture, the gay young rascal motions to the stage-coach window.

“Dear ladies! Pray don't let me incommode you—just toss me out your jewels.

“Now then, Coachman, you are quite at liberty to drive on.

“What does the gentleman say? I have been so unfortunate as to take a mourning ring which he treasured as a fond memento of a departed friend? Perish the thought!”

With a sweeping bow, Dick Turpin restores the mourning ring to its trembling owner. He speaks for his confraternity of the Gentry of the Road as he grandiloquently declares: “We are too much gentlemen to take a thing a gentleman values so.”

Then—Black Bess and her rider have gone! Gone, silently as a fleeting shadow—swiftly as a wind-blown cloud.

**“MAY THIS HAND NEVER
PERISH ”**

AIDAN, BISHOP OF LINDISFARNE

SAID TO KING OSWALD OF NORTHUMBRIA, ABOUT 642

THE Bishop of Lindisfarne is entertaining Oswald, King of Northumbria.

The best of provisions are spread upon the board. Trout from cool streams and moor fowl from the uplands; also shell-fish gathered from the many flat tidal rocks that surround the beautiful Island of Lindisfarne.

Serious matters are being discussed. For King and Bishop have it at heart to convert the whole land to the blessed faith of Christianity.

Hospitality proceeds. Before the King is set the best of each portion, on a great silver dish.

The King, however, is not thinking over-much of his own appetite and its indulgence. He plans with Aidan the salvation of his subjects' souls.

Meanwhile three beggars are peering in the gate. They do not expect many pleasant happenings. But perhaps after the great folks

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have feasted on the good things that smell so entrancingly, the kindly Monks may save some broken scraps for them. So the beggars wait and sniff hopefully.

King Oswald sees them and smiles. He lifts the silver dish that contains his dinner, and with his own right hand carries it out to the beggars.

Yes—they may really eat these wondrous viands. Afterwards the sale of the silver bowl will keep them long in comfort.

Aidan, in a transport of generous admiration, seizes Oswald's right hand and cries:

“May this hand never perish.”

In the course of time the good King Oswald died, fighting his pagan neighbors of Mercia. Aidan the Bishop died, too, and both men were canonized. Saint Oswald's right hand was enshrined in the Cathedral of Bamborough, *un-corrupt*, and it has never corrupted nor perished.

Such is the sweet old story.

Is not the last part true? For Saint Oswald's hand has not perished in inspiring influence, and the words of his friend, Saint Aidan, still resound in echoes of encouragement.

“ SHERIDAN TWENTY MILES AWAY ”

SAID OF PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN, AMERI-
CAN GENERAL, 1831-1888

Is that a sound? Or only a shuddering of
the air?

There—again!

It is surely a sound; the rumble and grumble
of heavy guns. It means that the battle has
begun again, the battle between the Union and
Confederate troops.

And gallant Phil Sheridan is at Winchester.
What?—Sheridan twenty miles away, and
fighting going on down there at Cedar Creek?

The young General calls for his fleet black
horse, Rienzi. A beautiful creature that flings
up its head as if sniffing the smoke of the fray
and knowing how much depended upon its
strength and swiftness that day.

Sheridan springs to the saddle, and they are
gone, thundering down the broad highway to-
wards Cedar Creek.

Miles trail behind them, and now Sheridan
is only fifteen miles away from those strug-

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gling Union troops who are recoiling before their enemies.

Still on they gallop, "the heart of the steed and the heart of the master" beating together, till Sheridan is but ten miles away.

How goes it with our troops—retreating? Broken?

There is no pause or falter in that stretching speed. How can horse and man keep up the pace?

Now—now—what is this? Sheridan is five miles away, and stragglers are staggering towards him—*towards* him—and away from the enemy.

Such a thing shall not be—for Sheridan is *here*.

Rienzi has brought him to turn a defeat into a victory.

That night, Phil Sheridan writes in a letter to General Grant, "My army having been driven back about four miles—I took the affair in hand and quickly marched the corps forward." Modest, soldier-like words!

It is nice to know that Rienzi was given devoted care through a long and happy life, and that when he died, his skin was mounted and placed in a Military Museum.

“TSAR OF ALL RUSSIA”

IVAN IV, 1530-1584

SAID TO THE HEAD OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

SURGING hot passions of rage and ambition; unbridled excitement; uncontrolled vehemence in seething Russian hearts.

The whole country torn into States and factions in bitter warfare, one against the other, and all in trouble with their outside neighbors.

At the head of affairs only a boy of fourteen, Ivan IV, Grand Duke of Muscovy.

Although Muscovy was the most important of the Russian States, her ruler had never yet been recognized as sovereign of them all.

Now, however, Ivan decides that he will be the first to be crowned Tsar—Cæsar—of his entire native land. A bold conception for a lad!

Tall and well-made, Ivan had strength which responded to the enormous demands of his indefatigable energy. His eyes had a restless gleam, strange and almost neurotic, and an enigmatical smile played perpetually around his lips.

It was not to be expected that this assertion of Ivan's authority would be calmly accepted by his boyars or nobles, and the fierce Princes of neighboring States. Furiously they set themselves to oppose it.

Ivan met their opposition with a deed of horror. It was the first of those acts of his which were to gain him the soubriquet of "The Terrible."

He convoked his boyars. In his palace, the youth sternly confronted the conclave of rebellious men. Their leader for the time being was a certain Prince Shuiski. Him, Ivan suddenly ordered his huntsmen to seize. Then, before any one could interfere, Prince Shuiski was thrown to a pack of hounds. In a few moments he was literally torn to pieces.

It is not surprising that after this the boyars were somewhat more conciliatory to their young tyrant.

Then Ivan imperiously commanded the Metropolitan, who was the highest authority in the Russian Church, to crown him

"Tsar of all Russia."

This was accordingly done at Moscow, and the reign of the first Tsar of Russia began.

“WHAT DAMSEL IS THAT WITH THEM?”

ISAAC COMNENUS, DESPOT OF CYPRUS

SAID OF BERENGARIA OF NAVARRE, 1191

A STATELY galley bears up to Cyprus.

On its deck is a Princess, as lovely as one in a fairy tale. Very tiny; very exquisite; with a complexion of fragile fairness, and whose length of golden tresses is covered by a transparent veil.

Isaac Comnenus, Lord of Cyprus, watches the stranger's ship.

“What damsel is that with them?” he demands.

He is told that it is Berengaria, daughter of Sancho, King of Navarre, that she has come to Cyprus to meet and marry King Richard I of England, who is making the Third Crusade.

Isaac is furiously angry at the liberties being taken with his harbor and his island. He manifests such hostility that the knights guarding Berengaria put out to sea again.

Then everything happens at once like a real fairy tale.

A terrible storm arises, and Berengaria's ship is tossed upon the dark waters. Several

English galleys are wrecked, whereupon Isaac and his evil myrmidons plunder them.

In the midst of it all arrives Richard of England—he of the Lion Heart.

His method of dealing with Isaac's various misdeeds is quite simple. Battle-axe in hand, Richard leads his knights to the attack, and drives Isaac off to the mountains of the interior.

Then Berengaria's galley is signaled to return.

Quite casually the royal lovers prepare for their magnificent nuptials and double coronation! For by the consent of the Cypriots, wearied of Isaac Comnenus' tyranny, and by the advice of the Allied Crusaders, several of whom have turned up for the wedding, Richard of England is crowned King of Cyprus, and his bride Queen of England and Cyprus.

Richard is dressed for his marriage in a satin tunic of rose-color and a mantle of silver tissue. The saddle of his steed is inlaid with precious stones, and its crupper is formed of two little lions of gold with their paws raised, as though to strike each other.

Then in the Isle of Cyprus, celebrated as the very abode of the goddess of love, "there was joy and love enough."

“ I ONLY REGRET THAT I HAVE
BUT ONE LIFE TO LOSE FOR
MY COUNTRY ”

CAPTAIN NATHAN HALE, 1755-1776

SAID JUST BEFORE HE WAS HANGED

To be hanged as a spy at sunrise.

The sentence was in accordance with all military law. Nathan Hale, captain of a Connecticut regiment, had been captured within the British lines at New York, in his disguise of Dutch schoolmaster. Concealed in the soles of his boots were found sketches of British fortifications on which he had written descriptions in scholarly Latin.

Nathan Hale had said, when he volunteered for the abhorred but necessary task of spy, “ I am fully sensible of the consequences of discovery and capture in such a situation.”

He looks now from the window of his prison at the setting sun. To-morrow, when the sun is setting here, he will be where suns are not, in a far more serene clime.

The young patriot's fortitude does not falter and yet—he is only twenty-one. Young to leave a life which was unusually happy and successful.

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Nathan Hale was extraordinarily gifted. His clear, resolute mind had received the benefits of education and culture. He was very handsome and magnificently formed, with a bearing of distinguished breeding and joyous vitality. It is this boundless virility and energy of his combined with the selflessness of his lofty spirit which have brought him to his present pass.

Now dawn is breaking.

Nathan Hale is led out, alone among enemies to suffer his humiliating, his glorious, death. "To drum-beat and heart-beat a soldier marches by."

At the place of execution, his grave had been already dug, as was customary for one suffering as a spy. It yawns at his very feet.

He is bound, with his arms behind him. A halter is put about his neck, and its end thrown over the bough of a tree.

Nathan Hale is asked if he has anything to say.

The lonely, young figure straightens; the lustrous blue eyes flash. Then come his golden words, to shine down the aisles of the years:

"I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

**“ THAT DISTRICT PRODUCES THE
GREATEST VARIETY WHICH IS
THE MOST EXAMINED ”**

GILBERT WHITE, 1720-1793

ONE OF HIS SAYINGS

THE Rev. Gilbert White, Clergyman of the Church of England, and famous naturalist, had good reason for saying, “ That district produces the greatest variety which is the most examined.”

For nearly half a century, this true scholar lived in, or adjacent to, the parish of Selborne, in Hampshire. In the restricted area at his command, he made observations and kept delightful scientific records. These researches have seldom been equaled for loving interpretation of Nature in her familiar and every-day aspects.

Long years of evenings; of slow walks down hedged lanes; of noon restings under green-wood trees.

Not dramatic, all this?

The wise and kind old man would have been amazed at the suggestion.

Is not everything in Nature dramatic? What

drama approaches the rolling of her seasons and their consequent reaction upon animal and vegetable life?

There is no haste in the inevitable.

Gilbert White knew how to wait. To wait until next year, or until a whole series of years had passed, for the gradual accumulation of facts. He watched again and again to verify some bit of knowledge—the color beneath a bird's wing; the twisting of a flower petal; the manner in which a pigeon drinks.

He studied with absorbed interest the different ways in which the squirrel, the field-mouse and the nuthatch eat their hazel-nuts.

He tells of the habits of a land-tortoise, who, with a peacefulness rivaling that of its biographer, lived thirty years in a "small walled court."

He discusses with thrilling eloquence the migrations of birds, which in his time were only beginning to be understood.

Gilbert White was not preoccupied, as were later scientists, with cold analysis. He does not insist primarily on adaptation of the species and competitive struggles.

All about him he sees the sociality and intelligence of nature, her beauty and her love.

“ THAT WE MAY DIE TOGETHER ”
CLEOPATRA, QUEEN OF EGYPT,
69-30 B. C.

MESSAGE SENT TO MARK ANTONY

WHAT boots it how they have reached the center of the labyrinth?

They have loved. Loved with a love which ranks them prototypes of lovers.

What reck they of the paths—treachery, sin, cruelty, bitter mistakes, of their own and of others? They know and acknowledge them all.

The end is a mausoleum.

A stately tomb, near the slow, flat, swinging River Nile. By day, the waters of the Nile hiss against the hot sands, as if they touched molten gold. By night, their far purple reaches are shadows of boatmen's songs, when the low stars hang linked in a net of jewels that droop heavily.

Cleopatra, beautiful and brilliant, is still the imperious Queen. She will brook no defeat, no lesser things of fate. She sends her message to Mark Antony: “ Come to me here, that we may die together.”

Antony at her call hastens to her.

He himself had been one of the tri-rulers of the Roman world. He had been hailed by his followers as having the attributes of the god Dionysus; his beauty; his joy; his generosity.

But now the relentless ambitions of the royal lovers and their imperial powers must come to dust.

A tomb of porphyry and bronze, with black and scarlet paintings on its walls. In through shafts that open to the Nile comes a green, arrowy light. It strikes between curtains that are stretched up into heights of dusky coolness. Flowers die in their heaped sweetness on flights of stone steps.

Ever the Nile flows to the sea, with the peace of inevitableness. Throw wine upon its waves for an oblation, as was done of old, and the wide blue blossoms of the Lotus. For the ghostly barge of Antony and Cleopatra drifts ever on its heart under the stars.

Ever through the pages of history floats the story of their deathless love, their tragic death.

“IT SEEMS A PITY, BUT I DO NOT
THINK I CAN WRITE MORE ”

CAPTAIN ROBERT FALCON SCOTT,
1868-1912

IN LAST ENTRY OF HIS DIARY

IN a tent amidst the desolation of a snow-bound land, three men are waiting for an end which cannot be far. During the last nine days they have had practically no food or fuel. Outside rages a death-dealing blizzard.

Captain Robert Scott with four companions reached the South Pole on January 16th, 1912. They were the first Englishmen to do so. They found records, proving that the Norwegian Expedition had been there one month earlier. A heart-breaking disappointment.

On their return trip, two of the party died. Captain Scott, with Dr. Wilson, Chief of Scientific Staff, and young Lieutenant Bowers struggled on. They fought hunger and exhaustion, and the crippling from gnawing frost-bites. Constantly they helped and encouraged each other, like the gallant English gentlemen they were.

Now, these three have come to the ultimate limit of human endurance. They make their

last camp. It adds to their despair to realize that it is only eleven miles from a depot where food and oil-fuel await them.

In this awful wilderness of snow and cold, a man is writing—writing. Records, diary, letters come from the pen of Robert Scott, with what effort and renunciation!

Beside him his two dearest comrades lie in their sleeping-bags. They are growing quiet, and more quiet. Robert Scott's glazing eyes watch their huddled forms. Did they move? Is that a whisper in a well-known voice? No—only silence and cold and loneliness, ever-increasing loneliness.

Still he writes. Writes till the pen drops from his stiffening fingers.

"It seems a pity, but I do not think I can write more."

Brave words these, to be among his last.

The Relief Expedition, eight months later, found the three bodies. They found also important surveys; extensive meteorological and magnetic observations.

Most pathetic of all—those thirty-five pounds of geological specimens, containing invaluable fossils. What it must have cost those dying men to drag them!

“ YOU HAVE LOST THE WAGER,
SIRE!”

COMTESSE DU BARRY, 1746–1793

SAID TO KING LOUIS XV OF FRANCE

“ Is your chocolate honeyed to your liking, Sire? ”

“ Yes, charming Jeanne, and here is your coffee, which I have made for you with my own royal hands.”

Thus these lovers play at housekeeping in this magnificent mansion of Lucienne. King Louis has built it, that he and his Maitresse-en-Titre Jeanne, Comtesse Du Barry, may have a “ little apartment to hide in.”

This morning an exciting wager is being laid between the two. For to-morrow night, Du Barry is to be presented at Court.

Louis may feel that he has granted enough. For he swears that he will let Du Barry fall at his feet before the entire Court, without the least effort on his part to prevent it. Du Barry, with the amiability which always characterized her, wagers him that he will do no such cruel thing.

The evening; the hour; the moment; arrive.

Du Barry in all the glory of her charms, seductive to intoxication, slowly crosses the Presence Chamber. Her blue eyes under their long black lashes glance about with a childlike sweetness and surprise. Her light hair has soft, ash-colored shadows, and her cheeks bloom with pale rose tints. She is robed as might be a beauteous Eastern Houri, and wears a gorgeous diamond agraffe—whatever that may be—a gift from the King.

She reaches the foot of the throne and begins to stoop humbly, to perform her act of homage.

Lovely thing! How could any man with a spark of gallantry in his breast let so exquisite a creature prostrate herself before him!

Louis cannot! He takes her hand, and raises her.

Du Barry laughs up at him.

“You have lost the wager, Sire!” she whispers.

We do not know what the wager was.

But Du Barry's triumph was complete. For her there were no more cold shoulders from high-born Court ladies, whose own reputations were of course—oh, of course—perfectly immaculate!

“CLEAR THAT LINE!”
CAPTAIN OF WHALING VESSEL
EARLY PART OF NINETEENTH CENTURY

“YONDER she blows!”

How this shout from the lookout thrills us, the crew of a New England whaler in the South Pacific, in the early part of the nineteenth century.

“Where away?” roar the officers.

“Four points on the lee bow, sir.”

Four oarsmen throw themselves into the Captain’s own boat. Bow-oar is only a youngster, on his first voyage.

They forge through the tumbling seas. There is a puff—a spout—and we see the broad half-moon of the whale’s fins. Five thousand dollars’ worth of oil, or thereabouts, lie under that gleaming skin.

The harpooner strikes his barbed point deep into the huge sea-creature. The whale is fighting wildly now, but far from conquered.

Bow-oar, plucky lad, hangs on to the harpoon line. This line steers the boat to one side of the whale, and keeps it running parallel. Again and again it is torn from Bow-oar’s fingers, taking bits of flesh with it.

The Captain is in a towering rage because he cannot get near enough to the whale to despatch it. He rasps out sarcasms on the cowardice of his Bow-oar.

This is too much for Bow-oar's hot young blood. With a soul-and-body rending effort, he brings the boat right up to the iron, and then—calmly passes the rope round the thwart and makes it fast.

The delighted Captain plies his lance and the whale goes promptly into the death paroxysm.

"Stern all!" shouts the Captain. "Clear that line!"

To his astonishment and horror, he suddenly realizes that the line is made fast.

Why, during the tempestuous moment that follows, the boat and its crew escape is a miracle.

Safe back on the ship, the Captain asks Bow-oar why he made fast that line. For, he adds, if that maddened whale had gone down, boat and crew would have gone with it, and been "quarter of a mile under water."

Bow-oar respectfully suggests that it is "better to die under water than live under a charge of cowardice!"

“ I AM COMING TO FIGHT YOU ”

SVIATOSLAF, RUSSIAN PRINCE, 943-973

CHALLENGE WHICH HE SENT TO NEIGHBORING STATES

SVIATOSLAF, or Holy Fame, was very young when he began to reign as Prince of Kief, the Mother of Russian Cities.

He at once sent out a general challenge to the neighboring States:

“ I am coming to fight you.”

During the next ten years or so, he certainly redeemed his boast. He fought any one and every one, upon all manner of pretext or upon no pretext at all. He joyed only in the riot of war.

He and his fair-haired valorous soldiers attacked victoriously one city after another. They marched rapidly, without baggage or train.

Prince Holy Fame fared as did his soldiers. He slept in the open air, on the bare ground, with his saddle for pillow. His chief mark of distinguishing dress was a marvelous jewel which he wore in one ear—a hoop of gold, ornamented with a ruby and two huge pearls.

Gradually, however, the power of the Russian army waned. For various causes and in strenuous circumstances they lost one important battle after another.

At last Prince Holy Fame realizes that his army is conquered. With the small remnant of men left him, Holy Fame tries to pass the cataracts of the River Dnieper on his way home.

Here he is met by his most ferocious enemies, the Petchenegs. They are a barbarous Tribe, corrupt and bloody; also they are reported to be Cannibals. Not pleasant foes.

With great carnage, the Petchenegs fall upon the Russians and utterly rout them. They kill Holy Fame, and present his body to their Prince.

Whether their Prince actually ate poor Holy Fame or not, certain it is that he had his skull fashioned into a drinking cup! With quite pretty decorations of gold on it and a smug, moral precept: "He who covets the wealth of another often loses his own."

Such a dainty goblet for a dining-table!

“THE WITCH HAS LEFT ME AN IMP INSTEAD”

ANNA DALTON

LAST PART OF SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

WHAT horror is this?

A fair young mother turning from her babe with frenzied fear and loathing.

Anna Dalton thrusts her rosy baby from her knee. She will not listen to husband or mother or friends as they try to calm her. With agonized shrieks, she vows that a witch has been in the house.

A witch!

No word could have had a more direful sound in a New England household. For this is the very last of the seventeenth century, a time when the whole countryside is hag-ridden with terror of witchcraft. When none knows who will be the next victim. When the eyes of each man furtively seek those of his neighbor, and then fall away, fearing to read—he knows not what!

A witch!

Gently, despairingly, Goodman Dalton strives to reason with his half-demented wife.

She cries aloud that the witch has stolen her own child away. Then she adds, in tones which freeze the blood of the listeners, "The witch has left me an imp instead."

A horrible, bewitched creature who is draining the life blood from her breasts. She implores her husband to rake open the red hot coals of the hearth fire and lay the hideous changeling upon them. Then the witch in the shape of a bat may snatch it up the chimney, and bring back her own sweet babe.

The simple piety which built New England is theirs.

There can be but one Help in such a deathly strait. Only God in His Mercy can save them.

From the prison of Anna Dalton's fear, there is but one path of escape: the shining way of prayer.

Quiet words sound in the fire-lit room. And lo! the cloud is lifted. The after-glow of the sunset strikes in the window, and in its radiance, Anna Dalton knows her little child.

Light and love—and to God be the praise!

“WHY DON'T YOU SPEAK FOR
YOURSELF, JOHN?”

REPLY OF PRISCILLA TO JOHN ALDEN

1622

THE spinning-wheel hums like the obligato of a violoncello for two voices.

One is that of a man, whose stiff Puritan garb does not hide his grace and vigor.

His blue eyes blaze with ardor upon his companion, a lovely girl. Yet—strange—he does not urge his own cause, but that of his friend.

The room has the sturdy, simple furniture of pioneer days. Chairs—with four-slat backs, and gracious, inviting slopes to their arms. Without the panes of oiled paper lies the tender landscape of a New England Spring.

John Alden, the youngest man to come over in the *Mayflower*, pleads with Priscilla, “the Puritan Maiden.”

The girl listens to the stripling's words in amazement and disappointment. Then she rallies her powers of coquetry and says archly:

“Why don't you speak for yourself, John?”

Poor lad! How he longs to do so!

But his honor is pledged to champion the

suit of Miles Standish, the middle-aged "Captain of Plymouth."

John Alden dares not fathom Priscilla's words.

He rushes from the house, to pace by the sands where rests Plymouth Rock, that "corner-stone of a nation."

In his stern Puritan code, there is no such word as treachery. Yet—he is in the flame of his youth, and he loves!

Months go by. They are filled for John Alden with the anguish of thwarted longing. He sees Priscilla daily, but does not falter in his high resolve.

Then of a sudden comes the news that Miles Standish has been killed—fighting the Indians.

John Alden, freed from his obligation, woos and wins Priscilla.

On their wedding-day Miles Standish appears—the report of his death having been false.

The stout Captain gazes with grim amusement at the abashed wedding couple, and says forgivingly:

"If you want a thing done, you must do it yourself!"



From Painting by C. V. Turner.

“WHY DON'T YOU SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, JOHN?”

**“ I HAVE SEIZED ENGLAND WITH
MY TWO HANDS! ”**

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, 1027–1087

SAID ON LANDING IN ENGLAND

THE Normans have come! With a thousand ships! They are led by one flying a blood-red flag, in which sails their Duke, William of Normandy. They are landing at Hastings, to conquer England!

This terrible news flies from the coast of Sussex to the Court of Harold the Saxon King one bright Autumn day in 1066.

Great is the consternation. What can be done?

The Normans pour from their ships in brilliant array. First come the Knights in their close-fitting ring armor. Each has a banner with his especial device, to serve as a rallying point for his retainers who press after him. Then come the archers.

The last person in this goodly multitude is Duke William himself. He is renowned for the manly beauty of his person and for his knightly prowess.

By some unaccountable accident, as Duke William leaps to the shore, he stumbles. Down

he falls, to measure his majestic height upon the beach.

A great cry of distress arises from the superstitious Normans. Here is a direct omen of ill. The soldiers all exclaim that their Duke's mishap is prophetic of the downfall of his army.

But Duke William is as clever at diplomacy as he is brave in the field.

In recovering himself, he has filled his hands with sand. This he hastily shows to his followers.

"See! My friends," he cries in a loud, cheerful voice, "by the Splendor of God, I have seized England with my two hands!"

Instantly the apprehensions of the Normans are appeased. Reassured, they are aflame again with courage and a desire to follow this gallant leader.

Duke William's prognostication was justified. At the Battle of Hastings, a few days later, the Normans were entirely victorious over the Saxons. King Harold was killed by an arrow through the left eye.

William of Normandy was crowned King of England on Christmas Day, by the Archbishop of York.

“HERE IS THE VERY SPOT!”

SAMUEL JOHNSON, 1709–1784

SAID IN DEEP PENITENCE

MARKET day, in the peaceful village of Uttoxeter, late in the eighteenth century.

A lively scene, with crowds of people bargaining; bustling; arguing. Here comfortable County Squires, on their finely bred hackneys. There farmers endeavoring to guide droves of fractious pigs and cows, each of which wishes to go in a separate direction. Red-cheeked farmers' wives sitting beside piles of red-cheeked apples. Carts full of cabbages; butter and eggs; poultry.

Presently, a tall, bulky old gentleman comes, elbowing every one aside. He is dressed in brown, with long stockings and buckled shoes. On his head is a bushy wig, which sits very much awry.

He is a queer-acting old gentleman. His scarred features twist and distort themselves as he flings about his arms in nervous gesticulations and blinks his dim, bleared eyes. Curious glances are cast at him.

He pauses near an old ivy-mantled church.

The clock in its tower is pointing to noon. Here the old gentleman takes his stand. He removes his hat and clasps his hands, to wring them heart-brokenly. Over and over and over he mutters tragically:

“Here is the very spot!”

What spot? What does he mean?

People pause in their occupations to watch him, half fearfully.

For a full hour he stands thus, still remorsefully murmuring:

“Here is the very spot!”

What terrible event happened in this place, that this sad old gentleman should so bemoan it?

Finally, one of the oldest inhabitants of the village remembers. On this spot many years ago, old Michael Johnson kept a book-stall.

So—this old gentleman is Michael Johnson's son? Yes—the illustrious and wise Dr. Samuel Johnson, the great writer, the famous compiler of the Dictionary.

Fifty years ago, the lad Sam Johnson had refused to do his sick father a kindness.

Now, after half a century, an old man suffers the useless regret which never brings back spent hours.

**“ ONE OF THE CHIEFS STABBED
HIM BETWIXT THE SHOUL-
DERS WITH A DAGGER ”**

**DESCRIPTION OF THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN
JAMES COOK, 1728-1779**

STRANGE!

When we landed the other day, these natives of the Sandwich Islands could not do enough for us. They paid their uncouth honors to our Commander, Captain James Cook. They wrapped cloths of a brilliant red about his shoulders and approached him—actually—on all fours to show their humility.

They gave all of us presents of delicious fruits and vegetables, which we sailors greatly appreciated.

Of course there was that unfortunate matter of the fence which surrounded their sacred place or temple. We wanted it for fuel, and our officers let us carry it off. That may have angered their Priests. There were some little quarrels also over the native women.

Anyway, when we arrived in the bay again, yesterday, having been forced to put back for repairs to one of our ships, the natives showed

us very plainly that we were no longer welcome.

Now comes news that they have stolen one of our small boats.

Captain Cook is at once putting off in launches with nearly forty of our men. We who are left on board the ships watch anxiously to see them land.

In spite of Captain Cook's kindness of heart, he will suffer no insult to our English flag.

What do we see!

Captain Cook is preparing to bring the native King, as a hostage for his objects' good behavior, back to our ships. But the King and his followers are objecting.

Now—now ——

The natives are swarming in hundreds about our few Englishmen, and threatening them.

Even now, Captain Cook tries to restrain the fire of his men and protect the misguided natives. Our party strives to force its way back to the launches.

Captain Cook was the last to retire.

Merciful Heavens!

“One of the native chiefs stabbed him betwixt the shoulders with a dagger.”

Thus died one of the greatest of navigators.

“THOSE TROUBLESOME BURGHERS”

COUNT LOUIE II OF FLANDERS, d. 1384

SAID OF THE PEOPLE OF GHENT

WE suffer the horrors of a siege in the Middle Ages. Hunger; disease; wounds; death; and again, and yet again, gnawing hunger.

We, the people of Ghent, are beleaguered in our City by the soldiers of Count Louie II of Flanders. They prevent any provisions from reaching us.

With them are joined our neighbors of Bruges.

When Count Louie called upon his vassals of Bruges to aid him against “those troublesome Burghers,” they gladly complied. For Ghent and Bruges are bitter commercial rivals, and there is a furious feud between them.

Day by day, our situation grows more tragic. Our women and children cry to us, pitifully begging for bread which we cannot give them.

In this dire emergency we turn to our most influential citizen, Philip Van Artevelde. Under his energetic leadership, five thousand men

are found, still capable of bearing arms. But woefully weak and emaciated.

Van Artevelde commands us to gather together every scrap of food which remains in Ghent. Yes. Every bit of anything which can be eaten. A meager supply it forms, only enough to fill five little carts.

We march through the gate of Ghent, dragging our weary bodies—and the five little carts. The Priests and non-combatants crawl out to beseech blessings upon us. They cry that if we lose the battle we need not return, “because they will all be dead of starvation!”

We camp for the night, to suffer; to pray; to dream of food.

In the morning, Van Artevelde distributes among us the contents of those five little—oh, how little!—carts.

Then, with the strength of desperation we fall upon our foes. And extraordinary to relate, we utterly rout them!

“Those troublesome Burghers” have saved Ghent.

That night her people feast upon the richest viands of Bruges. Never tasted food so good!

“ IF MY RIGHT HAND BE SPARED,
I MAY LIVE TO DO THE KING
GOOD SERVICE ”

SIR EDMUND KNEVET

SAID TO THE CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND, 1541

GRIM preparations are being made for the maiming of a man!

There has been a quarrel over a game of tennis between two hot-headed youths. Sir Edmund Knevet, in a flash of temper, struck his opponent, one Master Cleer of Norfolk.

Instantly Sir Edmund realized the tragic consequences of what he had done. The tennis court lay within the precincts of the palace of King Henry VIII. By an English statute then in force, malicious striking in the verge of the King's abode was punishable by the forfeiture of the offender's lands and goods to the Crown, and by the loss of his right hand.

Sir Edmund stands now, waiting the carrying out of the last part of his sentence. He does not flinch, for a knight must be ready to meet any fate calmly. But his young face is somewhat haggard, as he watches the advancing procession.

It is headed by the Sergeant-Surgeon, whose services may be needed to restore the prisoner—not a reassuring thought! Then come various officers. One carries the block; one a long, bright knife. Another has searing-irons to sear the veins of the mutilated arm, and behind him walks a boy with a brazier of fire to heat these irons white-hot.

Yet another bears a rooster, whose head is to be sacrificed in order to test the instruments.

Still no word of complaint from the plucky young prisoner.

The Chief Justice solemnly reads Sir Edmund's offense. Sir Edmund confesses to it. Then he says quietly that his only plea is that the King would be graciously pleased to spare his right hand and take his left. Because, he adds, "If my right hand be spared, I may live to do the King good service."

Such a dutiful submission, such loyal desire, have their effect. The King's heart is touched.

Sir Edmund's friends, who have hastened to throw themselves at Henry's feet, rush back with joyful tidings. The sentence is remitted in both clauses.

Was the rooster included in the clemency—or did some one have him for dinner?

“THROUGH THE MIST, FIGURES
WERE SEEN CLINGING TO
THE WRECK ”

GRACE DARLING, 1815-1842

SAID OF SHIPWRECKED PEOPLE WHOM SHE RESCUED

A YOUNG girl, slender and delicate. Her quiet eyes dream lovingly over the wild and beautiful scenes of her island home. It is set in a somber, northern ocean, whose surges have pounded against black cliffs since tempests began, and land and water were made twain.

Grace Darling, daughter of the lighthouse-keeper on Longstone, one of the Farne Islands.

She has climbed the iron-like rocks that are cut and cracked in every direction. She has sat on their shell-encrusted edges, dashed by a cold spray, to watch the hurrying waves tumble in from the far curve of the earth.

One Autumn night, a storm tore across the Farne Islands.

So terrible was it that the Steamer *Forfarshire* came to her end on the rocks about a mile from the Longstone Lighthouse. Most of her people were drowned. But nine poor

creatures clung to what was left of the *Forfarshire* all through that awful night.

In the morning, Grace Darling described the wreck.

“Through the mist, figures were seen clinging to the wreck.”

Instantly, the heroic girl persuaded her father to launch their dory, and row with her to the rescue.

Fair girlish arms—soft girlish body—to what a strain they are being put. Strength and courage must have failed her, but love of her fellow-beings carried her on. On—over the raging abyss of waters that shrieked between the gorges of the Islands. On—close to the sharp-fanged rocks where hung the wreck.

All nine persons were saved and taken safely to the Darling home.

Grace Darling's exploit made her famous. Humane Societies sent her medals. Dukes and Duchesses vied with the general public in handsome subscriptions for her and her father.

She only wondered at this tumult of applause. What had she done, save her duty?

Her quiet eyes still dreamed lovingly over calm and storm.

“ WISEST OF MEN, HE KNEW THE
LANGUAGES OF ALL
CREATURES ”

SOLOMON, KING OF ISRAEL

SAID OF HIM IN THE TENTH CENTURY, B. C.

KING SOLOMON rides forth.

Rides forth in a glory, the half of which has
not been told us.

His splendid procession swings like a pageant across the summer plains. Great war-chiefs, mounted on noble horses which traders have brought from northern countries. Lords of state and mighty councillors.

The jingle of arms sounds softly through the purple air, and silver and turquoise ornaments glitter in the burning sunshine. Chariots made from the precious cedars of Lebanon breast the green reeds with their gold-encrusted curves.

Great the wealth and power of Solomon.

But greater far the treasure and authority of his wisdom.

Suddenly the cavalcade receives a check. King Solomon holds up his hand for a halt, then is seen in an attitude of listening. The courtiers throw their horses on their haunches,

and with prancing and clatter and snorting, the long line stops.

What is the matter? What does the King hear?

The lords nudge each other into attention, and turning their heads sideways, try to look as if they, too, heard something most interesting and edifying.

But theirs is not the sagacity and the pre-science of the Sage.

Solomon has studied and loved Nature in all her aspects until he has attained to a finely attuned comprehension of many of her secrets. "Wisest of men, he knew the language of all creatures."

He hears now, beneath his horse's feet, the murmur of wee voices in a plaint of despair. It is the ant-folk. An ant-hill lies in the path of King Solomon's cavalcade, and its inhabitants cry to their gods for aid.

"Here," they wail, "comes the King whom men call the Wise, to crush us."

"Nay, little neighbors," murmurs Solomon, "Wisdom lapses into mere Knowledge, if it comprises not Mercy. I will lead my followers round-about, and your Citadel of Dust shall be spared!"

“GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH!”

PATRICK HENRY, 1736–1799

SPEECH IN THE VIRGINIA CONVENTION

It is the spring of 1775.

The second Revolutionary convention of Virginia is sitting. The hall is crowded with troubled legislators, for momentous discussions must be struggled through, and dangerous decisions made.

The soft March air blows in the open windows, fanning the hot cheeks of the anxious, excited men. Outside, the fruit trees are in blossom, their rosy petals drift lazily down, and the sunshine is balmy with their fragrance.

Patrick Henry, Southern patriot and orator, has presented resolutions for arming the Virginia Militia. He believes with all his soul that war with England is the only course which the Colonies ought now to take. Vehemently he declares that the American Colonies are troubled and shaken throughout their length and breadth. That neither religiously, politically, nor commercially can our people longer brook over-seas dictation.

But conservative members of the convention are striving even yet to stem the current. They hope to avoid open warfare by some kind of compromise. They vigorously oppose Patrick Henry's measures as premature, and argument follows argument.

Through the tense trouble of the crowded room flows the placid song of a mocking-bird swaying on a branch of young green. The golden bird notes dance in the band of golden sun-motes that pour in at the door.

Now Patrick Henry springs to his feet. A born orator, his opportunity enkindles him. His words flame and sear as his voice rings over the assemblage.

"Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death."

The breaking voice; the beamy eyes; the glorious words; they could not be withstood.

Patrick Henry's resolutions were passed by the convention. Their author was made chairman of the committee for which they provided.

**“IS MY SON UNHORSED OR
WOUNDED THAT HE CANNOT
SUPPORT HIMSELF?”**

**KING EDWARD III OF ENGLAND, 1312–1377
SAID OF HIS SON, THE BLACK PRINCE, AT THE BATTLE
OF CRÉCY**

THE press and rage of a hand-to-hand battle.

The deathly crash and strain of armor as men's bodies strive, one against another. The flaunting banners staggering over the throng, rearing horses falling on wounded men.

It is the Battle of Crécy. The English under King Edward III contend with the French under Philip of Valois.

The first Division of the English is led by the King's eldest son, the Black Prince, an adorable lad of only sixteen. His noble character and gallant bearing have endeared him to the hearts of all England.

The feathered arrows of the English archers wing with such quickness and precision that the air is full of them. It seems as if it snowed!

Now the French surge vigorously forward and gain some advantage. On they come, to

break through the Black Prince's line, until he himself is threatened.

His immediate followers swarm anxiously about him, for his personal safety is their first thought. Help must be sought to encompass the young Prince with absolute protection.

A knight gallops to where King Edward sits quietly on a little hill overlooking the fray. Gaspingly the knight implores the King to send support to his son—another battalion at least!

Edward glances calmly at the excited messenger. Then he asks, "Is my son unhorsed or wounded that he cannot support himself?"

"Nothing of the sort, thank God!" cries the knight.

"Then do not expect that I shall come," returned the King. "Let the boy win his spurs!"

Oh, those golden spurs of Knighthood! Won indeed they were by the heroic boy.

The King's message was the last fillip needed. The English rallied again. In "the form of a portcullis or harrow," as the old chronicle says, they fought and bled and died and conquered.

The day's work belonged to the Black Prince, and the honor and glory thereof.

“BRAVO! BRAVO!”

CHEERS OF AUDIENCE AT FIRST PERFORMANCE OF THE NINTH SYMPHONY,
BY LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN, 1770-1827

A GREAT concert hall in the delightful musical city of Vienna one spring evening in 1824.

There is not a vacant seat in the house. The Court boxes are full, and the nobility and aristocracy crowd their reserved seats, all in gala dress.

The Master, Beethoven, is to conduct his *Missa Solemnis*, and also his Ninth Symphony. It is the first performance of the latter, which is sometimes called the Choral Symphony. In this marvelous composition Beethoven has expressed the longings and aspirations of all humanity.

Beethoven, old, ill, worn in body and spirit, slowly mounts the platform. He is desperately in need of money, but he receives less than two hundred dollars as his share of this evening's proceeds—one of the most interesting concerts in musical history. His greatest tragedy is that he has lately become stone-deaf. It does

not interfere with his conducting. For his music is in his brain. Indeed it is part of his brain—for he has created it.

A hush of almost aching expectancy now falls upon the vast assemblage. Beethoven has lifted his magic baton.

Sounds float out over the listening throng and to each member of it is brought a different message.

Sounds of triumph from acclaiming trumpets; sounds of green leaves from silver flutes; sounds of partings and of tears from violins; sounds of passion from deep-bosomed 'cellos.

The concert is over.

Beethoven lays down his baton. He hopes that the people have liked his music. He does not feel sure.

Suddenly one of the singers in the Choral part comes up to Beethoven and gently turns him to face the audience.

Its enthusiasm is fairly frantic. A wave of overwhelming applause is rocking the house. Handkerchiefs flutter. Sobs, cheers, ring out.

“Bravo! Bravo!” cry the people.

Then Beethoven *sees* the applause which had beat unnoticed against his deaf ears.

**“HIS MAJESTY WAS MINDED TO
GIVE THE QUEEN A KISS”**

SAID OF JAMES VI OF SCOTLAND, 1566-1625

ON HIS MARRIAGE WITH ANNE OF DENMARK

HIS girl bride, wrecked on the bleak coast of Norway, on her way from her own country to his kingdom of Scotland.

His lovely girl bride, Anne of Denmark, whom he has never seen. Shall she be left in that desolate fishing village, exposed to all the rigors and privations of the coming winter? Never! Lords and gentlemen will fly to her rescue!

With the gallantry of a true Stuart, James VI of Scotland, afterward James I of Great Britain, was for starting on the instant.

But first arrive ship captains and mariners in horror over an autumn voyage across the North Sea. They have no desire to risk it themselves, and try to dissuade the King with every terrifying argument.

Then come learned doctors, to explain gravely that “the witches are brewing storms.”

The Lord Chancellor arrives. He announces that there is not enough money in the Treasury

to defray the expenses of the voyage! Embarrassing predicament for a King and dashing young bridegroom!

In this dual character, however, James Stuart is able to bear down all opposition.

In a mere cockleshell of a ship, attended by his gay suite, he sets sail to taste sharply of the dangers foretold him. A furious tempest springs up, and the King's little bark is all but overwhelmed by its ravening force.

At last he arrives triumphant among the Norway snows. Leaving his train to seek their lodgings in the village as best they may, the ardent James rushes into the presence of Anne of Denmark.

Her brown eyes, the brilliancy and liveliness which are commented upon by her contemporaries, must have beamed tender welcome upon her royal spouse. He had risked his life to come to her aid! How delightfully romantic! What girl—be she a Queen—could ask more?

The tale comes to a satisfactory ending, with the calm statement of the court chronicler:

“His Majesty was minded to give the Queen a kiss.”

**“ I AM MADE EXTREMELY WEL-
COME HERE ”**

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, 1706-1790

**SAID DURING HIS SOJOURN IN FRANCE AS AMERICAN
ENVOY**

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN thus mildly described the amazing adulation which he received in France, “ I am made extremely welcome here.”

The volatile French adored the friendly, candid old man; his droll humor; his venerable aspect; his Quaker meekness. He was the fashion. He was applauded; copied; run after in the streets. Hats and canes were named after him; his bust and medallion were in every shop window in Paris and in private houses.

Benjamin Franklin had been sent to France by the Continental Congress as Envoy or Commissioner, with two colleagues: Silas Deane and Arthur Lee.

It was not only the man but his philosophy which aroused such fervid enthusiasm. France was awakening to the Tocsin of Liberty, and Benjamin Franklin stood for its glamor. The always easily moved emotions of the French overflowed in sympathy to the dwellers in the

immense solitudes of the New World. America and the American struggle for independence were on every tongue.

The American Envoys were received by King Louis XVI, Le Grand Monarque, at Versailles, in March, 1778.

The palace rang with plaudits as Benjamin Franklin appeared. He was in dark Quaker dress, with his grey hat under his arm, and his shoes unadorned by the usual silver buckles.

The ladies of Paris vied with each other in complimenting him. On one occasion, at a large reception given in his honor, a bevy of the beautiful creatures crowned his white locks with flowers. How his keen sense of fun must have delighted in the scene!

In the midst of all this popularity, Benjamin Franklin never forgot his country and its sacred cause. He talked and wrote and interviewed. Great diplomat that he was, he finally succeeded in his mission. The treaty of "Amity and Commerce" was signed between the Kingdom of France and the United States of America.

**“ I THINK I MAY PROMISE YOU
SOMETHING LIKE A GOOD
DAY’S SPORT ”**

**THE EIGHTH DUKE OF BEAUFORT,
1824-1899**

AT THE BEGINNING OF THE GREATWOOD RUN

LOVELY English country—and “seventeen and a half couples of the big dog pack.” See their long ears, “nice bits of velvet,” and their pleading eyes!

It is the Badminton Hunt, owned by the eighth Duke of Beaufort, the most enthusiastic and courteous of sportsmen. He remarks to an eager rider:

“I think I may promise you something like a good day’s sport.”

Gone away!

Every horse and rider quivers with rapture!

The hounds settle down to run, and we hurl ourselves after them. Neck and neck—nothing matters—except the bliss of feeling our hunters rising and falling springily under us, and the sharp wind tingle against us. For the weather is keen, and the frost lies in slippery sparkles this bright February day.

The Huntsman is Lord Worcester, the Duke's son. He wears the attractive buff and blue uniform of the Badminton Hunt and rides "Beckford," a famous old hunter, a "flea-bitten grey."

On we dash, wildly excited with the thrill only fox-hunters know! Yet riding coolly, steadily, with horseman's hands sparing our mounts.

Now—a brook! Ah! Here will come a weeding out! Some charge it; some refuse; some go in—deeper than they thought for; some go round by the bridge.

The hounds scatter the drops from their coats, and stream away after that Elysian smell!

On through woods and farms and villages. The River Isis twice crossed. Till the hounds mark the fox to ground in a rabbit-hole.

Only one couple of hounds is missing at the death. Less than a dozen riders finish and some of these are gamely running afoot!

Thus ended a very famous fox-chase.

The distance was fourteen miles from point to point; twenty-seven as hounds ran. The time was three hours and a half, and there was only one check of less than eight minutes.



Drawn by H. Alken for R. Ackermann's "Hunting Scrap," 1861.
"GONE AWAY!"

“EITHER ATHENS MUST PERISH OR HER KING ”

PRONOUNCEMENT OF ORACLE TO DORIAN
INVADERS OF ATHENS, ABOUT 1066 B. C.

BARBAROUS raiders approach the fair town of Athens. The Dorians are sweeping upon it, their fierce warriors vast in numbers.

This invasion is all the more appalling because of the pronouncement of the Oracle to the Dorians: “Either Athens must perish or her King.”

This makes despair complete. For every roof-tree in Athens shall be torn down ere harm be allowed to come to beloved King Codrus.

Hopelessly they prepare for defense.

Meanwhile, through the honey-colored dusk, the figure of an Athenian peasant is stealing towards the camp of the Dorians. Reaching it, the fellow rudely accosts some Dorian soldiers and provokes a quarrel. A quarrel which ends abruptly as one of the soldiers draws his dagger and stabs the peasant to the heart.

With a jeering laugh the Dorian bends over the corpse, only to start back with a cry of horror.

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Who is this? What is here?

In superstitious terror, the Dorians flee, to report to their officers.

The sun rises, and those in Athens peer with dread towards the Dorian encampment.

The Dorians have gone! Unaccountably they have fled, in the hour preceding their assured victory.

The Athenians rush forth triumphantly—but their feet are stayed by a quiet figure, which lies on the green grass.

A peasant?

Surely no peasant bore ever so majestic a mien. See—beneath his rags, the insignia of royalty! Alas—alas! It is King Codrus.

He sacrificed himself, knowing that the Dorians, on learning of his death, would remember the Oracle:

“Either Athens must perish or her King,” and withdraw in despair of victory.

A kingly deed this!

Aye—and it shall be kept in right kingly remembrance. For no Athenian henceforth shall be counted worthy to wear the crown of Codrus.

Forever, Codrus shall be hailed as the last King of Athens.

“ TWELVE MILES FROM A LEMON ”

REV. SYDNEY SMITH, 1771–1845

SAID OF HIS LIVING IN YORKSHIRE

AND how he dreaded the place!

Sydney Smith, the wit, the raconteur, the charming diner-out, banished from London to the wilds of the country!

Being presented with the Living of Foston-le-Clay in Yorkshire, being poor, and having a wife and children, Sydney Smith perforce accepted it.

In his delightful letters, which he poured out to all his friends, Sydney Smith complains amusingly of the state in which he found his parish. No clergyman had lived there for one hundred and fifty years, owing to the blamable negligence on the subject of residence of the clergy.

Now, by the passing of the Residence Bill, Sydney Smith was not only compelled to live “twelve miles from a lemon,” but was also obliged to atone for the accumulated neglect of his predecessors, and to benefit his successors,

by building a parsonage out of his own small private means.

This being finally accomplished on the very last day provided by the Bill, he writes:

“ I landed my family in my new parsonage, performing my promise to the Archbishop by issuing forth at midnight with a lantern to meet the last cart with the cook and the cat, which had stuck in the mud.”

A farm of three hundred acres went with the living, and Sydney Smith set about cultivating it with enthusiasm. He also started gardens for the poor, and was, as he writes of himself, village comforter, village magistrate, village doctor.

During the epidemic of a contagious fever, he risked his life for his poor parishioners with devoted sacrifice.

But it was in the pulpit that the serious side of the man appeared. There in the sacred edifice, his whole manner and mien changed. The weight of his duty and the authority of his office brought to him the realization of the Message with which he was charged.

Then indeed he became “ Sydney Smith, the Parson.”

“ I REALLY DO NOT SEE THE
SIGNAL! ”

HORATIO, LORD NELSON, 1758–1805

AT THE SEA-FIGHT OF COPENHAGEN

A BATTLE at sea!

The deck of the vessel heaves and tips beneath the feet, and its planks are slippery with an awful ooze. The shriek of shells that tear through flapping sails; the snap and crash of falling masts; the blood-choked sob of the dying.

Can this murk of smoke be the air of the fresh sea? Where are the blessed Heavens hidden by dark and suffocating fog?

The *Elephant* which bears the flag of Lord Nelson, Vice-Admiral, is fighting furiously, gallantly. It is the Battle of Copenhagen. The Alliance of Northern European Powers has made it necessary for the British Government to take vigorous measures. An English fleet has accordingly been brought to the Baltic on a difficult and dangerous mission, with Sir Hyde Parker in command.

It is hard for Lord Nelson to take a sub-

ordinate position. He is the idol of the English Navy, one of the most popular figures in the Nation.

He paces the deck of the *Elephant* now in frantic excitement. The embodied flame of courage and resolution, he is always shaken during action; panting with an ardent patriotism for the glory of England.

On rages the battle. Sea and sky reel about those waging it, and the laboring ship seems isolated in a world of horror and blood and pain.

A signal from Sir Hyde Parker.

What? A signal to "cease action!"

Shall Englishmen retreat? A ship of the British Navy turn and sail away in the midst of a sea-fight? Never!

But it is a command—a direct command—from his superior officer. How can Lord Nelson disregard it? His men watch breathlessly.

Lord Nelson is equal to the dilemma. He puts his glass to his one blind eye, that eye gloriously lost in the service of his country. He cries eagerly:

"I really do not see the signal!"

Fight on!

Aye—fight they do, and win!

“PUT IT IN WITH ME”

LORD ARTHUR BALMERINO, 1688-1746

SAID ON HIS WAY TO TRIAL FOR HIGH TREASON

A GALLANT old gentleman was Arthur, Sixth Baron Balmerino, and a most pugnacious one!

He had been “out” several times. That is, he was a Jacobite, loyal to the fading cause of the Stuart Kings of England, for whom he had spent his life fighting losing battles.

Now in his old age, Lord Balmerino had been one of the first to go “out” again, with Charles Edward, the Young Pretender; so sweet a Prince that flesh and blood could not resist following him. Charles Edward’s struggles to regain the throne of his ancestors ended futilely, and Lord Balmerino was among those taken prisoner by the forces of King George II.

The morning arrives for the Trial of the Rebel Lords. They are to be brought from the Tower of London, where they are imprisoned, to Westminster Hall, in separate coaches. In one of these coaches, it was the custom to place the axe, with which the pris-

oners would be executed, should their trial go against them.

Now, really, this is a horribly unpleasant thing!

To face an axe—a sword—any instrument of death—in the glory and heat of battle; that is all very well. But to set out for a morning's ride, and to have a wide-bladed axe, well-sharpened for the express purpose of chopping off our heads, put in the coach with us—that is an entirely different matter!

In a great fluster, the gentleman-gaoler argues that it is a time-honored routine. The axe must go in somebody's coach. Won't the gentlemen *please* be reasonable?

Lord Balmerino sticks his soldierly old head out of the coach, where he sits in his rebellious regimentals of blue and red.

"Come, come!" he calls, "I don't mind. Put it in with me."

On the scaffold, one of Lord Balmerino's last acts was to feel with a skilful finger the edge of that very axe.

“I TAKE, IN THE NAME OF HIS
MAJESTY, POSSESSION OF THIS
COUNTRY OF LOUISIANA ”

CHEVALIER ROBERT LA SALLE, 1643-1687

ON PLANTING THE FRENCH FLAG AT THE MOUTH OF
THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER

FIFTY-FOUR persons—white men and their Indian guides—paddling their canoes down a great unknown river. Their adventurous progress leads them on into the mystery of a new world.

It is the French explorer, the Chevalier Louis La Salle, and his followers.

The majestic Mississippi is copper-colored in the sun—unfathomably black and menacing at night. On each side stretch interminable leagues of unexplored country which open with the multitudinous turns and twists of the river.

On and on go the canoes.

The bordering swamps show the budding flowers and tender foliage of early spring, and strange birds flutter over the fields. An exquisite haze gathers over the rivulets and streams that flood into the parent river.

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At times terrible hurricanes sweep through the forest, mowing down wide swathes of trees. This leaves paths of tumbled wreckage.

La Salle with intrepid courage and energy is endeavoring to map the course of the Mississippi. As discoverer, he means to claim the adjacent country for his King, Louis XIV of France.

La Salle is a man of stoic mettle; often stern and unsympathetic, always seeming to be both. He drives his companions on, relentlessly.

After weeks of paddling comes the wonderful moment when the water is brackish and the breeze has a tang of salt. The expedition approaches the ocean!

The Gulf of Mexico is reached. On its shore La Salle plants the lilies of France. In awe and thankfulness, a *Te Deum* is sung.

Then, standing with his face to the wine-purple sea, La Salle proclaims:

"I take, in the name of His Majesty, possession of this Country of Louisiana."

It is a vast tract which La Salle claims.

"From the Alleghenies to the Rocky Mountains; from the frozen northern springs of the Missouri to the sun-cracked deserts of the Rio Grande."

**“YOU WILL DIE THROUGH YOUR
FAVORITE HORSE”**

**SAID BY WIZARD TO PRINCE OLEG OF
RUSSIA**

IN NINTH CENTURY

“You will die through your favorite horse.”

The strange, terrible denunciation rings through the Palace. The old Wizard, his long robes covered with cabalistic signs and symbols, pronounces it with portentous mystery.

The courtiers shiver in an apprehension, which is half fearful, half fraught with a delicious curiosity, as they watch Prince Oleg to see how he will bear the Wizard's statement of his approaching death.

Prince Oleg sees their glances. So! He will show them how a Prince meets and overcomes danger! He is of a gallant race—the Norse tribe of Russia. He rules the Princedom of Novgorod as Regent during the minority of his young kinsman, Prince Igo.

He motions the Wizard away, and considers calmly how he can prevent the fulfillment of the cruel prophecy. He comes to a safe resolve. He gives orders that this favorite steed

of his shall be taken far out into the country, and well cared for.

As obsequious courtiers spring to do his bidding, the Prince adds sternly: "See to it that he is never saddled for me to back again."

Months and years pass.

Many are the fine horses which fill Prince Oleg's stables; many are his pleasant rides. But he never forgets the favorite charger of his youth.

He happens at last, one summer day, to approach the place to which he had banished the horse. He stops and asks for him, and is told that he is long since dead.

In meditative mood, Prince Oleg, surrounded by his court, strolls out into the field to see the skeleton. Idly he touches the bleached skull with his foot.

"How vain," he murmurs, "were the Wizard's words. My poor steed is dead, and I still live."

On the instant, from the skull of his favorite horse darts forth a poisonous viper. The reptile stings Prince Oleg's foot, and within an hour the mighty Prince is dead.

“ I WOULD THAT THE PEOPLE OF
ROME HAD BUT ONE NECK ”

CAIUS CALIGULA, THIRD EMPEROR OF
ROME, 12-41 A. D.

ON BEING OPPOSED BY THE COMMON PEOPLE

EMPEROR! Nay, say rather Butcher! For he prefers murdering his unfortunate subjects to protecting and ruling them.

Quite true! All the same, my young friend, you must speak lower, or the Emperor's guards will hear you, and drag you off. You will end in one of those pleasant little underground dungeons, where, it is said, the mighty Caligula amuses himself by torturing people!

We are two patricians of early Rome. We stand in the crowd to watch the litter of Caius Caligula, our Third Emperor, being borne in to the Gladiatorial Games in regal pomp. Curtains of purple cotton studded with golden stars hang in rich folds, and within reclines Caligula.

Bah! He is jeweled and perfumed like a woman! There is no end to his extravagances and the luxuries with which he pampers him-

self. Even his stables are built of marble and ivory, and his pleasure barge is set with precious stones. Think what good might accrue to the State and Army from all the wealth he squanders!

I don't mind his extravagance so much as his brutality. If there be any form of cruelty which he has not inflicted upon his people, it is only because it has not happened to occur to him! His perverted nature, with its callous and defective sympathies, delights in human suffering and butchery.

These Games have immensely increased in barbarity during his reign.

Hark! The populace applauds.

Alas for them! They applaud the very gladiators whom Caligula wished to see overthrown. Now what expression will his vengeance take on their implied opposition to his royal will?

We push nearer the Emperor's seat. We see him start up in a rage, a fury wild and vindictive. Distinctly we hear him hiss:

"I would that the people of Rome had but one neck—that I might strike it off in one blow!"

Agreeable person—Caligula!

“DON'T FIRE TILL YOU SEE THE
WHITES OF THEIR EYES”

COLONEL WILLIAM PRESCOTT, 1726–1795

AT THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL

THE British Forces occupy Boston, but we Colonists are in possession of two hills just outside the town, one owned by Mr. Bunker, and the other by Mr. Breed.

Inexperienced volunteers—are we? Wearied with the trench work of the past night—are we?

We have dug ourselves in as best we may. Some farmers were mowing these fields yesterday, and we stuff the grass against the rail fence, and crouch behind.

An officer on a white horse is riding furiously about.

“That is old Put!” cry the Connecticut boys.

Steadily the long column of English start up towards us. Their bands are playing martial music, to which the redcoats swing in perfect time. White cross belts and bright buckles offer tantalizing marks —

But Colonel William Prescott commands:

"Don't fire till you see the whites of their eyes."

As we wait, breathlessly, we observe that the roofs of the houses in Boston are crowded with people, watching to see us beaten. If we are, it will be because we have only a gill of powder in our horns.

Now! We have shot partridges at a farther distance.

Take aim! Fire!

A sudden crack; a rattle; a roar. A white cloud all along the rail fence. As it clears, we see the front rank of our enemy broken—men reeling and falling.

Gallantly the English reform. Proudly they sweep up again. Again the choking wait—the deafening roar—the windrow of men.

For the third time the brave fellows try.

This time they succeed in sweeping us from our entrenchment.

Yes. The English have won the Battle of Bunker Hill.

But so many of their men are killed, and so few of ours, that well may one of their Officers quote the bitter saying of Pyrrhus, King of Epirus: "Such another victory, and we are undone."

“WHILE THERE IS LIFE, THERE IS HOPE”

REV. PATRICK BRONTÉ, 1774-1861

HIS LAST WORDS

MR. BRONTÉ's bedroom is over his study.

In this bleak parsonage of Haworth, in Yorkshire, he has lived for more than forty years, a singularly isolated life. Isolated first by the peculiar reserves of his own character, his strange, lonely, indomitable spirit; also by the situation of the place which is surrounded by the austere beauty of the great moors. The cold air is freighted with haunting, pungent smells.

The barren grounds of the parsonage lead down to the wall of the churchyard. Through a doorway in that wall, Mr. Bronté has seen borne, successively, the coffins of his wife, his sister-in-law, and his six children.

The last three of his daughters were writers, whose works will be read and loved as long as English literature survives. They shared their father's dogged courage and independence of spirit, and fought hard for their lives against

the insidious attacks of consumption, the family curse.

And now the silence; the grey melancholy; the passionate, unforgettable regrets. The mists close down to hang in frayed rags on the gravestones, those ever-increasing gravestones that have crept nearer and nearer the house. During the purple nights; the days of pale sunshine; this blind old man remains in the home that is left to him, desolate. Does he remember that his wife, in the days of their courtship—ah! how long ago—used to call him with rosy blushes, her “dear, saucy Pat!”

There is a faithful watcher by Mr. Brontë's bedside. Rev. Arthur Nicholls, his curate, and son-in-law, the widower of his daughter Charlotte. To him, at the very last, Mr. Brontë tries to impart some of that intrepidity that rallies his own heart. He says gently:

“While there is life, there is hope.”

After that, there is no more said in the quiet room.

Out on the wide moor, the wind rushes with a triumphant pean up to the waiting skies.

**“ HONOR IS THE VERY BREATH IN
OUR NOSTRILS ”**

**JEFFREY HUDSON, DWARF AND PAGE TO
QUEEN HENRIETTE MARIA OF ENGLAND,
IN SEVENTEENTH CENTURY**

SAID ON OCCASION OF FIGHTING A DUEL

A DUEL! A duel to the death!

The Honorable Mr. Crofts is the challenged party, he having insulted his opponent by references to personal characteristics which no gentleman may brook. Mr. Crofts has named pistols as the weapons, and the combatants fight on horseback.

Mr. Crofts advances now across the measured ground—but who is this that comes to meet him—a dwarf? Yes—a dwarf. His head, hands, and feet are preposterously large for his height of three feet, nine inches, although his countenance might be considered handsome.

It is Jeffrey Hudson. His grotesque attributes have made him, after the fashion of his day, Court Buffoon and Jester, and his royal Mistress, Queen Henriette Maria, humors his oddities.

Young Mr. Crofts, in company with all the gay courtiers, laughs at and plagues the tiny man, whose irascibility under the teasing has provoked at last this quarrel. Jeffrey Hudson, for all his diminutive stature, is brave enough. During the Civil Wars, he actually and with great gallantry commanded a troop of horse!

Now the signal is given.

Mr. Crofts, carrying the joke still farther, produces a squirt by way of his own weapon, and with delighted mischief, squirts water all over his small antagonist. Shouts of joy arise from the bystanders at the drenched and miserable appearance of the poor dwarf.

Jeffrey Hudson's humiliation and rage know no bounds. He presses Mr. Crofts so closely that the young gentleman is forced to betake himself to more serious arms than his toy squirt.

Jeffrey Hudson is a famous shot. He fires his pistol pointblank at the heart of the Honorable Mr. Crofts. That unfortunate young gentleman's last joke is sped.

He crashes from his saddle—dead!

The fierce little dwarf looks down at him.

He says grandiloquently:

“Honor is the very breath in our nostrils.”

“IS THIS JERUSALEM?”

ASKED BY THE CHILDREN OF THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE, 1212

“Is this Jerusalem?”

This fair vision of a city, with turrets that are marble lace against an azure curtain of sky. Is this Jerusalem? These wide streets strewn with the softest of rose petals for our weary little feet, and where milk and honey await us, in the silver mugs we knew at home.

Alas for the vision!

It fades, and we see again only one more earthly city—of hard, cold pavements and dirty alleys, where hunger and disease and cruelty lurk for our tender forms.

We must still drag ourselves onward. Onward—to reach the Holy City which we are to wrest in glorious triumph from the Infidel. For by one of those strange waves of impetus, almost hypnotic in their influence, which sweep multitudes to some concerted action, we children of the Middle Ages go forth gladly to conquer the Holy Land. Surely the gentlest, most innocent army the world has ever seen.

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Our Leaders, the heroic young shepherd Stephen, and the sweet lad Nicolas, assure us that we shall fare easily and shall "be led through the seas dry-shod." We believe them.

We have followed them, slowly walking in our thousands and tens of thousands, a gradually augmenting crowd, down across all the continent of Europe. At every town and hamlet we have gained recruits—more children—to our Sacred Cause.

Yet many and many a little form has been left in a rest which shall last forever, beneath sheltering green branches. Many a tired little head has drooped by a wayside stream, to mingle its curls with the lilies drifting on the mirroring water.

It is a miracle that any of us wander so far—that some of us at last reach the sea at Marseilles.

The ending is the most wicked deed in history.

Our pitiful remnant is kidnapped by slave-dealers, and sold into Egypt.

"A DINNER FIT FOR A KING!"
ANTHELME BRILLAT-SAVARIN, 1755-1826

IN DESCRIBING HIS FAVORITE MENU

"A RICH soup; a small turbot; a saddle of venison; an apricot tart: this is a dinner fit for a king!"

It certainly sounds good!

How respectable to be able to call our fond interest in matters of the table—an interest which we share with all mankind—"Transcendental Gastronomy." That is what Monsieur Brillat-Savarin, the French gastronomist, called the theory and art of dining.

He was a curious man.

He served his country in various civic positions with sufficient acumen and dignity, but his real preoccupation was always with food. He went so far as to wish to found a "Gastronomical Academy." The modern enthusiasm for reducing our dinners to calories would have intrigued him greatly.

He invented tests by which he gauged his friends' powers of gastronomic appreciation. Sausage with sauerkraut and a roast turkey

stuffed with chestnuts, he considered, should call only for the polite commendation: "That looks well." But a pheasant; asparagus; truffles; ortolans; and a pyramid of sweetmeats flavored with rose and vanilla should arouse the rapturous exclamation: "Sir, your cook is a man of mind!"

During the French Revolution, Brillat-Savarin fled to the United States. Being an extremely versatile person, he earned his living by playing in the orchestra of a New York theater.

He was entertained hospitably. He has left solemn testimony to the good-living in America, particularly to the plumpness of the wild fowl.

He was taken shooting in woods which he wearily describes as being "five mortal leagues from Hartford, Connecticut." He shot, among other things, some grey squirrels which he showed his host how to "stew in Madeira"—to their mutual satisfaction!

He praises the New England open wood fires, and naively remarks, "This custom doubtless comes from the Indians, who always have a fire in their huts"—for cooking, of course!

“THE ANGEL OF HADLEY!”

SAID OF JUDGE WILLIAM GOFFE, 1605–1679

WE, the good people of the Settlement of Hadley in the Connecticut River Valley, have come to Meeting, with our Bibles in one hand and our guns in the other. For in this year of Our Lord 1675, Indians lurk—Red Varmints that they are—in every shadow, ready to pounce and scalp.

As the “Seventhly, my brethren,” rolls from the tongue of our worthy Minister—an awful sound arises from the colored Autumn woods—Merciful Father in Heaven! Unmistakable to any who has ever heard it—it is the Indian war-whoop!

Our blood curdles in our veins, and we huddle together.

As we strive to rally, suddenly in our midst appears a grave, venerable person. No one saw from whence he came. In our confusion we realize only that somehow, in dress or mien, he differs from our people.

Instantly he takes command of us, with the calm authority of one used to control men, and to animate them by his presence.

It is time. For nearer and nearer come our howling foe, and arrows are winging and flashing through the sunlight.

There are a few moments of dreadful confusion—of firing—of noise—of smoke—of the terror that walketh by day.

Then—as quickly as it began—the attack is over. For the Indians, realizing that they are confronted with a more determined enemy than they expected, take a hasty departure.

Breathless, thankful, confused, we turn to thank our rescuer.

But he has gone! Vanished!

In amazement which partakes of consternation we stare about us!

Then a whisper begins.

It was Goffe—Major-General William Goffe—one of the Judges of King Charles I of England.

It is known that he is in hiding in this country.

Ah! yes—it was Goffe—who came from his cave in the woods, to be “the angel of Hadley!”

**“IN A MEADOW CALLED RUNNY-
MEDE BY THE THAMES ”**

**FROM DESCRIPTION OF THE SIGNING OF
MAGNA CHARTA, BY KING JOHN OF
ENGLAND, 1167–1216**

So! They expect me to sign away the privileges and rights of the Crown of England!

I, John the King—*I*, whom men will call “the ablest and most ruthless of the Angevins—or Plantagenets.”

I ride over every day through the lovely June weather, from Windsor. Unfortunately not many gentlemen follow in my train. Most of the Barons and Noblemen are banded together against me.

They have drawn up a document which they call Magna Charta. They declare it to be a “Charter of Liberties.” Bah!

I meet the Barons “in a meadow called Runnymede by the Thames.” Lovely spot! Why cannot we enjoy it?

But my haughty Barons even object to my ways of amusing myself. They dare to say that I flaunt vices of the most sordid kind.

Day after day for more than a week our

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conferences have lasted, here in a gorgeous pavilion by the river. My royal robes hardly vie with the splendid apparel of my enemies. For that is what these men are.

Little by little they are wringing concessions from me.

They attack now what they stigmatize as the oppressive forest laws. Oppressive? Nonsense! They have merely condemned to mutilation or death any hind or common man who trespassed within the royal forests. If a man was found with a speck of blood on his clothes, he was hung to the nearest tree with his own bowstring. And every dog within miles of the outskirts of the forests was crippled by having three claws of its forefeet chopped off.

I am losing point after point in the struggle. I shall have to give in soon.

I appeal to the Prelates. They strive unavailingly to bring peace amongst us.

Well, it will be easy enough to prove afterwards that I was coerced by force.

Therefore I sign Magna Charta. But in my heart I repudiate even now my own signature.



KING JOHN SEALS MAGNA CHARTA.

**“WHAT MAN CAN CALCULATE ON
WHAT A GIRL WILL SAY OR DO?”**

**SAID OF FORTUNATA, A RAJPUT PRINCESS
TWELFTH CENTURY**

A COURTYARD in the Palace of a great Rajah of India.

Trumpet-flowers hang in curtains beyond swaying fountains. Tiny monkeys, with tails dyed pink and wearing gilt collars, cling in looping vines.

A splendid company is gathered here. Gleaming scimitars; flowing veils; jewels strung recklessly like pebbles on a string.

The ceremony called “Self Choice” is about to take place. The Rajah’s only daughter, Princess Fortunata, is to choose her husband, among all the young Princes of India assembled here for her inspection.

All, that is, except one—her wicked twenty-year-old cousin, Prince Prithvi. He is represented in derision by an image of clay.

Prithvi is of the Fire-born Race and is claiming the Kingships of Delhi and Ajmir—to which Princess Fortunata’s father himself as-

pires. So of course Prithvi must be wicked—the girl has been told so since her childhood.

She stands now, looking very sweet and innocent, holding the marriage garland, which each watching Prince longs to feel her put about his neck. Suddenly, she speeds across the courtyard, and places the marriage wreath about the neck of Prince Prithvi's clay image.

Papa may curse—but the deed is done! In despair the old gentleman sighs:

“What man can calculate on what a girl will say or do?”

Then on the wings of fierce love and pride arrives Prince Prithvi—the bold lover; the recklessly brave knight-errant; the pattern of all Rajput virtues. He is followed by a band of youthful heroes, ready, like himself, for fighting or for kisses.

They steal the willing Princess Fortunata—and sweep her away in their midst.

The fighting comes first—five desperate days of it—as they battle their way to Delhi. Many of the dear, brave lads are left dead or dying.

But the dearest and the bravest holds his sweetheart close, unharmed—and so the kisses come at last.

“THE FORTUNE OF WAR!”

REIS DRAGUT OR TORGHUD, BARBARY CORSAIR, IN SIXTEENTH CENTURY

WHEN SERVING AS GALLEY-SLAVE

THE hell of the galleys!

Heavily chained to an oar, pulling at order of these “dogs of Christians.” Gazing upon the weals, kept raw in the bare back of the man in front by the lash of the boatswain—feeling the same cruel stripes upon his own shrinking flesh.

Dragut has come to this!

He had been a Reis—or Captain—of Barbarossa, chief of the Barbary Corsairs. Dragut, in gay command of a dozen galleys himself, had ravaged the Mediterranean, and worked measureless mischief upon Christian vessels. He had snapped up, here, a ship richly laden from India; there, one as richly fraught from Flanders; or crammed with merchandise from England. Their crews he made his slaves.

A merry life—if a dangerous one—those bold pirates led. In time of need they could retreat to their strongly fortified places on the

Barbary Coast, to revel in the spoils of their affrays.

But in one of the sea-fights, Dragut had been taken captive by Doria, High Admiral of Genoa. And here he tugs at the galley oar.

One day, sweating in misery and filth, Dragut looks up to the poop-deck, envying the knights and gentlemen who lounge there under the embroidered canopy. Christians they are—with a White Cross waving on their standard.

Suddenly Dragut sees an old acquaintance. It is La Valette, Grand Master of the Knights of Malta. La Valette had once pulled the captive's oar on Barbarossa's ships.

He leans now over the railing of the poop and greets the ex-Corsair.

Dragut smiles up at him, with unquenchable gayety and courage.

"Ah! Senor!" he calls. "The fortune of war!"

We cannot but be glad when, by "the fortune of war," Dragut is ransomed three years later by Barbarossa for three thousand crowns.

**“MY SISTERS, THE BIRDS, YE ARE
GREATLY BEHOLDEN TO GOD
FOR THE ELEMENT OF
THE AIR ”**

SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI, 1181-1226

THROUGH the woods goes a man in grey habit and cowl.

Down the long aisles of the trees, where frail flakes of sunlight lie on green mosses. By pools of still water, where reeds and grasses merge into their own reflections. Out across sunny fields of lilies, in the hills of Umbria.

Here and there he stops by the Wayside Shrines to pray. Then, standing where holy shadows touch him, he preaches—and the wild creatures come out of their woodland haunts to listen. A terrible and fierce wolf that had menaced the countryside “lifted up his right paw and confidingly laid it in his hand.”

Birds—swallows and doves and larks—sit in rows to hear his lovely words. To these he says:

“My sisters, the birds, ye are greatly beholden to God for the element of the air.”

They do not fear him.

Why should they? He never frights them with gestures of misunderstanding.

His knowledge of Nature comes from his love of it.

A love so great that it embraces all its manifestations, even those human beings who are wicked and ill and sad and sullen. These unfortunates he tends with skilful tenderness.

He also, with quaint affection, names fire "Brother," and water "Sister."

He is Francis of Assisi, Monk; Ascetic; Mystic; Saint.

Under Pope Innocent III, he has instituted what was at first the Confraternity—later the Three Orders—of Franciscans.

By Saint Francis' rule, all his Friars were bound to serve the Lord with gladness, with songs. One of the loving names bestowed upon them was the "Jongleurs of God." They were also called "The Seraphic Order," from the little Chapel of Saint Mary of the Angels, at Assisi, their first place of prayer.

Toward the end of Saint Francis' life, a nameless rapture of vision came to him, "and then he saw on his body the Stigmata."

**“YOUR SON HAS A NATURAL EN-
THUSIASM FOR LETTERS”**

HERODOTUS, GREEK HISTORIAN,

484-425 B. C.

SAID OF THE YOUNG THUCYDIDES

ATHENIAN society has gathered in brilliant assemblage for “recreation of the spirit.” There is the quietude of breathless appreciation and delight through the beautiful building. The most cultured and intellectual men of their time are here, many of whom are themselves famous orators and writers.

They stand and sit in stately groups where marble perpetuates noble thoughts. Where time treads with the winged sandals of music, and space is measured by beauty.

Herodotus, the great historian, begins a Recitation from his History of the Persian War of Invasion into Greece. He has spent long years of travel and study in compiling the materials for this great work, and his voice rings out now on its chiseled periods.

The inspiration of his vision lifts us as we listen. He sweeps us up to heights, whence we behold, unfolding before us, magnificent

breadths of view. The broad outlook is sketched in vivid, picturesque language. The laws and the poetry of many peoples lie beneath our gaze.

In the audience sits Olorus, a valued friend of Herodotus, accompanied by his young son.

The boy listens in rapt attention to the cadenced voice speaking in such melodious Ionic dialect. So this is life! And this the art of man, which can transmute the raw ore of Nature's passions and aspirations and appetites into arrows of gold that shall point out to humanity the paths they tread, and their inevitable goals.

Could he but help to mint that ore! The lad clasps his hands, and tears dim his gaze, uplifted to the orator.

Herodotus notes the youth's emotion. After the lecture, he seeks Olorus, and says quietly: "Your son has a natural enthusiasm for letters."

Aye, an enthusiasm indeed, which shall but increase with the years, until it bears wonderful blossom.

For this youth is Thucydides, the future distinguished historian of Greece.

“ A THOUSAND MEN! WHAT A HOST!”

GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI, 1807–1882

ON COUNTING HIS SOLDIERS IN THE SICILIAN
EXPEDITION

MEN—waiting and watching with thrilling pulses, on the seashore near Genoa, Italy. Dispersed in groups, some sitting on the ribbed rocks; others strolling through the laurel thickets, they wait all through the calm, moonlit night for the steamers which are to take them on a wild, romantic expedition.

It is the spring of 1860. Victor Emmanuel II, King of Sardinia, is struggling to unite all the small Italian states into one great Italy and to free the entire country from foreign claims. The Island of Sicily has joined the patriots and has appealed to Garibaldi, one of Victor Emmanuel's Generals, to head them.

Garibaldi, with his heavy sword balanced across his shoulder, strides down a broken foot-track to the shore. He wears the grey punico or cloak, souvenir of his exploits as soldier of fortune in South America. Underneath is the plain red shirt, afterwards famous as the garb

of Italian Independence. His heart is beating in generous emotion with the chivalrous love of country.

It is almost dawn before the two steamers come in sight. Pell-mell, the little rowboats put out to them, the men tumbling in and pulling the cases of arms on top of them in their haste and excitement. Back and forth ply the little boats, till all are on board, when away go the steamers.

"How many are we, all told?" asks Garibaldi.

He is answered that there are a thousand men, including the sailors.

"A thousand men! What a host!" he replies triumphantly.

Garibaldi's aide-de-camp stares at him in amazement. What sort of a General is this, who considers only one thousand men a host with which to attack the vast Neapolitan forces occupying the Island of Sicily?

But under such a leader they prove enough! In the space of three weeks, the whole Island is theirs.

Garibaldi proclaims himself Dictator of Sicily, in the name of King Victor Emmanuel II.

"POLAND! IT IS THY END!"

**GENERAL THADDEUS KOSCIUSZKO,
1746-1817**

AS HE WAS TAKEN PRISONER BY THE RUSSIANS

HORRIBLE day—in which we lost our liberty, and witnessed the events that precipitated the total ruin of our beloved country, Poland.

We make the final stand near our city of Warsaw this Autumn day of 1794, against the Russian forces, which far outnumber us. Our leader and hero, Thaddeus Kosciuszko, seems to be in all the hottest places of the battle at once, crying that it is for our native land we fight. Three chargers have already been shot under him.

The roar of cannon and musketry thunder about us. The very air is rendered lurid and tremendous by the long spires of flame streaming from burning buildings, to mingle with the smoke of battle. Our comrades stagger, wounded—dying—and our eyes are blasted with sights of horror. Almost maddened, we fight on, dripping with the blood of our own bodies and those of our dearest fellow-countrymen.

The hurrahs of the victors pierce and harrow our souls, as they trample over our dead.

Always before us, animating our fainting ranks, appears the noble figure of Kosciuszko. His smooth-shaven face, and long, dark hair render him conspicuous.

We dispute with him every inch of ground, yielding it to our enemies only when it is strewn with mangled corpses—these last victims to their country.

But see! O culminating despair!

Kosciuszko reels in the saddle. A Russian chasseur whirls to strike the head of the falling patriot, and beat him to the ground.

Scarcely breathing, Kosciuszko is made prisoner. As he is dragged away, he gasps:

“Poland! It is thy end!”

Yes—the last act of the tragedy follows! The division and partitioning of Poland.

No appeal to the Nations of the world saved her. Only one-third of her land was left her—the rest went to the “Three Eagles” of Russia and of her allies, Prussia and Austria.

“COTTON IS KING”

JAMES HENRY HAMMOND, 1807–1864

SPEECH IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE

THE United States Senate is sitting in august assemblage. It is the year of 1858.

One of its members, James Henry Hammond, is speaking. He has been elected by his native state of South Carolina by an overwhelming vote. He is tall, bald-headed and spectacled, and he stands with a confident swing on his long legs.

His musical voice sounds in fine periods—but his subjects are unpopular with the Northern members.

Mr. Hammond owns slaves. He believes in so doing. A few years earlier, when Governor of South Carolina, he wrote a general defense of the institution of slavery.

He declares now, emphatically, that the gentlemen of the South are old-fashioned and not afraid to call negroes slaves. Fortunately for the South, he continues, in her raising of cotton, she found a race adapted to that purpose to her hand. As a matter of fact, he adds

sarcastically, "the North has just such a class of people, the very mud-sills of society."

It was natural that such an expression should give deep offense to the people of the North. It was to earn its author the title "Mud-sill Hammond."

Mr. Hammond continues now, in praise of cotton. The South, he says, has "every staple which the North produces, and in addition cotton."

Visions float through the dignified Senate Chamber. In the haze of sunlight from high windows shimmer cotton-fields—rows of ripened plants spilling fluffy snow; rows of negroes, men and women, their black faces shining with sweat; their black shoulders heaving through torn garments. Patiently they sway, to the endless croon of songs—those darky songs—monotonous, slumberous, born of sordid superstitions and haunting, melancholy beauty.

The Senate starts a little, as from a dream, when Mr. Hammond's voice rings out that cotton cultivated by slaves is America's most important product, that indeed "Cotton is King."

“HOW DIDST THOU WARN HIM?”

EMPEROR KEIKO OF JAPAN, IN FIRST
CENTURY, A. D.

TO HIS SON, AT IMPERIAL BANQUET

THE garden of the Emperor lies darkly under the stars. Water whispers coolly in flat canals that are spanned by crescent bridges of rustic woods. Lavender perfumes of wisteria blossoms drift on the balmy air, and stone lanterns give out green gleams.

Within the palace, Keiko, the Emperor of Japan, sits robed in silks hued like a thousand petals of flowers, and his still face is unsmiling.

All the courtiers attend the Emperor's banquet, to do him honor.

Ornamented vessels of earthenware hold shell-fish and the five sacred grains: rice, millet, barley, and two kinds of beans. Saki, yellowish-white and thick with sugar, is warmed for the pleasures of quicker intoxication, and served in cups marvelously fashioned of oak leaves.

Only one seat is empty, that of Keiko's eldest son, the Crown Prince, who has no love for formal occasions.

Keiko summons his younger son, Yamato-

dake, "the young and fresh-colored and very gallant Prince." Keiko bids him see to his elder brother's absence, and warn him to make his appearance at all Imperial banquets.

Yamato-dake promises to obey.

Days pass.

Again, on a night of fragrant starlight, all the court of Keiko gather to his feast. Again the seat of the Crown Prince is empty.

The great Emperor motions Prince Yamato-dake to his footstool.

"Where is thy elder brother?" demands Keiko, with cold sternness. "Hast thou warned him?"

The young Prince replies that he has.

"How didst thou warn him?" asks Keiko.

"I killed him," replies Yamato-dake, "and threw his carcass away."

No one seems to have been particularly shocked, callous Orientals that they were.

It is on record, however, that Keiko sent Yamato-dake away—far into the country—shortly afterwards, to fight bandits.

Perhaps the old gentleman feared that his "fresh-colored" son might "warn" him if he happened to do anything which the boy disliked!

**“TREASON! THE CROWN IS
STOLEN!”**

**TALBOT EDWARDS, ASSISTANT-KEEPER
OF THE CROWN JEWELS OF
ENGLAND, 1594-1674**

**ALARM WHEN COLONEL BLOOD STOLE THE STATE
CROWN**

BOUND and gagged! Oh! The jewels! My charge—the Crown Jewels of England. The miscreants and thieves.

Oh! That blow on my head with their wooden mallet was a terrific one.

I trusted Blood as a familiar friend! How could I suspect him this morning when he sauntered in here to the Tower of London with some friends to see the Crown Jewels? Any one is welcome to see them, and the small fees paid are my perquisite.

Old as I am, I'll outwit them yet. I'll pretend to be as they consider me—dead.

What are they up to now?

I shall go mad with horror! Blood is coolly knocking flat the King's State Crown, so that it will fit into a bag he carries—some of the jewels are falling out. There goes the Great

Ruby, as large as a hen's egg, that was given the Black Prince by the King of Castille for knightly valor on the field of battle. It rolls upon the floor, and Blood snatches it up.

Why don't the skies fall on the villain?

One of his accomplices jams the Orb into the slack of his breeches—the Orb of England, with its jeweled Cross standing on its marvelous amethyst.

Now they go quietly away.

But hurrah! I am able to wriggle free and yell with all my heart and lungs: "Treason! The Crown is stolen!"

The alarm thus given by old Mr. Edwards led to the quick capture of the thieves.

But the strangest part of the story is its ending!

King Charles II pardoned Colonel Blood and gave him a place in his body-guard, with a salary of five hundred pounds a year for life!

What were the Merry Monarch's reasons?

Had His Majesty, being as usual out of cash, put Blood up to stealing his own crown for him?

“MY LIFE IS BOUND UP WITH
YOURS—MY OWN FIRST AND
LAST LOVE”

ROBERT BROWNING, 1812–1889

LETTER TO ELIZABETH BARRETT

TREAD softly—oh! go softly.

How the stairs creak!

Hold Flush close, lest he bark—no, I'll
carry the packet of letters myself.

What is this!

Robert Browning's captive sweetheart, who
for one week has been his secret wife, is creep-
ing from her home, accompanied by her maid
and her little dog, to meet him and elope to
Italy.

Captive, indeed, Elizabeth Barrett had been,
and to a cruel father. For with a despotism as
curious as it was unreasonable, Mr. Barrett
prohibited his daughters from ever marrying.
If he had just cause for this decree, it has never
been clearly explained.

Elizabeth, always fragile in health and
shaken in nerves, could not face her father's
anger, of which she was in mental and physical
dread. A clandestine marriage was therefore
resorted to by the lovers.

They were married in the St. Marylebone Parish Church. So ideally happy did their marriage prove that many years afterwards, Robert Browning made a pilgrimage of thanksgiving to that church.

It was a romantically suitable union. Robert Browning was already acclaimed one of England's great philosopher-poets, and Elizabeth Barrett was to rank as one of the most delightful of women poets.

A like ardor and like exquisite sentiments thrilled and moved them both. Their brilliant minds, in generous emulation, struck sparks that fused in a passionate glow of words. Winged words of love—"Oh! lyric love, half angel and half bird."

We know of the rise and progress of their love from the volumes of their marvelous letters published, after both were dead, by their son. Rarely has the world seen love-letters such as these. They were penned, of course, with no thought that any other eyes would ever peruse them, save those for which they were written.

In one of them, Robert writes adoringly: "My life is bound up with yours—my own first and last love."

“IT’S GRAHAM’S DIKE!”

SAID BY THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND SINCE

81 A. D.

AN impregnable barricade!

Yes—is it not made of sods, cut out of the earth and raised above the ground, having in front of it the ditch whence the sods were taken? Has it not towers, at suitable intervals, where archers can keep watch and ward?

We see it—this impregnable dike—through the mists of time—the soft mists of England.

It has been built by the Roman Conquerors of the southern parts of Britain, here at the narrowest place in the Island between the Firths of Clyde and Forth. It is intended to mark the frontier, but chiefly to serve as a means of defense for the inhabitants against their fierce northern neighbors.

These wild people of the northern mountains are divided into the Scots and the Picts.

We see the dike lying across fields where skylarks are springing up to sing above the daisies. Under wide, spreading trees it goes, and by the collections of rough thatched huts that are cities.

230 HISTORY'S MOST FAMOUS WORDS

We see a band of Picts come sweeping down from their craggy mountain fastnesses. Picts! Those mysterious people, of whom history tells us so little.

We see their leader: a fair-haired, blue-eyed young giant. Tradition even tells us his name: Graham. He dashes ahead of his men, yelling his barbarous war-calls, and waving them to the attack.

The dike is guarded by Britons, under the leadership of Romans. But they give way before the furious onslaught of the Picts.

The very first man to spring over the dike is Graham.

The mists of time float more thickly over the scene. The dike crumbles before our eyes.

But the shadow of the gallant Pict still falls upon its ruins. To this day, its site, faintly marked among the daisies that are descendants of those long-ago flowers, is called "Graham's dike."

“THEY THREW ME DOWN THE STEPS”

GEORGE FOX, FOUNDER OF THE SOCIETY
OF FRIENDS, 1624–1691

HIS ACCOUNT OF HIS TREATMENT AT YORK

A FLIGHT of stone steps.

At the top, on each side, are great, grooved pillars, standing grim guard to a cavernous doorway. How dark and brooding are the shadows within that doorway, and how chill the air that sighs through it. It is the Minster at York.

A few people—not many, for it is cold weather of frost and snow—are looking on unsympathetically while two or three men hustle another out of the Cathedral.

For the stately services have received a rude interruption. A dissenter has dared to lift his voice in unorthodox criticism.

It is George Fox—son of a weaver—whose piercing eyes gleam under his long hair.

His own account reads:

“I told them that they lived in words, but God Almighty looked for fruits amongst them.”

How dare he! Out with him!

Yet through what sincere and agonized searchings of the spirit has George Fox reached this point!

He believed with all his heart that it was his duty to pray and preach publicly, although he was not allied with any of the then existing religious bodies.

The intolerance and bigotry of his day meted out to him harsh treatment. Again and again he was imprisoned for months. For he was deliberately defying the laws of his Country in speaking against established religion.

This morning he had been "commanded by the Lord" to speak to Priest and people. With the result, as he writes in his journal: "They threw me down the steps."

Nothing daunted, George Fox continued to preach, and to build better than he knew.

For it is doubtful if he and his immediate followers and converts realized that he was founding a new sect, "The Society of Friends," later called Quakerism.

Quakerism may be defined as an attitude of mind, an atmosphere, rather than a dogmatic philosophy.

“EMPIRE IS THE BEST WINDING-SHEET!”

THEODORA, WIFE OF THE BYZANTINE EMPEROR, JUSTINIAN I, d. 547

DURING THE NIKA REVOLT

CLEAR the streets of the rebels!

But they are in possession of most of this our city of Constantinople, and they have burned its Cathedral of Saint Sophia.

The mob is composed mostly of the political parties called the “Greens” and the “Blues” which are making common cause against the Government of the Emperor Justinian I.

The rebels have taken for their watchword “Nika,” meaning “Conquer.” They have placed their leader, Hypatius, in the royal seat of the Hippodrome, that great center of civic life, and have crowned him Emperor, with his own wife’s necklace for an impromptu diadem!

Now, after six days’ rioting, they storm the very palace itself.

The Emperor Justinian is on the point of fleeing for his life and abandoning his crown and country. Then it is that a woman saves the state.

Theodora Imperatrix!

The wife of the Emperor comes into his council chamber and confronts him and his craven councilors.

Over her soft, flowing dress of white are the regal robes of purple. On her dark hair a jeweled head-dress or crown—with two long ropes of pearls hanging down on each side of her small, pale, beautiful face.

Theodora was the daughter of a bear-feeder of the Hippodrome. As a girl she had been a famous actress, and if to youth she had added its frailties, the glow and glory of her present position hides them.

She speaks.

“If you wish, O Emperor, to save your life, there are your ships and the sea. But for a King death is better than dethronement and exile. Empire is the best winding-sheet!”

Her bold words, the inspiration of her gallant spirit, prevail.

Justinian gives the order for a final assault upon the mob. It proves successful and the rebels are routed by the swords of the Imperialists, to fall in thousands.

Theodora Imperatrix indeed!

“UP, GUARDS, AND AT ’EM!”

ARTHUR WELLESLEY, DUKE OF WELLINGTON, 1769–1852

COMMAND AT THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

AGAIN and again the British Infantry had withstood the furious and brilliant onslaughts of the French. Their Allies, the Dutch and Hanoverians, contributed to the unyielding resistance of the opposing walls of men.

The gallant French Cavalry recoil in disorder, in blood, in agony, only to rally under the inspiration of Napoleon’s presence. Once more and yet once more the French fling themselves upon the stolid British squares.

For three days the fight has raged. It is the Battle of Waterloo.

Thousands and thousands of men from each side, dead or struggling with the throes of approaching death, strew this awful field of Waterloo. Here, at a Belgian Village, eleven miles south of Brussels, the armies of the civilized world grapple in the bitterness of a final contest for supremacy.

Now the Prussians approach to assist the Allies.

Napoleon's Frenchmen alone, without an Ally, give way. The end must be near!

The Duke of Wellington is England's chief military figure. He is in command of her troops and those of her Allies. By reason of his inflexible character and indomitable courage, he is called "the Iron Duke."

He sees now an advantageous opening before his soldiers and cries aloud the thrilling command:

"Up, Guards, and at 'em!"

The British leap forward in a tremendous charge.

Overwhelmed, scattered, tumbling one on another, the staggering remnants of Napoleon's once glorious armies gaze upon their oncoming foes—then turn and flee.

The Battle of Waterloo is won by the Allies!

The disaster was final for Napoleon, and its result was his deposition as Emperor of the French and his exile to Saint Helena.

For miles and miles the pursuit rolls away under darkening skies. Loneliness drops its pall on many a dying lad, as friends and enemies sweep far away. But glory's victories lead often to the grave.

“ A GREAT PALACE, ENTIRELY ROOFED WITH FINE GOLD ”

MARCO POLO, 1254-1324

FROM HIS FAMOUS BOOKS OF TRAVELS

LET us hear the story as told by the Venetian, Marco Polo, in his book “ Concerning the Kingdoms and Marvels of the East,” one of the most famous books of travel ever written.

Marco Polo tells of an Island Kingdom called Chipangu, which we know to have been Japan. It had “ a great palace entirely roofed with fine gold and having moreover floors of the same precious metal.”

Now, Cublay or Kublai, the Grand Khan of the Tartars, hears of this Island and its palace. Hears, too, of its marvelous pearls, “ of a rose color, big and round.”

Was it any wonder, that in those agreeable days when one man’s land or gold was another’s—for the taking—that Kublai should decide to seize Chipangu for his very own!

The Grand Khan accordingly dispatches his soldiers.

But the Tartars, thirty thousand of them,

are wrecked upon "a small Island about four miles" from Japan.

The King of Japan sends his army to dislodge the invading Tartars. His troops land on the "small island" and proceed to pursue the Tartars with a great flourish of martial pomp. But they leave no guard with their ships, a neglect which Marco Polo laboriously explains was "the act of men very little acquainted with such work!"

Indeed it proved the undoing of the Japanese.

For the Tartars promptly ran round a hill, entered the unguarded ships, and sailed away!

They took the Japanese flags and banners with them, landed on Chipangu, and marched to the Capital. The garrison, seeing the banners, "supposed it was their own host returning and so gave them admittance."

Having gained the city by this strategy, the Tartars held it for seven months.

It seems hard that when after various other adventures some of the Tartars succeeded in finally reaching home, the Grand Khan had their commander beheaded. Presumably for failure to bring the gold roof back with him!

“THROW A QUILT OVER IT”

FRIEDRICH II, KING OF PRUSSIA, CALLED
FREDERICK THE GREAT, 1712-1786

HIS LAST CONSCIOUS WORDS

How cold and still the room is!

I think Master is asleep.

It is very hard on an old dog to sit rigid so many hours on this high stool. I can't keep my legs from trembling.

Of course I could jump down and crawl under the bed. There is a nice dark place there, where clumsy humans can't step on one, and where the curtains keep off the draught. But then—dogs don't desert their post!

Besides, if I left Master, there is no telling what these strange men—doctors they call them—might do to him.

I have just heard some one whisper that Master has reigned as King of Prussia for forty-six years. How many dogs he must have had in all that time! But I have had only one Master.

Now they are giving him a drink of fennel-water that he always takes at this hour. He

likes it. He is grasping the goblet in both hands. His dreadful cough keeps on though just the same after his drink. A horrid, short cough with a queer rattle in his throat, the like of which I never heard before.

I am getting colder and colder. I can feel shivers running all over me.

Now Master opens his eyes. They flash with the same old fire which has always made us his subjects—humans and dogs alike—jump to do his bidding.

Why—Master is looking right at me! I wag my tail so hard that I nearly fall off the stool. I hear him say:

“Throw a quilt over it.”

One of the valets, a pleasant man and a great friend of mine, covers me carefully with a quilt.

So good of Master to think of it. So warm and comfortable—I think I'll take a little nap.

How still the room is!

**“LET NO ONE HURT THE INCA
UNDER PAIN OF DEATH!”**

FRANCESCO PIZARRO, 1471–1541

AT THE TAKING OF CAXAMALCA

IN a plaza, or enclosed square, are one hundred and seventy Spanish adventurers under their leader, Francesco Pizarro. They have come, through incredible difficulties and dangers, to this isolated mountain city of Caxamalca in Peru, a stronghold of the Incas, or “People of the Sun.”

Without the square are slowly gathering now the Incas, thousands and thousands of them. What if they prove hostile?

Pizarro addresses his followers. He reminds them that they are here for their Holy Faith—that the good Priests with them may convert these heathen—for the glory of their Emperor Charles V, and also for the enriching of themselves from the fabulous wealth of the Incas!

In dignified procession the Incas enter the square.

Their Emperor Atahualpa, or “The Inca,” as he is called, is seated on a throne of pure

gold which rests on an open litter, carried by eighty of his nobles. They are all dressed in deep blue.

The Inca wears the Peruvian crown of red fringe, and round his neck is a collar of emeralds of unusual size and brilliance.

There is a slight parley—and then!

At a signal from Pizarro, the guns of the Spanish blaze forth.

Thunderbolts and blasts of destruction from the gods!

For the Incas know naught of gunpowder! As they reel back in horror, the Spanish charge them with their mettlesome horses—animals which the Incas have never seen!

The Inca is protected to the last by his devoted nobles. They shield him with their own bodies, until the living raft on which he is tossed is torn away, piece by piece, by these waves of Spanish warriors.

Pizarro, anxious to rescue him as a hostage, cries: “Let no one hurt the Inca under pain of death!”

In guarding him, Pizarro receives a wound on the hand—the only Spanish wound.

The Inca made prisoner, “ruin crushed upon the world” for his faithful people.

**“ WE SHALL BE BOUND TO PRAYSE
GOD FOR YOUR TENDER
COMPASSION ”**

**REV. PETER BULKELEY, FIRST MINISTER
OF CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS,
1583-1659**

A CRYING need of the first settlers in the New World was for farming land.

Some of the sturdy pioneers on the coast of Massachusetts, weary of the struggle with primeval forests, heard joyfully of large, open meadows, well watered, lying farther inland. This place was called by the Indians Musketaquid, signifying “ grass-grown.”

In 1635 twelve families made their way through the untracked woods to Musketaquid—later called Concord. They were led by Rev. Peter Bulkeley and Captain Simon Willard.

Rev. Peter Bulkeley, then fifty-two years of age, was a man of “ gentle lineage.” He had been a Fellow of St. John’s College, Cambridge, England, and a Bachelor of Divinity.

He became Concord’s first Minister.

A man of devoted piety and religious fervor, he was of great assistance and comfort to the pioneers in their first arduous trials and privations.

244 HISTORY'S MOST FAMOUS WORDS

The first recorded vote of the town decided that a Meeting House should be built.

Very early in the history of Concord, a certain Mr. Ambrose Martin asserted his right to freedom of speech, which he found an expensive luxury!

Mr. Martin bitterly criticized the Church Covenant, styling it a human invention, and declaring that he wondered at God's patience.

He was sentenced to pay a fine of ten pounds.

This he refused to do.

Whereupon his cow was sold, and a levy made upon his house and land. After the legal demands had been satisfied, Mr. Martin was offered what was left. He would not accept it and was thereby "reduced to a necessitous condition."

Rev. Peter Bulkeley wrote a petition, which he and thirteen other church members signed, begging the Governor, John Endicott, to remit to Mr. Martin the entire fine. In which case the document concludes: "We shall be bound to prayse God for your tender compassion towards this our poore brother."

But the petition failed.

“DESTROY THE MINE BY BLOW- ING IT IN”

ORDERS GIVEN LIEUTENANT HARLEY

AT THE DEFENSE OF CHITRAL IN BRITISH INDIA, 1895

Two months of it—eating our killed and salted ponies!

Now to-night, another horror is added—a tap—tap—tapping under the walls of the gun tower. The enemy is digging under it to place a mine!

Something must be done, and done at once!

A sortie!

But we are only half a dozen British Officers defending Chitral against the Native Indians, with not a single British soldier by us. Only the Native troops that are on the side of the British. They are loyal to us—probably.

Young Lieutenant H. K. Harley with a band of Native troops, Sikhs and Kashmir Infantry, is ordered “to take one hundred and ten pounds of powder, and to destroy the mine by blowing it in,” or in any other way he thinks he can best accomplish it!

Now for it, lads! Come on—Lieutenant Harley is in the lead!

A sortie against the dusky enemy—who, amazed by our sudden onslaught, give way only to rally again and pour a deadly fire upon our small force.

While our men hold them off, Lieutenant Harley seeks for the main shaft of the mine.

A messenger arrives from our fort to warn Lieutenant Harley that the enemy is gathering round him—to cut him off!

Lieutenant Harley goes calmly on with his work.

Another messenger arrives.

Lieutenant Harley is at liberty to use his own judgment—but he is *warned* that the enemy is closing in—fast!

Lieutenant Harley continues his task. He has found the mouth of the mine!

The crowded moments pass.

A third frantic messenger arrives!

Lieutenant Harley himself explodes the mine. Then he races for our fort—with what are left of his brave men.

It is pleasant to know that the gallant young Lieutenant received the Decoration of the Distinguished Service Order—while he and every soldier received six months' extra pay as reward for "loyal and devoted" service.

**"I AM THE BIG BUCK OF THE
LICK!"**

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, 1809-1865

WHEN A MERE YOUTH

A "lick" is a place in the wild lands where there is an outcropping of salt.

It may be in a field of daisies and clover. Or in a clearing, round the edges of which low-growing bushes drape the trunks of tall trees. Or deep in woods where shadowed brooks tinkle over mossy boulders.

In such spots, wild animals come to "lick" the good salt taste.

Here the bucks of the herd meet and oftentimes fight, half in play, half in earnest, after the manner of male creatures.

Who is it that utters these boastful words:
"I am the big buck of the lick!"

It is Abraham Lincoln.

What? The Chief Magistrate of a great country? That dignified and saddened man who carried the troubles of a nation on his shoulders, and her griefs in his noble heart?

Yes. But it was when Abraham Lincoln was a mere youth.

He was living in a Western Settlement—Gentryville, Indiana. His relatives and associates were all people of the humblest circumstances. The Lincolns themselves lived in a cabin of hewed logs. Abe—as the future President was called—slept in the loft, to which he climbed by means of pegs driven in the wall.

Well—one day a fight took place between a step-brother of Abe's and another lad named Grigsby.

Abe was renowned for his great physical strength, of which fact he was immensely proud. Seeing now that his step-brother was worsted, Abe burst through the excited crowd encircling the two youths, caught Grigsby, and “threw him off some feet away.”

Then, much pleased with his own prowess, he cried exultingly: “I am the big buck of the lick!”

All his life Abraham Lincoln was fond of puns and jokes and witty stories. It is permissible to wonder if he here intended a pun on the word “lick.”

“ WALES, RING THE BELL ”

GEORGE BRYAN BRUMMELL, CALLED BEAU
BRUMMELL, 1778-1840

TO THE PRINCE OF WALES

WE, fops and dandies—elegant, languid, punctiliously dressed—lounge in the room of our leader, Beau Brummell. He is the most elegant, the most beautifully dressed, but not by any means the merest fop of us all.

From the time he was a lad of sixteen at Eton, Beau Brummell has been the intimate friend of His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, afterwards to be King George IV of England.

The Prince of Wales has condescended to pay Beau Brummell a call this morning. Just watch them!

His Highness is shaking with laughter at some sally of the Beau's which is really witty. Oh, yes! The man has brains.

Now His Highness is taking snuff from Beau Brummell's jeweled snuff box with a gesture as to an equal. Beau Brummell crosses his legs in their tight trousers with the straps

under the shoes. He leans back and yawns elaborately. Yes—yawns in the Prince's face!

Of course we are all his dear friends, but we watch a trifle eagerly to see if the Prince of Wales really likes this familiarity.

Apparently he does. He is smiling affectionately.

Perhaps Beau Brummell sees our covert watching. He grows more and more audacious.

Presently he decides that the time has come for his morning drive. His carriage must be summoned.

He glances lazily at the long silken bell-rope which dangles just out of his reach, unless he gets up. He settles himself more comfortably in his chair, and drawls:

“Wales, ring the bell.”

A gasp flutters through the room!

Then the Prince laughs good-naturedly, and rising, pulls the bell-rope.

The tension relaxes, and we all laugh, too.

But some of us whisper that Beau Brummell has gone too far at last. There was a flash for a second in the Prince's eyes which seemed to paint the Favorite's future with a lurid glare.

**“IT IS THE REFLECTION OF SUN-
LIGHT ON AN UPLIFTED
SHIELD!”**

SAID BY GREEK SOLDIERS

JUST AFTER THE BATTLE OF MARATHON, 490 B. C.

A PERSIAN army had been sent by King Darius against the Greeks. It numbered one hundred and twenty thousand men, gathered from forty-six different nations.

It had landed on the Plain of Marathon, which is separated by a range of hills from the Athenian plain.

And the Persians had been beaten—beaten by only ten thousand Greeks from Athens!

The slight advantage of higher ground, which lent an impetus to their risk, aided the Greeks. But vastly more important was the fact that their small force was united by the verifying energy thrilling in men who defend their homes against an invader.

Yes—the Athenians had won! They had driven the Persians back—back into the sea marshes—back into the ships.

Now, sunset has come.

The Greeks draw together to breathe—to count their living—to think of their dead.

Mists float in rose-colored waves across the Plain of Marathon and to the foot of the bordering hills. The fogs are reaching up against the steep sides of Mount Pentelicus, whose peak is touched by the clear rays of the setting sun.

Suddenly, from the summit of Pentelicus there flashes a brilliant, dazzling light. It is seen only for a second—and then it is gone.

Soldier eyes recognize it! A cry goes up: "It is the reflection of sunlight on an uplifted shield!"

There are traitors in Athens who are friends of the Persians. This shield is lifted on the summit of Pentelicus to invite the Persians to sail round to the south, land on the coast near Athens, then march upon the city and take it by surprise.

The Persians see the signal. They set sail in all haste.

The interpretation of the Greeks is also correct. They slip back through the hills to Athens—again to meet the Persians and beat them back.

Wonderful to relate, the traitor's uplifted shield was unwittingly a guard to his country.

“ALL IS LOST SAVE HONOR”

KING FRANCIS I OF FRANCE, 1494–1547

IN A LETTER TO HIS MOTHER AFTER THE BATTLE OF
PAVIA

THE battle is over—and lost!

Fair feats of prowess have been performed during its dreadful stress and strain. The French King, Francis I, young, ardent, gallant, has himself led in every deed of chivalrous endeavor.

But oh! this Italian Campaign. This disastrous defeat of Pavia on the fields of Lombardy!

King Francis reviews in bitterness of spirit and anguish of bodily weariness the dreadful day. He himself is for the time being a prisoner.

It is to his mother that his thoughts turn. She was the beautiful Louise of Savoy. Between mother and son existed the passionate tenderness of that relationship.

Queen Louise had read with her son from his earliest infancy, and the library of their Château at Amboise was well-stocked with romances of the Knights of the Round Table.

There were books fashioned by the newly introduced art of printing. There were manuscripts lovingly traced by hand, and decorated with gold laid on in leaf and burnished. Their pages were surrounded by wreaths of conventionalized flowers and figures, whose brilliant colors shed a lustre on the tales of selfless devotion.

These, mother and son had studied together until the lad's generous imagination had been fired, and his heart inspired to emulate the heroic deeds of chivalry.

He had gone forth so gayly on this campaign and to this particular battle. Personally, he seemed to be equipped with every attribute of a knightly King. Of noble bearing, well trained in all sturdy and athletic exercises, his courteous and affable behavior to all men had bound his soldiers to him.

Yet he and they had failed! All is lost!

But—had they failed? Is everything lost?

His mother's noblest teachings come back to him with infinite balm and consolation. No—the *best* has been saved.

Francis seizes pen and writes:

"All is lost save honor."

**“BY AN AXE WIELDED BY THE
NOBLEST HAND IN RUSSIA ”**

**SAID OF PETER I, EMPEROR OF RUSSIA,
CALLED “THE GREAT,” 1672-1725**

A FEAST? Hush—a shambles!

We, the Boyars or Nobles of Russia, thought ourselves asked here to the palace of our Emperor, Peter the Great, to attend a royal banquet. Hush!

Here are all the delicious viands, the gorgeous furnishings, for an Emperor's table. By the Merciful God above us—hush! Blood—murder—wine ——

We must stifle our horror. We must raise our glasses on high in acclaim. Lights gleam on costly flagons of crystal and dishes of beaten gold. If we do not dissemble our loathing and terror at the awful deeds, we may, any or all of us, fall under Peter's implacable rage.

The man is mad with blood-lust; drink-lust. His body craves liquor as his soul craves blood.

The Strieletsui, or Archers, of the Emperor's body-guard, have rebelled against him.

Oh! it is the oft-repeated story of the conflict between the old thought and the new.

The Archers are a sort of hereditary militia. Along with their honors and responsibilities they acquire a load of traditional customs. The Archers are so jealous of these customs that they defend them with their lives.

Hence, when Peter I introduced all the strange new laws and manners learned from foreign countries, as for instance, shaving the beard; smoking tobacco; wearing modern clothes, the Archers revolted. Also the Emperor changed the Calendar which made the church festivals fall differently.

Hush!

Another head falls ——

For Peter is having his Archers beheaded—over a hundred of them—here by our festal board. They are dragged in, poor creatures, by soldiers.

Now—culminating frightfulness—Peter takes himself the place of the executioner.

“Five rebel heads are sent into the dust by an axe wielded by the noblest hand in Russia.”

Still we must keep our places at this his table.

Ho! More wine to choke our abhorrence, to drown our fears.

Hail to the Emperor! Hail!



PETER THE GREAT, BEHEADING THE ARCHERS
In the Presence of His Nobles.

“ SHE TAUGHT THE PEOPLE THE
ART OF REARING SILKWORMS ”

SAID OF THE WIFE OF WHANG TI, EM-
PEROR OF CHINA, ABOUT 2700 B. C.

FAIR the garden—fair the lady.

Here the paths are close in shadow, bronze the shadows, still and balmy. Here the paths are gay with sunlight and the flowers flaunt their fragrance for the bees and butterflies.

Placid lie the pools and streamlets with curved bridges arching high above their flat, slow-moving waters. On the pools lie lotus blossoms, spread in beauty, expectant of the sunbeam's kiss. On the pools are spread reflections of their soft, expectant beauty.

Down the steps, there comes the Empress, and the swaying of her jewels catches and tosses sparkling sunbeams. Now her noble maidens watch and mark her slightest gesture.

Why her frowning? Why her sighs?

See, my maidens, low she murmurs, stiff my gown and dull of texture —— Will he like it? Oh! my master—my dear love—my Emperor!

Then the maidens urge in answer her own royal loveliness.

Suddenly the Empress points them to a tree of luscious fruit. White and long and rich, the fruit.

“Ah!” she cries with sudden vision; “see, the shiny worms are feeding on this tree within my garden!” The white mulberry tree of sacred lore. Then they spin in wondrous fashion, which the gods alone have taught them, a fibre fine and thin and delicate.

Silkworms? Silk?

Aye, so it was discovered in that garden long ago. Thus the lustrous fabric's story so began in far Cathay.

Did the Empress don her garment made of silk that summer fair?

Yes—we see her robed in richness.

Thick and flowing is the texture; bright and many are the colors that contrast in harmony. Sweet her lips and slow her smile, as she waits in silken robe, by the waters of her garden.

Then the Emperor, Whang Ti, marches down the paths of flowers—sees her waiting in her robe of silk.

“My only love!” he cries.

**“ A LIKE FATE WILL BEFALL ALL
THOSE WHO REFUSE TO SACRI-
FICE TO THE GODS ”**

**INGOLF, A COLONIZER OF ICELAND
ABOUT 875**

Two noblemen of Norway, Ingolf and Leif, foster-brothers and devoted friends, wished to go adventuring to Iceland, because of the call of an unknown land.

Leif was too poor to fit out a ship. So he made a Viking expedition—in the casual manner of those days—and brought back various furnishings and ten slaves from Ireland. Also a steel sword, valued trophy of his prowess—from which he got the name Hjor-leif—*hjør* meaning a sword blade.

It was the custom to sacrifice to the gods before setting out on a journey. Ingolf performed this proper deed. But Hjor-leif refused. One old chronicler suggests that he had learned Christianity on his marauding expedition! Be that as it may, Hjor-leif simply would not sacrifice—and that was flat!

Well, then, the ships set out. Hjor-leif took with him his beautiful wife, Helga. The two

noblemen sailed together until they sighted the shores of Iceland, when they parted.

Everything prospered with the pious Ingolf.

Whereas the wicked Hjor-leif had nothing but trouble. First his oxen died—all but one. So he harnessed his ten slaves to the plow. This naturally made the slaves angry, and they conspired against him.

They killed—and incidentally ate—the one remaining ox. Then they told Hjor-leif that a bear had eaten the ox, and when he started out to hunt the bear, they laid in wait for the unfortunate man and murdered him!

So that was the end of Hjor-leif.

In the spring, Ingolf came down the coast to visit his friend—and discovered his corpse.

Sententiously, Ingolf remarked:

“A like fate will befall all those who refuse to sacrifice to the gods.”

It is also on record that Ingolf “took care of”—which, being interpreted, means *appropriated*—all Hjor-leif’s belongings.

We wonder what became of the beautiful Helga—poor woman!

“ EXACTLY TWO YEARS YOUNGER
THAN YOUR MAJESTY’S
HAPPY REIGN!”

FRANCIS BACON, BARON VERULAM,
1561–1625

SAID AS A CHILD TO QUEEN ELIZABETH

YES, the lad is very delicate and sickly.

He cannot join in the sports and rough games of his older brothers.

He shows great promise of mentality, however, and quickness of parts. Remember how, when he was hardly more than a baby, he discovered a singular echo in St. James’ Fields, and how he stole away from his little playmates to try to investigate it. Also how interested he is now—precocious youngster—in mesmerism and legerdemain, now considered kindred subjects, and how he is working on most ingenious speculations concerning them.

Oh, that boy will go far! He must be educated carefully here at home, and he will be ready for the University of Cambridge by the time he is twelve.

We can give him also every advantage which an introduction into the highest society may

afford. This will cultivate his already pronounced good manners and charming deportment.

Come, my boy, you shall go to Court to-day, with your father, Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England to Queen Elizabeth. Her Majesty has already graciously deigned to notice you, on several occasions, and calls you her "little Lord Keeper." This may afford you chances at all sorts of good things later on—for it is by the smiles of the Virgin Queen that her subjects advance.

So the young Francis Bacon goes to Court.

On his return home, his tender and loving mother greets him. And what did Mamma's darling do at Court?

Francis replies that he saw Queen Elizabeth—"and she stopped, Mamma, and patted my head, and asked me how old I was."

"What did you say, my son?"

"I said," answers the embryo courtier gently, "I am exactly two years younger than Your Majesty's happy reign!"

The diplomat begins his eventful career!

**“ WE DO NOT FORBID YOU TO
PREACH, AND GAIN AS MANY AS
YOU CAN TO YOUR RELIGION ”**

ETHELBERT, KING OF KENT, 552-616

TO SAINT AUGUSTINE

WE will hear these men who are come from far into our Kingdom. They declare that they bring us a joyful message and that, if we take advantage of it, we shall thereby gain a Kingdom without an end.

We will sit here in the open air surrounded by our Court under the wide-spreading oaks of this secret grove that is blessed by the rites of our Druids or Priests. For if these men practise magical arts, they might according to our ancient belief impose upon us within four walls!

Our fair Queen Bertha shall sit by our side. She is of the same new religion as these travelers—a Christian—and her gentle voice pleads for their kind reception.

These forty men have been sent by Pope Gregory I to convert us. They are led by one of noble presence, named Augustine.

What words are these that come from his lips?

Behind us loom shades of the deep, bosky woods of that land which shall be England. In them lurk wild beasts and many a terror of witch and valkyrie and black magic.

The men of Kent crowd about good King Ethelbert—and his little page presses close to his knee. Their spears hang useless in their hands as they listen, and the minstrels lean mute against their mute harps.

Augustine tells, with sweet, grave words, of the peace of the White Christ; of love towards our brethren; of the beauty of righteousness. Strange doctrines these, to our Pagan ears!

Can they be true? Is it really not necessary for us to be continually fighting and killing and ravening? Can we find safety from demons and evil and death?

Then King Ethelbert speaks:

“We do not forbid you to preach, and gain as many as you can to your religion.”

**“WE WILL DIE FOR OUR KING—
MARIA THERESA!”**

**SAID BY THE NOBLEMEN OF THE HUN-
GARIAN DIET TO MARIA THERESA,
1717-1780**

AN excited throng of men fill the great Hall at Pressburg. Their dark faces glow with eagerness and their sinewy hands grasp the hilts of their jeweled swords, ready for any fate.

What fate they are to face is the momentous question. Who shall be their Ruler? To whom shall they swear allegiance?

As the crowd move back and forth with quick gesticulations, the lights gleam on the diamonds and pearls which encrust gorgeous uniforms. Representatives from the half-savage tribes beyond the Danube add to the picturesqueness of their barbaric costumes.

It is the unsettled year of 1741. Half a dozen Kings and Dukes are trying to arrange among themselves as to who shall govern Hungary, while the fiery Hungarians themselves will have none of them.

Suddenly a curtain is drawn. All eyes turn to the opening.

There stands a woman in her earliest twenties; beautiful, with a frank and noble beauty. In her arms she bears her infant son.

It is Maria Theresa, wife of Francis, Duke of Tuscany. Through her father, the Emperor Charles VI, she is laying claim to the patrimonial estates of the Hapsburgs—among them the Kingdom of Hungary.

She is clad in the brilliant costume of their own Hungary; its crown is on her head; and by her side she has girt—no womanly ornament—the kingly sabre! Holding her baby aloft, she calls upon all present in the name of her “own true knights,” begging them to conquer for her her inheritance.

Wild is the enthusiasm! The whole assemblage thrills to the urge of heroism. No woman this—but a Ruler. Every weapon shakes on high, while the shouts ring out:

“We will die for our king—Maria Theresa!”

Their impetuous zeal sweeps all before them.

The splendid troops of Hungarian cavalry, the ferocious hordes of their mountain tribes, rise tempestuously.

Three years later the husband of Maria Theresa is made Emperor. She thus becomes the “Empress-Queen.”

“ I AM JOYFUL AT MY GOOD FORTUNE ”

FRANCESCO PETRARCA, CALLED
PETRARCH, 1304-1370

A PROCESSION winds up the Capitoline Hill. The hot, golden air of Rome surges over the crowding, enthusiastic attendants and spectators, filling the streets with flashing color.

First march twelve beautiful youths, richly dressed in scarlet. Their young faces are grave with pride.

Then come six nobles clad in vivid green, each stately head crowned with flowers. They are followed by the chief functionaries of the city.

In the midst of this distinguished escort walks Francesco Petrarca, called Petrarch, wearing a graceful purple robe given him by a King. He has the poise of early manhood, with a high-bred intellectual face and a firm but “ ever smiling ” mouth.

For years Petrarch has suffered the deep unhappiness of an enduring but unfulfilled passion. To this love and suffering and the laborious days which he had led—spending

himself in the pursuit of learning—we owe his poems. Poems by which their author has gained his present high guerdon.

The procession halts, and a herald summons Petrarch to speak. Petrarch gives an elaborate discourse on the “difficulties, delights, and rewards of poetry.”

Then he kneels down, and a senator places upon his head the laurel “Crown of Song,” a wreath of pointed laurel leaves.

Previous to this day, this ancient custom has not been enacted for twelve centuries. The “Crown of Song” is bestowed upon a poet as a public recognition of the recipient’s mastery in the art of poetry.

This occasion marks an awakening of general interest in learning. It is largely owing to the efforts and effects of Petrarch’s culture that the Renaissance—which was the revival of classical learning and art—became a living force.

Petrarch modestly writes to a friend of this honor:

“I am joyful at my good fortune.”

The ceremony over, Petrarch goes to Saint Peter’s and hangs his laurel crown among the votive offerings.

**“THEY TORE OUT HIS HAIR, AND
ALSO HIS EAR-RINGS WITH
PIECES OF FLESH ”**

**SAID OF THE MURDER OF COUNT VON
FERSEN, SWEDISH STATESMAN,
1755-1810**

ONE man whispers that the heir to the throne of Sweden is dead.

Another adds angrily that he has been poisoned.

A third cries, “Who so apt to know about the poisoning as Count Hans Axel von Fersen?” Fersen is a friend of the political party opposed to the dead Prince.

Thus a wicked scandal grows!

The dead heir is to have a public funeral here in the city of Stockholm, and Count von Fersen, as Grand Marshal, must lead the funeral procession.

“Handsome Fersen” has been accustomed to high positions. Familiar with court life, he was as renowned for his chivalry as for his beauty. He was a friend of the unfortunate Queen of France, Marie Antoinette.

Fersen calmly intends now to fulfil his of-

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ficial duties, in spite of the imprecations and threats of the mob. He dresses in full ceremonial regalia, which well becomes his high-bred face, with its "straight nose, beautifully curved lips, and look of great sweetness ——"

In his gilded coach, drawn by six white horses, he sets out.

Tragically, this splendid but quite appropriate state, further infuriates the mob. It is interpreted as derision, on Fersen's part, of the people's mourning for the dead Prince.

The mob with dreadful howls attack his coach. They drag him to the ground.

Meanwhile, troops of the established government of King Charles XIII of Sweden have been drawn up under arms in the streets. Why do they not interfere? It can only be suspected that the responsibility rests "higher up!"

Fersen is trampled under the feet of the crazy mob—beaten—kicked—"they tore out his hair, and also his ear-rings with pieces of the flesh."

Their bloodthirsty fury was not slacked by his agonized death—they stripped the corpse; mutilated it; and carried the fragments about the city.

**“ THIS IS A NEW AND STRONG TIE
I SHALL HAVE TO BREAK ”**

**SIDDHARTHA GAUTAMA, CALLED
BUDDHA, ABOUT 568-488 B. C.**

ON RENOUNCING THE WORLD

A YOUNG Rajput nobleman is spending the afternoon in his pleasure grounds by the river-side. Every cultivated beauty of flower and foliage and singing bird is here. The delights of sparkling water add their refreshments with deep swimming-pools.

But the young prince paces the velvet sward in misery of doubt and perplexity.

It is Siddhartha Gautama.

Disgusted with the luxury and idleness of his life, Gautama seeks with agony to find peace and truth. What is the Abstract Right? Does it lie in self-renunciation?

A messenger speeds down the flowering terraces. A son has been born to the illustrious Gautama.

To the amazement and horror of his attendants, Gautama says calmly:

“ This is a new and strong tie I shall have to break.”

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Gautama returns to his palace, and pauses at the door of his wife's chamber. The couch is heaped about with blossoms, and she nestles among them, in her gorgeous robes, like an exquisite butterfly. Her hand rests upon the head of their child.

Gautama dares not enter for kisses of farewell lest they weaken his newly formed resolution to seek the life of the spirit only.

He turns away—casts from him his pearl collar and all his ornaments and goes forth into the night.

Many are the years that pass.

Many are the paths which Gautama follows: of asceticism; of meditation; of study; of prayer. Paths that are bordered by the worn-out sandals of pilgrims who have climbed these heights before him.

Gautama gains a saint-like character. He becomes "Buddha," "The Enlightened One." He founds a great religion of "sweet serenity," which to this day is the faith of millions.

By "right aspirations" through "right conduct," Buddha reaches "right rapture." High, he sees broadly; and attains the ultimate vision of love and pity to all mankind.

Buddha ends where Christ begins.

“THAT I MIGHT BE A CRITICAL EYE-WITNESS”

COTTON MATHER, CONGREGATIONAL
CLERGYMAN OF BOSTON, 1663-1728

IN HIS DIARY CONCERNING WITCHCRAFT CASES

OH! The child is bewitched!

Save us and help us—listen to her screams, as she vows she is being pricked with pins and tormented into fits!

She is Martha Goodwin, aged thirteen. On her testimony, combined with that of the younger children of her family, a judgment has just been enacted. A laundress, named Glover, has been hanged. For Martha declares her to be a witch.

What better witness do we need?

Certainly we seek for none in this late Seventeenth Century in New England. The word of any hysterical, panic-ridden person seems to be sufficient to convict a neighbor of witchcraft.

Yes—yes—it must be so! For how are we to rid ourselves of the ghastly spectre which is casting its shadow over us, unless we kill all who are suspected?

What? You say that the Reverend Cotton Mather has taken Martha into his own home? "Partly," he writes, "out of compassion to her parents, but chiefly that I might be a critical eye-witness of things."

This brilliant young clergyman, pastor at twenty-five of the largest congregation in New England, believes implicitly in diabolical possession. He both hates and fears it.

To Cotton Mather, prayer is of limitless efficacy. In one year he has kept "sixty fasts and twenty vigils." How many of us do the like, my masters? By prayer and the mystical visions which it brings to him, he combats witchcraft.

But fortunately among Cotton Mather's comprehensive studies is also that of medicine. He applies the methods of its sane science to poor little Martha. Her delusions and distemper give way to his kind patience and common sense.

Although Cotton Mather has been one of the foremost defenders of belief in witchcraft, it is largely owing to his wisdom and discretion that its reign of savage terror is broken.

“ON ACCOUNT OF HIS SINGULAR ADVENTURE”

SAID OF ALEXANDER SELKIRK, 1676-1721

THE real Robinson Crusoe!

At his own request, Alexander Selkirk, aged twenty-eight, a Scotch sailing-master on a privateering expedition was put ashore on the desert island of Juan Fernandez, with a few ordinary necessities. He had long wished to try such an adventure, and at present he was at odds with his captain.

No sooner, however, had his comrades started to leave him, than a sudden terrible revulsion of feeling rushed over Selkirk. He implored and begged to be readmitted into the ship. He was brutally refused, on the ground that he had committed mutiny in leaving his ship. Surely no men, save the hardened members of a privateer's crew, could have so abandoned a fellow-creature.

At first it could not have seemed true to Selkirk! He must have gone down to the furthest edge of rocks and sat watching. The ship was still close to land, her sails flapping loose. A person could have walked, it ap-

peared, across the intervening space of blue water that sparkled so pleasantly in the sun.

For a breath the ship hung almost motionless and Selkirk could hear the voices of his comrades—so close—so homelike! Then the sails fill in the offshore breeze, the ship swings rapidly about. She is gone!

The expedients to which Selkirk was put to maintain life were practically those described by Defoe in "Robinson Crusoe."

After four years and four months, Selkirk was rescued by another English privateer.

Selkirk related to its captain, Woodes Rogers, that during the long agony of his awful solitude he had been supported by his religious faith. Also that, having his books with him, he had "improved himself much in navigation."

Captain Rogers, admiring Selkirk's heroic attributes, and also "on account of his singular adventure," made him his mate.

Later he gave Selkirk command of one of his prizes, taken in their privateering trip.

“UP, YE BOAR’S BROOD!”

WILLIAM DE LA MARCK, CALLED THE WILD BOAR OF ARDENNES

AT THE MURDER OF LOUIS DE BOURBON, 1484

A MAN—who has earned for himself a terrible nickname—well-deserved! For no wild boar who roams the beautiful forest of Ardenne in the Low Countries is more cruel or ferocious than William De La Marck.

See him! Over his head and shoulders hangs the skin of a huge wild boar, with hoofs and tusks of solid silver. Habits of violence and evil practices have given De La Marck’s face a hideous if fanciful likeness to the forest monster, and this is heightened by his extraordinary projecting side teeth.

Behind him throng his rough soldiers in his uniform of scarlet, with a boar’s head on the left sleeve. They resemble bandits in lawlessness and barbarity.

Before him stands his prisoner, Prince Louis de Bourbon, Bishop of Liege.

If Louis de Bourbon has been in his younger years somewhat given over to vanity and love of display, he carries himself nobly now.

The members of his magnificent household and personal troops have done their best to save him. But his subjects of the city of Liege, angry at certain taxes, have joined their forces to those of De La Marck.

The Wild Boar of Ardennes grinds his tusk-like teeth till the foam flies from his lips.

What terms will his prisoner offer as ransom for his life?

Louis de Bourbon, Bishop of Liege, draws himself up with the resignation of a Christian Ecclesiastic and the dignity of a great Prince. He scorns to placate his wicked captor by the slightest concession of his rights. He replies calmly, with the well-bred fortitude of the race from which he sprang:

If De La Marck will make restitution to all those whom he has injured in a long and sinful life; if he will go barefooted on a penitential pilgrimage to Rome—then the Bishop of Liege will pray for him!

These are his only terms!

Maddened, De La Marck thunders:

“Up, ye boar’s brood!”

The next instant the brave Bishop falls dead.

**“THERE APPEARED TO MY EYES
THE GLORIOUS LADY OF
MY MIND ”**

DANTE ALIGHIERI, 1265–1321

ON SEEING BEATRICE PORTINARI

A QUIET street in Medieval Florence.

Slender spires reach up into the bright Tuscan sunshine, in whose luminous clearness each carven curve shows plainly. Pigeons circle and swoop about the terraced roofs.

A girl, in the innocent freshness of extreme youth, is coming down the street with her young companions. We are told that “her dress was of crimson color.”

Near by a bridge spans the blue Arno under the blue skies of Italy; and against its parapets leans a youth.

He sees the approaching maiden. His heart begins to tremble so that every least pulse of his body shakes with rapture. What is this serene and lovely light which plays across her brow? Whence comes this noble and gentle air which animates her whole being?

Slowly she comes abreast of him—slowly she

passes with level-fronted eyelids—slowly she vanishes.

The lad is Dante Alighieri, later to be one of the world's great poets.

In describing this joyful vision of his youth, he can only exclaim:

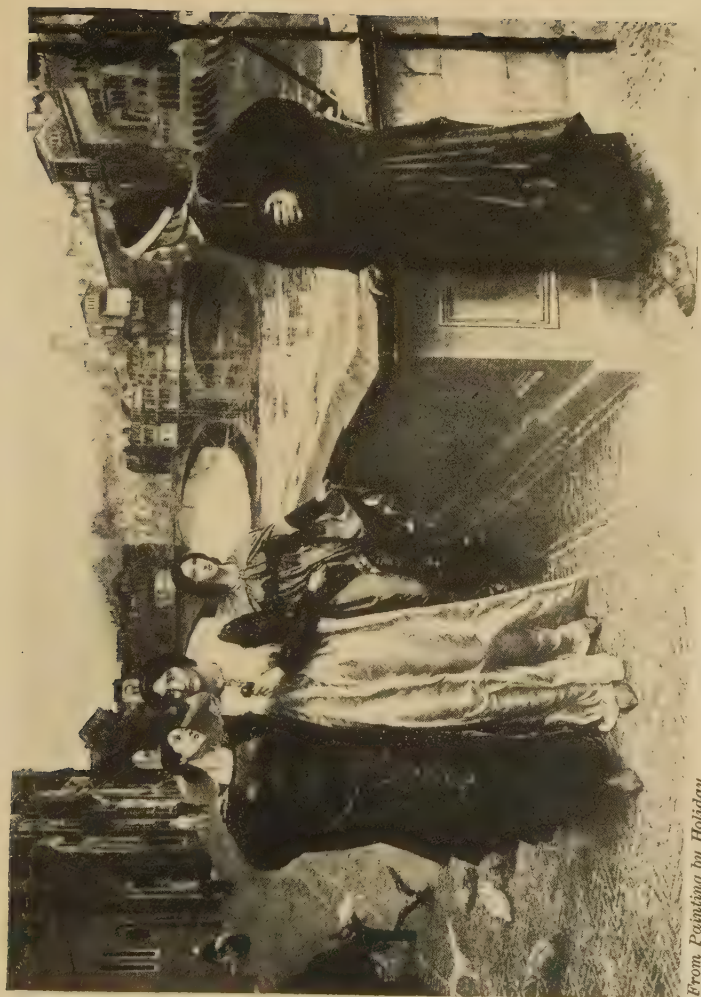
“There appeared to my eyes the glorious lady of my mind, who was by many called Beatrice.”

Dante was to see Beatrice only two or three times, and at such chance meetings as this, while she—hardly knew of his existence!

But he endued her, by the power of his poetic imagination, with every attribute of excellence.

A love which is held remote from the beloved object, which never even sighs a word of passion, may be all the stronger. It surely must be purified from earthly dross. The far-away Princess is adored with reverential love which attains an ethereal quality of bliss.

For years Dante was guided by his mortal love for Beatrice. When at the age of twenty-one she died, he was thereafter through all his life influenced by her immortal spirit which “revealed to him the mysteries of Paradise.”



From Painting by Holiday.

THE MEETING OF BEATRICE AND DANTE.

“LICTORS, DO YOUR DUTY!”
JUNIUS BRUTUS, ROMAN CONSUL, ABOUT
500 B. C.

AT A STATE TRIAL

A SOLEMN scene in Ancient Rome.

On the judgment-seat sits Junius Brutus. He is chief of the two Consuls, lately elected by the people of Rome to govern them.

Below and about him are his officers in silent, stately array. It is evident that a trial is about to take place.

Yes—here come the prisoners. They are two men, in the strength and comeliness of youth. They are closely guarded by the Lictors, or Officers of Justice. The Lictors carry each a bundle of rods, called fasces, with an axe in the middle, as a mark of their office.

The youths are brought to the foot of the judgment-seat, and Junius Brutus gazes sternly down at them. For they are accused of a crime which was very terrible in the thoughts of a Roman. They had conspired against the established government of their country.

These two young men had been contriving

plots and plans for the restoration of the banished King Tarquin of Rome. They had had secret dealings with the friends and adherents of the deposed dynasty.

Certainly their punishment should be severe.

But there is a reason why Junius Brutus is expected to be lenient with them. The crowd surrounding him watch the Chief Consul's face for signs of yielding—which they do not discover!

The moment for sentence comes.

Junius Brutus pronounces it with the cold words:

“Lictors, do your duty!”

A shudder runs through the assemblage.

For a father has condemned his sons to death!

The Lictors seize upon the two youths, scourge them first and then behead them. They fall dead at the feet of their father: Junius Brutus.

Thus Junius Brutus, at the expense of his own heart, vindicated one of the chief gifts given by Ancient Rome to the world—that of fidelity to law.

“ I SCARCELY GAVE MYSELF TIME
TO THANK AND KISS THAT
LITTLE FRIEND ”

DU GUAY TROUIN, FRENCH PRIVATEER,
1673-1736

BRAVE almost to the point of madness, Du Guay Trouin, commander of a French Privateer, is fighting six English men-of-war. Not that he would choose to engage quite so many at once! But they have chased him in among the Scilly Isles—that lie off Land’s End.

Du Guay Trouin’s ship, the *Diligente*, is all but vanquished. The men, less reckless than their captain, begin to run from their posts. Trouin calmly provides himself with a tub of hand-grenades, which he throws, one by one, down below. This forces the men up and to the guns again!

But it cannot last.

Du Guay Trouin and his ship are taken by the English and carried off to Plymouth.

At first the gay young Frenchman is given
“ the whole town for his prison.” He is enter-

tained by English Officers and gentlefolk of Plymouth.

At one period of his career, Du Guay Trouin had, no doubt inadvertently, so far forgotten himself as to fly English colors while approaching an English ship with hostile intent and firing upon it. This was, of course, a gross breach of international law. Unfortunately for him, there now turned up at Plymouth the very captain of that ship upon which he had fired.

This little circumstance leads to Trouin's being "treated as a pirate," and put in gaol.

Handsome and charming, Trouin was always fascinating to women. He had made such good use of his time in Plymouth as to have formed a dear friendship with a "pretty shop-girl."

Through her contrivances, Trouin is enabled to escape. He meets her in a café, by the aid of a disloyal officer—but, as he writes himself: "I scarcely gave myself time to thank and kiss that little friend" before he was out at the back, over the wall and away! Away—safe to France.

And all this when he was only twenty-one!

“ONE OF THE THINGS WHICH MAKE LIFE WORTH WHILE ”

CECIL JOHN RHODES, 1853–1902

AT COUNCIL OF AFRICAN CHIEFS

EAGER black faces peer out among the rugged granite boulders. Wild black eyes scan the desolate landscape of the Matoppo Hills in Africa. The savage Matabele warriors are deeply hidden from any attack by their white enemies, the Englishmen.

For whom, then, do their sentinels watch and wait?

For the only white man whom they trust:
Cecil Rhodes.

See—he comes! The long assegais or spears of the warriors shake aloft in frantic excitement, as they sweep down—some hundred of them—upon the three or four white men slowly approaching.

Cecil Rhodes hopes to treat with the native chiefs for peace, and thus end a bloody and expensive war. He and his friends are entirely unarmed, and have even tethered their horses some way behind them. All this, to

promote confidence in the savage, ignorant chiefs confronting him.

Cecil Rhodes stands now, a big, heavy-looking man, whose control over his own faculties is marvelous.

These first moments are crucial! Any sign of fear on Rhodes' part will bring all the native bands upon the defenseless white men.

Calmly, through his interpreter, Cecil Rhodes discusses matters. A long palaver ensues. Rhodes makes and extracts such concessions as he deems best.

At the end, Cecil Rhodes snaps sternly: "Now for the future, is it peace or war?"

A moment's fateful pause!

Then the Matabele Chiefs, laying down their sticks as a symbol, answer in one word:

"Peace."

Cecil Rhodes rides quietly away among those hills whose cold beauty he loves, and which he has named the "View of the World." Carelessly he remarks to one of his friends:

"An occurrence like this is one of the things which make life worth while."

Imperial statesman that he is, he has gained another bloodless victory for his beloved England, by his personal audacity and acuteness.

“NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS”

SAID CONCERNING FIRST OPERATION UNDER ETHER—PERFORMED BY DR. JOHN COLLINS WARREN, 1778-1856

THE surgical amphitheatre of the Massachusetts General Hospital was, in October, 1846, the scene of a thrilling event. A distinguished audience watched an experiment, in the success of which they had small faith.

It had been announced that an operation was to be performed for a tumor upon the neck during which the patient would feel no pain.

Dr. John Collins Warren, senior surgeon and one of the founders of the hospital, was the daring operator. Nearly seventy, Dr. Warren's upright form, his piercing eyes and strongly marked face showed forth his iron will and cool determination.

He was, like his colleagues, ready at all times to spend himself unsparingly for his patients. Why not? Was it not the tradition of a noble profession?

The stories of the lives of surgeons and doctors in America are inscribed with almost unparalleled records of fidelity to the ideal of service.

Dr. Warren was now rejoicing in the discovery of a new drug: Ether, "A soother of anguish."

Prior to this time, there had always been intolerable pain connected with surgery, which had seriously hampered its beneficial results. The patient had been tied, or held by half a dozen assistants. The barber's pole had been invented—in the old days when barbers were also surgeons—for the purpose of being placed between the patient's outstretched hands and holding them quiet.

Nothing, however, had stopped the pitiful screams for mercy, which must have shaken the surgeon's soul, although they did not his knife.

Ether! Marvelous assuager!

In Dr. Warren's own words: "It has been happily employed," and is "quite satisfactory!"

To this first occasion was aptly applied:

"Nothing succeeds like success!"

For the *success* of the anæsthesia of Ether converted all skeptics. Henceforth it was used to the incalculable benefit of science.

On the anniversary of "Ether Day," all members of the hospital's organization wear carnations in their buttonholes.

**“THIS WHEN EVERYTHING HAS
BEEN NEARLY DONE!”**

SKOBELEF, RUSSIAN GENERAL, 1843-1882

THINGS that no human body should be called on to endure are done and suffered this day.

Nobly our fine, strong Russian regiments have thrown themselves against the Turkish forces. It is the third battle of Plevna, in the war of 1877. Frightfully have our ranks been decimated.

Through blood we struggle on, to gain the redoubt. Through such blood, that even the fog of smoke which chokes us seems to smell and taste of it.

Our adored Skobelev, the “White General,” leads us. He is clad in white uniform, and rides one splendid white horse after another—as they are shot from under him.

Now—now—we gain the fort at fearful cost of life. Our dying cheer us as we swarm over the earthworks.

Exhausted, we sink down on disfigured bodies and lie fainting in slimy blood. Hardly

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can we lift our eyes to where the Russian flag floats safe on the ramparts.

At once Skobelev stations a force to hold the fort which we have taken, and himself gallops away to another part of the battle for reinforcements.

What is this news which meets him?

No help is to be sent him!

What?

He can take no reinforcements back to the rescue of us, his men, who are holding this redoubt which we have gained? Holding it, one against a hundred—and waiting for him!

Skobelev already hears the ghoulish shouts of the Turkish victors.

He knows how the Turks will torture his wounded men. They will build fires on bleeding breasts and tattoo the Cross on pain-stricken bodies.

In agony Skobelev cries aloud:

“They will give us nobody and nothing to help us—and this when everything has been nearly done!”

During thirty hours Skobelev has borne horrors calmly; but to be forced thus to abandon and betray his men breaks his heart. The warrior leans forward on his saddle and weeps.

“ SHE MINISTERED A LONG CORD
TO HIM TO LET HIMSELF
DOWN UPON ”

OLD CHRONICLE OF MARGARET TWINES-
LACE

ABOUT 1590

A GRACEFUL form rises from its couch, in stealthy quiet.

The ladies in waiting take turns to sleep in the bedchamber of the Queen. To-night Margaret Twineslace is on duty.

She casts a terrified glance at the canopied bed, where sleep James VI of Scotland and his consort, Anne.

If their Majesties wake—all is lost!

How the boards creak under her trembling feet, as she steals across the room! She gains the door—thank Heaven she is outside.

Margaret flies down the corridors to the guard-room of the castle and accosts the astonished soldiers. Breathlessly she demands of them that they bring their prisoner at once—yes, at once—to the Queen.

The guard at first demurs.

What—in the middle of the night? The prisoner, John Wemys, who is attainted of high treason, for merely conversing casually

with one of the rebel Lords? Why, he lies under the severe displeasure of the King. His life is to be the forfeit.

But—the guards know the lady in waiting by sight—and Queens have queer whims! They do not dare disobey.

They conduct John Wemys to the door of the Queen's bedchamber.

Once safe inside that sanctuary, we can fancy the stolen, rapturous, fearful embrace of the lovers. For of course they were lovers!

Then the plucky damsel “ministered a long cord to him, to let himself down upon.” Heaven knows where she got it!

And John Wemys is down the castle wall and away—safe—safe.

How Margaret must have wept and palpitated as she crept back to her mattress.

Then the early summer morning breaks and their Majesties awake.

The guards, patiently waiting outside the door—demand their prisoner!

Fortunately their Majesties think the whole matter a delightful joke!

So Wemys is pardoned and he and his brave Margaret are married and live happily ever after.

**“THE LEG WOUNDED IN HIS
COUNTRY’S SERVICE SHOULD
BE EMBALMED IN MEMORY ”**

SAID OF BENEDICT ARNOLD, 1741–1801

To fight for his country—to risk his life for his native land—to be ready to die the death of a patriot and a soldier. Can a man do more than this?

Is there no virtue, no salvation, in such a course that can steady a man and hold him safe?

Nay—there is no security for him who dallies with temptation all the days of his life.

Benedict Arnold was always a self-seeker. He put always his own private ambition and vanity first, before his country’s service.

Yet—what a brave and gallant officer he was!

See him at the second battle of Saratoga, in the autumn of 1777, when General Gates is in command.

The American cause is sadly trembling in the balance, for the raw militiamen are yielding, faltering. And the redoubt, the important fortress which crowns Bemiss’s Heights, is yet to be won.

This redoubt is held by Hessians, those hirelings of the British King, in their elaborate uniforms. They present the dogged resistance of men long trained in the strategy of war.

Who comes crashing up on a powerful black horse, to lead the forlorn hope? Benedict Arnold!

He dashes to the front and leads a glorious charge—leads the banner of the Continentals to victory. The black horse falls dead as his rider cries to General Gates that Saratoga is won! As the words pass his lips, Benedict Arnold's leg is badly wounded by a cannon-ball.

This is the man who later turns traitor and strives to betray and sell his country.

Benedict Arnold died in England, alone, dishonored.

"The leg wounded in his country's service should be embalmed in memory, while the dishonored body rots, forgotten, in the dust!"

For a man can rise only to those heights which he has taught himself to attain.

“LOOK TO YOURSELVES, MY MASTERS, FOR THE LIONS ARE
GOT LOOSE ”

A RETAINER OF LORD HERBERT, LATER
SIXTH EARL OF WORCESTER, 1601-1667

WHAT! These wretched Roundheads, adherents to the cause of the Commonwealth, insist upon entering Raglan Castle? Crop-eared knaves—traitors to the principles of monarchy and aristocracy!

Raglan Castle, the noble building of the Beauforts where is lived the stately feudal life of hunting and hawking! The old Earl is furious.

Yes. These Puritan rustics declare they intend to search the Castle for arms, the stout old Earl being known as a King Charles man.

It occurs to the old Earl that his son, the young Lord Herbert, is always experimenting and fussing with mechanical contrivances. He has lately completed some silly invention in his “operatory,” as Lord Herbert calls his workshop. Cannot he give the knaves a scare?

Surely!

Lord Herbert causes the rustics to be guided

over a bridge which arches the waters of the moat between the Castle and an outlying tower. As the men reach the middle of the bridge, a sudden appalling noise crashes out. A fearful, hideous roaring.

As the poor fellows stand paralyzed with terror, there comes running a retainer of Lord Herbert. Casting terrified glances behind him, he shouts:

“Look to yourselves, my masters, for the lions are got loose.”

Whereupon the searchers flee precipitately. They tumble over each other so fast to escape from the awful fate of being eaten alive by lions that the delighted inhabitants of Raglan Castle expect to see one-half trample the other half to death.

The trick is accomplished. But how?

Why, simply, Lord Herbert explains, by his newly perfected “water-commanding engine.” By means of this invention of his, through the power of various wheels, large quantities of water are let down from the top of the high tower. The sound of this unseen cataract reverberating and echoing between the high walls of stone sounds like—well, perhaps like lions!

“ TO SHOOT YOU WITH ”

WILLIAM TELL, TO GESSLER, AUSTRIAN
GOVERNOR OF FOREST CANTONS

MIDDLE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY

WE see an excited throng of men surging about a high pole. What is that tied on the top? Can it be a man's hat?

This is the middle of the fifteenth century, and the Swiss Confederation is struggling for its national freedom against Austria.

The hated Austrian Gessler, “Bailiff of Uri,” has imposed insolent conditions upon the Swiss.

Gessler has now actually fastened his hat to this pole, and requires the people to bow down to it! What effrontery!

William Tell, one of the young Swiss patriots, flatly refuses.

He cocks his own small cap in defiance. His tunic, or shirt, is belted closely, and one sleeve is fancifully embroidered with devices in silver.

William Tell has great influence with his fellows. His insubordination must be promptly punished.

William Tell's own little son is brought before the protesting crowd. The child is posed at the corner of a street, and an apple is balanced on his head. His small startled face smiles bravely.

Then, with a sardonic grin, Gessler bids William Tell shoot the apple from the child's head.

Men recoil in horror! Can a father steady his hand and his heart for such a shot?

William Tell goes with sturdy steps for his cross-bow and an arrow. With incredible rapidity he fits the arrow to the string—a whizz—the arrow strikes the apple, and the child is safe.

As Tell turns away from the delighted plaudits of the crowd, another arrow falls from his doublet.

What was that second arrow for? Gessler wonders!

"To shoot you with," replies Tell fearlessly, "had I failed in the task you imposed upon me."

Only a few years later, Tell carries a third arrow. From a "hollow way," or glen, he shoots Gessler dead. Thus helping to free his country from its oppressors.

“CUT THE DIKES!”

PRINCE WILLIAM I OF ORANGE—NASSAU—
SURNAMED THE SILENT, 1533–1584

A SICK-ROOM, where a man desperately ill with fever tosses and turns.

Our thoughts are naturally concerned with soothing potions and cooling drinks.

The patient himself is working indeed on a problem of life and death, but it is the national life and death of his native land.

Suddenly he raises himself on his elbow, and thunders the order:

“Cut the dikes!”

What! Does the patient rave?

To cut the dikes would be to flood this fair country of Holland. For its green and fertile fields and meadows are protected by dikes from the waters of the ocean. Most of Holland lies below sea-level.

Its long sea-walls are its defense. They have been built, these wonderful dikes, with the greatest labor and expense.

Cut them now! Merciful Powers, what a command!

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Well does our sick man know, however, what he is about.

He is Prince William I of Orange—Nassau. He was brought up as a page in the household of the Emperor Charles V, and by his youthful discreetness earned for himself the surname, *The Silent*.

He is now the great Protestant leader of the Netherlands or Holland and Belgium against the incroachments of Spain. He becomes the *Founder of the Dutch Republic*.

The city of Leyden is being cruelly besieged by the Spaniards. It has proved for months impossible to get help to the inhabitants by land.

The laconic order of William the Silent is obeyed!

The dikes are cut!

A tempestuous rush of the ocean waves inundates the flat green country about Leyden. Thus the vessels of the navy of Holland are enabled to sail up to the city doors!

Leyden is saved.

In honor of this great deliverance the University was founded, which was speedily to make the name of Leyden illustrious throughout Europe.

**“ WITH AN AMANUENSIS TO
WRITE TO HIS DICTATION ”**

**SAID OF JOHN MILTON, ENGLISH POET,
1608-1674**

WE see John Milton “ sitting in an elbow chair dressed in neat black.” The light from a window beside him beams quietly on his long thin hair and pale face.

The room with its massive furniture is full of books. But their master reads them no more. Neither do his slender, sensitive fingers guide any more the pen—with whose touch they were wont to be so familiar.

For John Milton, the greatest of England’s epic poets, has been blind for many years. He is forced now to compose, “ with an amanuensis to write to his dictation.”

Fortunately he has three daughters. Many times one or the other of them must have written the “ twenty or thirty lines ” which he liked to dictate every morning early.

These demure Puritan girls, with their fair hair and gentle faces, must often have been overwhelmed with admiration and awe by their father’s majestic words.

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For these are the seven years when Milton, living simply with his family in London or the country, is composing "Paradise Lost."

It has been said that no poem was ever written with a more sacred sense of responsibility. Milton had looked forward to the writing of it from his early youth.

Its subject is man's struggle with evil. Therefore the real hero of Paradise Lost is mankind. The Satan of Milton is one of the great creations of literature: an archangel still, though an "archangel ruined."

For this wonderful piece of literature Milton received about twenty pounds—equal to somewhere about three hundred dollars to-day. Think of the editions that have been published since!

Milton's sonnet on his blindness rings on our ears like a Cathedral bell, with its beauty and clearness of phrasing. Its solemn questioning, its deep pathos, lead up to the grand chord of its ending:

"Those also serve who only stand and wait."



MILTON AND HIS DAUGHTERS.

**“THINE, O KING, ARE OUR TRO-
PHIES AND OUR KINGDOM!”**

BOABDIL, KING OF THE MOORS

AT THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA, 1492

WE see two processions approaching each other through the sunny streets of Granada.

One is composed of a splendid body of cavalry, Knights, and Squires, gayly attired, heralded by the sound of triumphant trumpets. It is the gorgeous retinue of the Christian Sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain.

The other is a small body of horsemen who ride in moody silence. Their flashing dark eyes, their swarthy faces, proclaim them Moors. They follow their King Boabdil into exile.

As the two companies meet, King Boabdil renders the keys of the city of Granada to the Spanish King, with the words:

“Thine, O King, are our trophies and our kingdom!”

Ferdinand in all graciousness forbids any act of outward homage from his unfortunate and gallant enemy. He restores to Boabdil his young son, who had been in the Spaniard's hands for some time as a hostage.

But what polite kindness from his conqueror can assuage Boabdil's grief? Spain is lost to him and to his Nation forever. It had been more or less in varying amounts of the country under Moorish domination for seven centuries.

As the Moors ride away from Granada, they stop on an elevated hill from which is to be obtained the last view of the fair city.

They see the Alhambra, that magnificent Palace of the Moorish Kings. Already from its tower gleams a jeweled Cross, the symbol of those hated "dogs of Christians."

Boabdil thinks with tender sorrow of the marble halls of the Alhambra—decorated with elegant "storied inscriptions," and ceilings of red and gilt and azure. Its cool interior Courts, where fountains refresh the air; where orange and citron and pomegranate trees perfume the sunlight, and the song of the nightingale floods through the blue night under the silvery southern moon.

Well is this hill called to this very day "El ultimo suspiro del Moro," or "The Last Sigh of the Moors."

“THE SOONER, THE BETTER!”

REPLY OF HIS MEN TO DON JOHN OF
AUSTRIA, 1545–1578

BEFORE THE BATTLE OF LEPANTO

LIKE sea-fowls that flutter in circling, white sails belly out on the breeze. Blue waves are fringed with gilt lace that sunbeams fling far on salt spray.

What? That youth—that stripling—shall lead us when we grapple with Infidel forces, the Corsairs of Barbary coasts?

The Turks have harassed Christian vessels and taken as slaves their crews. They have tortured and maimed and murdered—for years in the Mediterranean. Now they threaten to overwhelm Europe.

Therefore, this vast fleet has gathered from every Christian shore. Galleys and galleasses, nearly three hundred, assemble to fight the Moslems. From their high, carved poops float the brilliant banners and standards of nobles and knights.

In command of all is this, a lad, Don John of Austria—magic name of knightly prowess! Young as he is, he is already distinguished by

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his battles against the Turks—by his deeds of gentle chivalry.

Watch him stride the deck of his vessel, dressed in white velvet, sumptuous, jeweled. Round his manly breast is fastened a silk scarf of beating crimson—beating as his heart beats proudly. For his young and ardent spirit is as a soaring flame to light us to the paths of glory.

When our lookout cries from the maintop that the Turkish navy heaves in sight—Don John gayly asks his men:

“Are you ready to fight?”

Back comes the gallant answer:

“Aye, sir, and the sooner the better!”

Such men under such a leader! How can we fail to win?

It is indeed a tremendous and sweeping triumph for the Christians—one of the most decisive naval battles in history.

Twelve thousand Christian slaves are set free from Turkish galleys.

When Pope Pius V hears of it, on his knees he cries in reverent thanksgiving: “There was a man sent from God—whose name was John.”

“OR MOLLY STARK IS A WIDOW TO-NIGHT!”

**JOHN STARK, AMERICAN SOLDIER AND
PATRIOT, 1728-1822**

AT THE BATTLE OF BENNINGTON

NUMBERS of trees have been felled in mad haste to obstruct the roads here in our northern country. Bridges over rushing streams have been demolished.

All this has helped to hamper the advance of our enemy, General Burgoyne. Yet still he pushes on with his five hundred British soldiers. He has with him also a horde of the ravaging, scalping Indians to whom he has issued a proclamation inviting them to join him.

They are coming towards Bennington, Vermont, where there is a magazine of our military stores. These stores are most important to our American Army.

They must be saved! To the rescue!

Here comes John Stark, brave and chivalrous New Englander, with his New Hampshire Militia, and the “Green Mountain Boys,” as those of the Vermont Contingent are called.

Stark had been at Bunker Hill. He knows

that the American troops, raw and undisciplined as they are, can be depended on.

He and his men reach the outskirts of Bennington and find Burgoyne and his forces already there.

As the Americans sweep into line, they see the redcoats preparing for defense.

Stark cries out now to his men, and his gallant, rallying call rings across the hot August fields:

“There, my boys, are your enemies, redcoats and Tories! You must beat them—or Molly Stark is a widow to-night!”

Aye! For had the Americans been too hard put to it—had the Britishers driven them back—John Stark would have given his own life to the “forlorn hope.” His wife would have been a widow that night.

But quite the contrary—under such a leader—the Americans win—win the famous battle of Bennington, the victory which did much to bring about the capitulation of General Burgoyne.

John Stark received the thanks of Congress, and was made Brigadier-General.

And pretty Molly Stark was still a happy wife!

“ EGYPTIAN PILLS AT THIRTY SHILLINGS A DRAM ”

ALESSANDRODI CAGLIOSTRO, ITALIAN
ALCHEMIST, 1743-1795

OH! my dear, let me prescribe for your languor and headache. Accompany me to see Cagliostro, who is a healer—among his other vocations.

He is said to be the foster-son of an Eastern Potentate and to have studied the occult sciences with sages and magicians.

Scandals against him? Oh, yes, I know things have been hinted. But he is really a most respectable person, and has with him always his charming wife, the Countess Seraphina. She assists him in his sales of a wonderful medicament which he calls “ Egyptian pills at thirty shillings a dram.”

He sells beauty waters, too, and deliciously flavored potions. He even claims to have drops, more precious than nectar, which restore the sweetness and bloom to wrinkled cheeks. The Countess adduces herself, as a living example of this last elixir. For although ap-

pearing young and blooming, she vows she is sixty and has a son in the Dutch service!

Extraordinary! Well—let us go.

The ladies enter Cagliostro's dwelling.

They find him, the quack—the charlatan—the forger—in a dimly lighted room. Cabalistic designs decorate rich hangings. There are not lacking crystals on silver tripods; incense brewing over pale fires; waving shadows and mysterious voices. Everything, in short, which could increase the awe and credulity of superstitious persons.

Cagliostro welcomes the ladies with unctuous slyness. His fat, sensual face beams upon them.

He proceeds to prophesy and promise marvels in unintelligible jargon. For although he had a smattering of many languages, Cagliostro was master of none.

The ladies, his delighted dupes, part with gold and jewels for love philtres.

Dear ladies—could you only foresee the end of your charming imposter!

Having plied his trade of liar in many countries, Cagliostro ended his days in an Italian fortress. His wife was immured in a Convent.

**“ HE WOKE ONE MORNING TO
FIND HIMSELF FAMOUS ”**

**SAID OF LORD GEORGE GORDON BYRON,
1788-1824**

**ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS POEM, “ CHILDE
HAROLD ”**

WHAT a youth he had—Lord George Gordon Byron, sixth Baron of his name.

Crowded with experiences—everything to the point of exaggeration. Omnivorous study and reading; passionate friendships; frantic love affairs.

The Priory and lands of Newstead, in the county of Nottingham, had been in Byron's family since 1540. This lordly and historic domain, with its beautiful though ruined buildings and cloisters, was surrounded by lakes and woods and cascades. It was an ideal home for one who was to be hailed as the very genius of romance.

To quote Byron's own words concerning it:

“ Monastic dome! Condem'd to uses vile! ”

For the young man made Newstead the scene of amazing revels. Here, he and his companions of both sexes, dressed as monks, buffooned and skylarked in appalling manner.

But how fascinatingly human the youthful scamp must have been! Every one who came near enough to Byron seems to have loved him.

Although slightly lame, Byron was the handsomest man of his generation. His small head was "covered and fringed with dark auburn curls." His luminous grey eyes were like open portals for the sun. The greatest beauty of his high-bred, clear-cut features was the mouth, with its upper lip of Grecian shortness.

On coming of age, Byron traveled in the East for two years. His long poem "Childe Harold" is practically a description of his adventures.

"Childe Harold" was rejected by the first publisher to whom it was offered. It was published by Murray, of Fleet Street, in the spring of 1812.

Its effect was electric.

Some of Byron's early poems had received more or less favorable notice. But now at the age of twenty-four, "he woke one morning to find himself famous."

Byron became the idol of the "reading public," as he was already of his own social world.

**"I CAN CONQUER MEN, BUT THE
LION AND THE WOLF ARE TOO
STRONG FOR ME!"**

**ATTILA, KING OF THE HUNS, CALLED
"THE SCOURGE OF GOD," IN
FIFTH CENTURY**

IN the midst of the fifth century, Attila, "The Scourge of God," gathers together his cow-tail banners and swoops down upon the world.

He comes from the almost unheard-of depths of Tartary, that vast hive of humanity. His revenues when he starts are but his own military genius and the valor of his horsemen. Yet he conquers practically a vast Empire, from China to the Atlantic.

But with what frightful carnage and cruelty does he conquer it!

They ride with wild recklessness, those "ravaging, raving Huns." They bring terror on the wind—and leave behind them a horror of havoc.

On their long marches they eat what herbs they can find. Also half-raw meat which they first make tender by using it for a saddle! At their head gallops Attila. He is clothed like his soldiers in skins, but wears a spiked crown

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of gold. We see him, with his yellow, Mongolian complexion and his short, broad-chested figure.

This is the rolling swarm of savages that pour down over Europe and Asia.

City after city falls before the hordes of Attila. Humiliated, ruined, defeated, ruler after ruler yields to him.

We hear of Theodosius II, Byzantium Emperor, paying Attila "350 pounds weight of gold as annual tribute."

At last, in 451, King Theodoric of the Visigoths in alliance with the Roman General Ætius makes an heroic stand not far from Orleans. In one of the decisive battles of the world, they stem and turn back the Tartar tide of invasion.

The next spring, Attila sets forth again.

This time he approaches the gates of Rome.

Pope Leo I and a deputation of Roman Senators entreat him for mercy.

With whimsical complacency, Attila grants it and remarks:

"I can conquer men, but the lion and the wolf are too strong for me!"

The "Wolf" was the guardian animal of the founders of Rome.

**“ I WAS ELEVATED BY YOUR LOVE
ABOVE ALL WOMEN ”**

HELOISE, FRENCH ABBESS, 1101-1163

LETTER TO ABELARD

WITHIN a narrow cell—an Abbess writes to her spiritual director—but also a passionately devoted wife to her husband.

Alas! Their marriage came too late to save sin and scandal.

It is Heloise who writes to Abelard—names dear to constant and unhappy lovers.

“ I was elevated by your love above all women.”

At the age of eighteen, Heloise became the pupil in languages and philosophy of Abelard—he was a famous teacher and lecturer, Canon at Notre Dame in Paris, and one of the most charming and interesting of men.

It was inevitable that they should love. Impossible that they should marry without marring his prospects of advancement in the Church.

Heloise's uncle and guardian, the Canon Fulbert, became cognizant of their unlawful love, and forced them into marriage.

Infuriated at the dishonor which had fallen

upon his house, Fulbert planned a dire revenge. In the dead of the night, Fulbert and his hired ruffians entered Abelard's sleeping chamber, and perpetrated on him the most brutal mutilation.

No life was henceforth left for the brilliant Master Abelard save that of a monk. The Priesthood and Ecclesiastical Office were canonically closed to him.

Abelard buried himself in a Monastery—and in his jealous love called upon Heloise to take the veil.

In the flame of her youth, she consented. But never for an instant did she cease to love Abelard. That her love became purified and saddened, we know from the letters which passed between them. Abelard preached a resignation, hard for both to attain.

He died comparatively young.

For twenty-one years longer, the sun and changing stars looked through the Convent bars on Heloise. She knelt passion-pale upon the lonely flags, to pray she might forget—while waned the dreary light of her one slow-burning taper.

“One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight.
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight.”

“ SIX OUT OF EIGHT OF THE CREW AGREED ”

JEROME VALBUE, CAPTAIN OF A
SMUGGLING VESSEL, ABOUT 1660

A SHIP on the high seas somewhere off the coast of France!

A ship—its crew absolutely dependent for comfort, for health, for very life itself—upon their captain. Across the wide, unsounded seas no help can reach them against the despotism of his decrees.

Smuggling vessels and privateers had sufficient of the quality and nature of pirate's boats to be particularly vicious in management.

Jerome Valbue, captain of a smuggler, has become irritated with a common seaman named Lanoix, and has flung his tin cider-mug at the man's head. He has also cursed Lanoix and his Huguenot Religion, hurling insulting epithets.

Out comes the seaman's knife, and in a second the captain's arm is badly gashed. The instinct of discipline brings the rest of the crew to answer the captain's roar. A free fight ensues. Lanoix succeeds in killing one man,

stabbing him to the heart. But he is of course overcome by numbers, and pinioned.

Then Captain Valbue pronounces the verdict.

First—Lanoix has wounded his captain. For this offense Lanoix's arm is lashed to the windlass and Valbue proceeds to knock the unfortunate man down, so that the flesh is stripped from Lanoix's arm.

Second—Lanoix has slain one of his shipmates. For this crime, the dead body is bound to Lanoix, who is still alive, although sorely wounded. Valbue then orders them both to be "tossed overboard."

A couple of the other sailors venture to remonstrate, but quite unavailingly. The blue waters close over the two bodies—one quick, the other dead.

Captain Valbue calmly reports the whole circumstances later to the authorities at Calais. He adds casually:

"Six out of eight of the crew agreed."

It is said that this grewsome circumstance was one of the things which led to the revamping of the Maritime Codes, or Laws, then in vogue, and under which such occurrences were possible.

“ I FEEL AS BIG AS ANYBODY ”

TOM THUMB, CELEBRATED DWARF,
1837-1883

REMARK TO QUEEN VICTORIA

A MAGNIFICENT apartment—just the kind a Queen should live in!

Panels of gold all over the walls, with heavy, gilt cornices. Sofas and chairs covered with rich yellow satin, and heavy draperies of the same at windows and doors. And the tables and pianos, too, are mounted in gold.

This is Buckingham Palace.

Into all this gorgeousness toddles a figure not two feet in height. This tiny fellow is dressed in elaborate court dress—short breeches, white silk stockings, with his cocked hat under his arm, and a dress sword by his side. He is a bright-eyed little fellow, with light hair and ruddy cheeks, and is as symmetrically formed as an Apollo.

“ General ” Tom Thumb—or to give him his real name, Charles S. Stratton, is being presented to Her Majesty, Queen Victoria.

The gracious Queen, who had seen the little Tom Thumb before, smilingly took him by the

hand. She then said to him that the beautiful child of about three years old, by her side, was the Prince of Wales.

Tom Thumb regarded him gravely. Then he remarked:

"The Prince is taller than I, but I feel as big as anybody."

In leaving the room, Tom Thumb had been told that he must "back out," the correct procedure in quitting the presence of Royalty. This he endeavored faithfully to do. But his little legs were too short to keep up with his "guardian," Mr. P. T. Barnum, and the Lord in Waiting who was ushering them out.

Whenever, therefore, the unembarrassed Dwarf found that he was losing ground, he turned and ran a few steps, until he caught up with the backing gentlemen. Then he resumed the position of "backing out," and thus alternated his methods of getting to the door—to the great delight of the Queen and Her Ladies.

**“ I AM ANGRY WITH THIS
WRETCHED FRAME OF MINE ”**

NAPOLEON II, CALLED L'AIGLON, 1811-1832

AN eaglet—but an eaglet in a cage of gilt!

What? Must I beat out my young dreams against the bars of reality? Must my spirit, which came to me from my father, the Emperor Napoleon I, break my sickly body like a crystal beaker?

My mother, Marie Louise, brought me, a little child, here to the Court of her father, the Emperor of Austria. We came when my father was sent a prisoner to Elba—and by the Heavens above me, I swear that the Empress, my mother, made no effort to rejoin her husband.

She expects me—his son—to submit to being an Austrian. To be happy, fondled by the women, and called the Handsome Duc de Reichstadt—I whom my father made King of Rome.

And now he is dead who might have rescued his son. He who would have cured me and taught me to be a strong man like himself.

Little do the arrogant Austrians think that

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I have read and studied in secret my father's marvelous strategy. I have thus with ardor equipped myself to lead his troops.

For—close in your ear—I have friends outside this palace. The Bonapartists—whose hearts still beat for France—seek to place my father's son upon his throne.

What? You murmur that the doctors say I am now—even now—sinking under a galloping consumption?

Tush! I listen not to such tales.

Bring me—see, I have it hidden here—my treasured possession—the hat of the “Little Corporal.” I wear it as proudly as a crown.

Ah! I faint!

“Gentlemen—pardon my weakness—I am angry with this wretched frame of mine.”

Father! It is the wings of thy eagles of gold—not the black eagles of Austria—that hover over me. They swoop down—to bear me away.

“WE WED THEE, SEA!”

SEBASTIAN ZIANI, DOGE OF VENICE

AT THE CEREMONY OF THE “SPOSALIZIO DEL MAR”
IN 1177

OUT the Lido port from Venice comes a fleet of stately boats. From Venice—lovely city resting on her salt lagoons.

Every boat is decked and painted, and all bear brilliant standards. See—the Golden Lion of Saint Mark flames upon its crimson ground!

The magnificent procession is led by a sumptuous galley, scarlet, decorated with pure gold. It is called Bucentaur, from the Italian “Buzino d’oro,” meaning “golden bark.” In it sits the Doge—his pomp is splendid, for he is the symbol of his people’s majesty.

There are sounds of silver trumpets; silver cymbals; and crushed roses die upon the waves of the Adriatic.

For many hundred years, on Ascension Day, has this function been reacted. It commemorates a glorious victory, by which was practically established the supremacy of the Venetian Republic, in the Adriatic.

Hark! Sweetly chant the Priests, for this ceremony is one of supplication and of prayer:

“Grant, O Lord, that for us and for all who sail thereon, the sea may be calm and quiet.”

The Doge and his suite are then besprinkled all with Holy Water, the rest of which is thrown into the sea. This symbolizes the rejection of sin, and a desire to propitiate the sea.

But this year of 1177 we see an added beauty, which shall be for centuries performed.

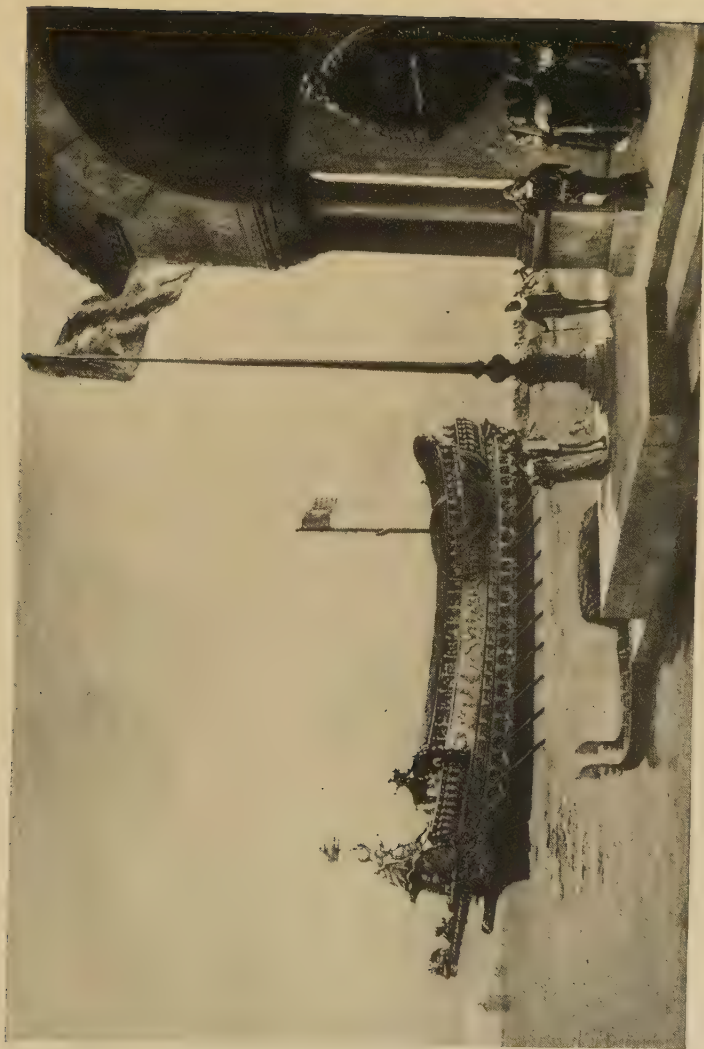
Pope Alexander III has given a consecrated ring to the Doge Sebastian Ziani for help rendered by Venice in his wars, and bade him wed the sea.

The Doge rises now in his galley as the other boats circle slowly about him, like bright-hued herons on the mirroring water. He casts the ring into the Adriatic, with the words:

“We wed thee, sea!”

Thus it is solemnly asserted by the Venetians that they and the sea on which they live are indissolubly one.

Venice—fair bride of the sea!



THE MARRIAGE OF VENICE TO THE ADRIATIC.

“WE WERE SURE YOU WOULD
COME!”

TO DR. ELISHA KANE, 1820-1857

WELCOME OF FOUR MEN WHOM HE RESCUED

THE thermometer stands at fifty-five degrees below zero. The wind is setting in sharply from the northwest.

The little brig *Advance* is frozen into the ice in the enclosed sea—now Kane Basin—off the coast of Greenland. It is the second Grinnell Expedition of '52-'54, in search of Sir John Franklin, and is commanded by Dr. Elisha Kane, the gallant young Philadelphian.

A party of men have been out for several days on a reconnoitering trip, over the rugged ice floes. Strange that they do not return.

The men who are left are working in the laborious, monotonous daily routine, in the cramped quarters of the small boat.

But what is this sudden alarm?

Down into the cabin stagger three of the advance party. They are in a terrible condition, swollen and haggard, and hardly able to speak. They tell a fearful story of exhaustion and cold and hunger. Worse still, they have left

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four of their companions disabled "somewhere" on the cruel wastes of snow.

In deep anxiety, Dr. Kane at once heads a rescue party. They carry with them, strapped on a hand-sled, that one of the newcomers who seems best able to direct them to his lost comrades. But this man soon becomes mentally confused. It is therefore with the greatest difficulty that Dr. Kane finds the trail. They have of course none of the modern equipment for arctic travel, and thus proceed at the cost of great suffering.

After an unbroken march of twenty-one hours, the rescuers see a small American flag fluttering from a tent-pole, that is breaking under a burden of snow. What will they find inside?

As Dr. Kane—always first in cheerful heroism—crawls into that tiny tent, a cry of welcome comes feebly from the four poor fellows lying frost-bitten and helpless:

"We were sure you would come!"

What a tribute to the character of their Commander!

“ HIS PROBLEM WAS TO FALL IN
LOVE WITH THE DOWAGER
ANNE ”

SAID OF MAURICE COMTE DE SAXE,
MARSHAL OF FRANCE, 1696-1750

FALL in love?

Why, nothing on earth is easier for this audacious, handsome young soldier of fortune who stands six feet in his stockings and breaks horseshoes with his hands.

Maurice Saxe has been in and out of love half a dozen times already. Now a great worldly prize hangs upon the bestowing of his affections. Surely he will be only too delighted with the woman who goes with it!

Anne Ivanovna, Dowager Duchess of Courland, has it in her power to confirm Maurice Saxe's aspirations to the Dukedom of Courland. He has been elected to it through the influences of his father, Augustus II of Saxony. The Poles and Russians refuse to sanction the measure, and Maurice is obliged to fight for his new toy.

With only sixty men, he shuts himself up in the Ducal Palace at Mittau. There he is be-

sieged by eight hundred, and beats them off with astonishing intrepidity.

But he is hard put to it. He writes home to France for men and money.

One of his sweethearts, whom his "circular black eyebrows and eyes glittering bright" have won for him, is Adrienne Le Couvreur. She is a beautiful and very famous actress. She sells all her jewels and plate, and sends him thirty thousand pounds.

Defeated at last, the Dowager Anne offers him her hand, with the reversion of a Tsar's crown in it. For Anne Ivanovna was the niece of Peter the Great of Russia, and ascended its throne in 1730.

Now "his problem was to fall in love with the Dowager Anne."

And Maurice Saxe just couldn't do it. For she was big and brazen and had "large cheeks like a Westphalia ham!"

Foolish young man! He makes love to one of the ladies of Anne's suite, under her fat nose—thereby losing wife and Dukedom—and the throne of Russia.

“HANDS TO WORK AND HEARTS TO GOD”

MOTHER ANN, A FOUNDER OF THE
SHAKERS, 1736-1784

ON a beautiful, well-wooded slope stand some dozen or more buildings. They belong to the Shaker Society of New Lebanon, New York.

Mostly of stone, very straight and tall, these buildings have an air of quietude and aloofness. Even the windows seem to mask rather than reveal. They look off across a fertile valley to the hills. Often their gentle inmates must lift up their eyes unto those hills of God. In the early dawn, when silver and lavender mists veil the woods; or when at sunset they stand clear-cut against flaming clouds, and the hermit-thrushes call.

The beginning of this Community was coincidental with that of the United States.

One of its Founders was Ann Lee. This devoted and pious woman was persecuted by civil authorities in England and after she arrived in America. The chief indictment brought against her was “Sabbath-Breaking.”

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For the Shakers, believing that religion is a "joyous" thing, express themselves in worship by singing and dancing, also by "shaking"—hence their name.

The Shakers believe also that they find "more real good" from the celibate spiritual union of the sexes, and "more of an absence of real evil" than is ever experienced "in the order of the world's people."

The "brothers and sisters" enjoy a kindly and friendly intercourse, lightening each other's labors.

Sturdy and busy farmers are the men; prudent and spotless housewives, the women.

Always they lead the life of the spirit.

They follow the precepts of "Mother Ann," as they affectionately called Ann Lee.

She taught and preached charity and love to all and self-denial. Also the duty of being happy and of traveling forward, "out of our loss."

To this day, there hangs printed on the walls of those houses at New Lebanon her wonderful rule:

"Hands to work and hearts to God."

**“IT IS MAGNIFICENT, BUT IT IS
NOT WAR”**

GENERAL PIERRE BOSQUET, 1810–1861

OF THE BRITISH CAVALRY CHARGE AT BALAKLAVA

WHAT? Charge? Charge down that valley?

It is a mile long and swept by the guns of our enemies, the Russians.

This is the battle of Balaklava, in the Crimean War. The Russians are attacking the allied English, French, and Turkish forces, which are besieging Sebastopol.

Charge? Charge and capture the guns at the end of that valley? Why, we are only the Light Brigade—the Thirteenth Light Dragoons. Our six hundred and so, of men and horses, yield to none in gallantry, of course. But —

Why, we are usually employed in skirmishing and reconnoitering. That mile of death has work for our heaviest artillery.

Does our Commander, Lord Cardigan, realize what it would mean to our troop?

Yes. He is puzzling over the order from British Headquarters. He even asks to have it ratified to be sure he understands.

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Then he turns to us.

Not a man in the Light Brigade falters.

The stern, young English faces look steadily at him, under tossing plumes. The beautiful horses paw the ground, and champ the bits with their soft lips.

Now:

“Cannon to right of them —
Cannon to left of them —
Cannon in front of them —
Volley'd and thunder'd.”

Down the valley rode the six hundred.

Lord Cardigan, and what was left of his men, rode straight up to and through the Russian line of guns. A defeat that had the glory of a victory.

That night at their evening parade, the Light Brigade mustered but ten mounted men.

The French General Pierre Bosquet said of this charge:

“It is magnificent, but it is not war.”

Not war? Perhaps not—if war means only strategy and out-maneuvering of the enemy.

But if war is unflinching obedience to our superior officers and heroism and selfless devotion to the high call of country, then let God be the judge. He knows that this was war!

“THE FIDDLERS HAVE COME TOO LATE”

JEAN HENRI FABRE, 1823-1915

EMINENT FRENCH SCIENTIST

LADS and lasses are coming down the long white roads, in the witching light.

It is spring in France and a night of full moon. The poplar leaves are trembling with ecstasy and turning their silver sides to the silver moonbeams.

The fiddlers are expected, momentarily.

For the young people of a large countryside are gathering to dance in the central village.

Wondering glances are cast along the street. Why do not the fiddlers come?

The dance, of course, cannot begin without music. The boys and girls laugh and talk, but ever and anon one of their number runs out into the street, and looks, wistfully, for the fiddlers.

It is really too bad! The hours are going by. There are so few—so very few—chances for a dance here in these country villages.

But the night passes, and no music arrives.

Then at dawn, as the young people are start-

ing sadly for home—the fiddlers appear. No use now, to listen to their breathless explanation.

One of the lads, whose name is Jean Henri Fabre, says quietly:

“The fiddlers have come too late.”

That is all that can be said.

Many years afterwards, that lad, grown to be an old, old man, lies on his death-bed.

Fabre has worked all his life in the cause of science.

Prevented by poverty from leaving his own restricted neighborhood, he has toiled at great disadvantage. He has been obliged to leave uncompleted some of his dearest experiments. If only some one had helped him—just a little—he feels that he could have penetrated further into the secrets of the Nature he adores.

Now at the end, sudden recognition has come to him. Eminent scientists are making pilgrimages to his humble home. Honors and decorations are heaped by his bedside.

Fabre looks at them and says quietly:

“The fiddlers have come too late.”

“NO RIVAL!”

MAJOR JOHN ANDRÉ, 1751-1780

MOTTO ON HIS SHIELD AT MOCK TOURNAMENT

A REGATTA has just taken place on the Delaware River.

Its gayly dressed throng of Knights and Ladies have disembarked and proceeded in splendid procession to a smooth piece of green-sward near by.

Here a tournament is to be held.

See!

There are six Knights of the “Blended Rose” who ride on one side; six Knights of the “Burning Mountain” on the other. Each is attended by his squire. All are in the extreme of richness as to dress and accouterments. In fact, so many are their trimmings and mottoes and embellishments that their attire might be called fantastic.

The first set of Knights cause their herald to proclaim the supremacy of their chosen Ladies in virtue; in wit; in beauty. Also their valiant intention to maintain the same by force of arms.

The second set of course reply, by their her-

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ald, in defiance, and loudly attest the vast superiority of *their* Lady-loves.

One of the Knights of the "Blended Rose" is a certain Major André. Young, handsome, sprightly, Major André has been one of the chief planners of this amusing occasion. Its character of romance and elegant gayety is largely owing to his genius for social life.

On his shield he bears the device of two game-cocks, and the motto: "No Rival!" He appears in honor of Miss Chew.

Now—in mock heroics the two sides clash. Lances are shivered in correct style; pistols discharged with fine effect. Swords are waved on high, and horses plunge and caracole.

Now the Marshal of the Field yields to the frantic prayers of the ladies who fear unbecoming scratches on their gallants' faces, and orders the fierce combatants to "desist."

The joust over, both sides repair to a handsome pavilion for a ball and supper.

All this while the British army occupies Philadelphia, and a few miles away is Valley Forge.

“ HOLY SAINT BRIDE HAS PASSED BY ”

SAID OF SAINT BRIDGET, 452-523

“ ’TWAS long, long ago that Holy Saint Bride did be walkin’ the hills and dales of Ireland.

“ A Prince—that’s what her father was. But she scorned the world and let it go by her.

“ She made a cell under a wide oak tree, and she lived there, and the place was called ‘ Kildare,’ meanin’ ‘ the Church of the Oak.’ The city Kildare takes after it, to this day.

“ Saint Bride loved the young lambs, and had a care for them. And they used to be runnin’ after her, through the fields, and crowdin’ till they’d come to her—all the little soft bodies of them pushin’ and rubbin’. And the bleatin’ of them would be soundin’ through the sweet air.

“ And when Holy Saint Bride—ah! the lovely girl saint—would come in to the cottage wet and perishin’ with the cold, from tendin’ the lambs and their mothers—sure there’d be no place for her to hang her cloak—no place at all—at all. So a sunbeam would come

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flashin' in the window, and she'd hang her wet cloak on that. And the sunbeam would hold it, till it was dried entirely.

"Now, you must believe what I do be tellin' you. That Holy Saint Bride does still be walkin' the roads of Ireland—those little mossy roads that go ramblin' through our hearts. And she does still be sittin' by her blessed well and watchin' its ripples—those little grey ripples that flow healin' through our souls.

"And every spring, the shepherds hear among the mists the crying of young lambs, and by this token they know that Holy Saint Bride has passed by with her flock of the countless lambs soon to be born in the pastures. And the wee lambs do be hastenin' to reach the green grass, and the birds in it springin' up to sing."



From Painting by Margaret W. Tarrant.

SAINT BRIDE.

“BRING FORTH THE HORSE!”

**ORDER GIVEN CONCERNING IVAN
MAZEPPA, HETMAN OF THE
COSSACKS, 1644-1709**

“BRING forth the horse!”

And such a horse!

A wild, unbroken creature, caught only lately on the Steppes of Russia. Never has saddle touched his heaving flanks, nor bridle controlled his tossing head.

To mount him would be courting death.

But see! The aged Polish nobleman to whom he belongs is urging his stable-men to hold him long enough for a slender, beautiful youth to be mounted upon him. Mounted? Aye, bound with cords that cut and tear the naked young body of the lad.

For alas! this handsome youth is guilty of an intrigue with the old Pole's young wife.

This is the lad's punishment!

The instant the horse is loosened, he flings himself out in a mad gallop. Thundering in terrifying speed, the horse tries to outrun the unknown thing upon its back. While the lad, almost sinking under the horror of his fate, yet

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strives by voice and bound limbs to guide the furious animal.

Hours, miles, fly by. The way and the time seem to stretch to interminable agony. Cold sweat pours down the lad's body to mingle with the blood from his lacerated flesh upon the charger's foaming flanks.

Away! away! Through forests whose boughs whip—through streams whose waters momentarily refresh—far up into the land of the Cossacks, that fierce people, formed of the fugitives of many races.

There—at last upon his native heath again—the horse, outrun by death, sinks down.

The lad recovers from a swoon to find himself rescued and cared for by the Cossacks.

He remains among those bold soldiers, and becomes one of their ablest leaders.

He is created in after years their Hetman or Prince.

Thus he had been sent:

“—forth to the wilderness
Bound, naked, bleeding and alone,
To pass the desert to a throne!”

**“GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE,
BY THE PEOPLE, AND FOR
THE PEOPLE ”**

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, 1809–1865

**AT THE DEDICATION OF THE NATIONAL CEMETERY
AT GETTYSBURG**

COME close—yes, there is room for one more in this row. Do not push, please, gentlemen—stand quiet.

A multitude of people are here, on what was only four months ago a battle-field. The war for the Union is not yet over.

Yesterday, a special train came from Washington, bringing the President, Abraham Lincoln and his party. To-day is dedicated this portion of the field of Gettysburg as a National Cemetery in memory of “those who here gave their lives.”

We gaze up at the platform where sit the speakers for the occasion. It has been told, half as joke, half as tribute of admiring affection, that President Lincoln prepared his short speech in the train coming down. That he wrote it on a bit of brown wrapping-paper.

Now, he comes forward. A tall, slouching

figure, six feet four inches high, with a great head of bushy hair and deep-set grey eyes. Eyes that look out over the throngs with a steady, tender light.

Abraham Lincoln struggled through a youth of restricted opportunities to gain knowledge that became wisdom by the realization of its own limitations. He knows himself to be no silver-tongued orator.

He has some truths to tell the people, that is all. What does it matter what they think of him or of his speech? If he can only explain to them—show them that the purifying fires through which the Nation is passing shall be in vain if they do not cleanse us from bitterness. If we do not love South and North—all America.

Very quietly he speaks—and we, listening, feel suddenly that these truths could have been stated in no other words than the ones Abraham Lincoln has chosen:

“That the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.”

**“ RESOLVED TO MAKE MYSELF
MASTER OF THE INDIAN
EMPIRE. DID SO ”**

**TAMERLANE, OR THE LAME TIMŪR,
1333-1405**

IN HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY

A HUGE host of Tartars and Mongols cross the River Indus in this autumn of 1398.

It is led by Tamerlane, the renowned Oriental Conqueror. He is as deformed and lame in body as he is vicious and cruel in mind. But what a marvelous warrior!

Beginning life as the son of an obscure Mongol Prince, Tamerlane has pursued a frightful course of invasion and conquest, until now he is hailed as “The Lame Firebrand of the World.”

He and his yellow-skinned hordes have swept into Persia, across to the shores of the Caspian Sea, to the banks of the Ural and the Volga. Everywhere they have left behind them ghastly desolation.

Now, Timŭr hears that the Princes of India are at variance one with another. He sees his opportunity, and springs upon them!

Our beautiful Indian City of Delhi is one of the richest in the world with its "silver streets." What horrible fate approaches it?

Timūr and his hosts are coming nearer and nearer, slaying the helpless country folk by the thousands, and leaving not a village unburned.

"It is a far cry to Delhi"—so goes the old saying.

But Timūr entrenches himself under its very walls.

Out dash the troops of Mahmud, King of Delhi, mounted on elephants that are protected by mail armor. But at the very first charge of the Tartar horsemen, the elephants unseat their drivers and flee in terror.

Timūr's army is let loose upon the almost unarmed populace of Delhi.

Gathering an unbelievable amount of spoil, Timūr quits India, making no provision to hold the Empire he has won.

In his autobiography he writes: "Resolved to make myself master of the Indian Empire. Did so."

Extraordinary and laconic statement!

In a few years he was dead.

What availed him the agony he inflicted upon India?

“ROUND AS THE O OF GIOTTO”

CONCERNING GIOTTO DI BONDONE,
ITALIAN PAINTER, 1267-1337

A SHEPHERD boy is keeping his father's sheep here on the hills of Tuscany.

The Italian sky is brilliant blue—so blue that the color seems to flood down through the balmy air. The boy tending the sheep sees the gilded crosses swim in it, above the roofs of Florence.

It is all so beautiful that the lad's artist-heart beats exultingly. He must do something about it!

He picks up a sharp stone and begins to draw on the side of a smooth boulder. A person must draw the things he knows and loves, and being a boy—why, he draws the sheep! One is turning its head timidly, and one is bending a leg to scratch its nose—that is fearfully hard to get right.

The boy crouches by the boulder, his “plain, flat” face sober with eager interest. He does not know that a gentleman who is walking across the hills has paused to watch his work, until he feels a hand touch his shoulder.

The gentleman is Cimabue, the "highly-esteemed painter." He is so delighted with the naturalness of the lad's rough sketches that he gives him a chance to work in his studio in Florence—a chance joyfully accepted.

This shepherd boy becomes the famous painter, Giotto. He who was said to have recreated the art of painting by freeing it from stiff and rigid traditions. Giotto made the commonest deed lifelike. In so doing he was a great Realist, but his sense of harmony with the unseen music of the spheres made him also a great Idealist.

Pope Benedict XI once asked Giotto for a proof of his skill. Giotto, in reply, sent him an O drawn with a free sweep of the brush, from the elbow.

So perfect was this circle, that "round as the O of Giotto" became a saying among his countrymen.

“ PERMISSION TO SET UP THE FIRST COFFEE-HOUSE IN VIENNA ”

REWARD GIVEN KOLSZICKI, ABOUT 1683

A GATE opens—only a crack.

The face of a man peers furtively out. Then his arm follows, cautiously. The next second, the man himself flashes outside, and the gate closes noiselessly behind.

Vienna is being besieged by the Turks. The Viennese are hard put to it. It is necessary that some one should communicate with the Imperial Army—composed of Germans and Poles—which is marching to the relief of beleaguered Vienna.

This man, a Pole, named Kolszicki, has volunteered for the desperately dangerous task.

See him stand now, glancing keenly about. He is dressed like a Turk, and is further equipped by being intimately conversant with the Turkish language and customs.

Watch him saunter among the tents with a casual, unembarrassed air, singing a Turkish song.

The camp of the Turks is spread out in the

form of a great crescent. Most of the tents are of rich green silk, gorgeous in the sunlight.

Kolszicki's idle steps pass the open tent flap of an Aga—or Turkish gentleman. The Aga is attracted by the man's cheerful mien and the charming, familiar strains of his song.

The Aga speaks to him.

Would not his countryman like some coffee?

Coffee! Delightful—of course he would.

Kolszicki seats himself, drinks coffee, and gossips with his host. He learns several important things—and is warned by the kind-hearted Aga against walking too far, and falling into Christian hands!

After various adventures Kolszicki safely reaches the Danube. There, to his despair he is fired upon by the Imperial soldiers, who seeing his clothes suppose him to be a Turkish spy!

With great difficulty he persuades them to allow him to accomplish his mission.

He returns to Vienna, triumphantly bearing the despatches for which he was sent.

He is rewarded by "permission to set up the first coffee-house in Vienna."

Let us hope he made a fortune!

“LEILA, THE SACRED MARE, IS IN THE PROPHECY”

LADY HESTER STANHOPE, 1776-1839

A TALL and splendid figure, arrayed in the masculine dress of an Eastern Potentate. Brilliant complexion; dark, fiery eyes; sonorous voice.

It is an Englishwoman, Lady Hester Stanhope.

For years she has lived on the slope of Mount Lebanon, Palestine. The beautiful gardens of her house are surrounded by high walls after the manner of a medieval fortress.

From thence, Lady Hester wields an almost absolute authority over the tribes of Druses that inhabit the near-by arid mountains. Her ascendancy was won by her own imperious temper and commanding character.

So important was her influence that when Ibrahim Pasha was about to invade Syria in 1832, he solicited Lady Hester's neutrality.

She had left England because her strange and arrogant nature could not endure the restraints of conventional life. She kept some thirty native servants, whom she whipped and slapped unscrupulously!

Lady Hester was so erratic and practically unsettled in mind that she believed every self-styled prophet and mystic. She was herself supposed to possess the gift of divination, which undoubtedly increased her hold on the superstitious natives.

At last she was hailed by the native tribes as "The White Queen of the Desert." This was a most extraordinary honor.

Lady Hester kept in her large stables two thoroughbred mares, one of whom was named "Leila." Because Lady Hester actually believed in a prophecy which foretold that she should ride by the side of the Prophet, into Jerusalem. He was to ride one of these mares, Lady Hester the other!

Whenever Leila licked the hand of a person who patted her, Lady Hester was sure that person was a "chosen vessel." Because, as she wrote to a friend, "Leila, the sacred mare, is in the prophecy."

Gradually Lady Hester grew old and ill. Her power waned.

So we leave her:

"—on her desert throne,
The crazy Queen of Lebanon."

“ I HAVE NOT YET BEGUN TO FIGHT ”

JOHN PAUL JONES, 1747-1792

ANSWER TO ENGLISH MAN-OF-WAR

UP and down the quays of Lorient, France, paces a short, sturdy man. His seaman's face is hard and resolute, but oh, the smile of him when he chooses to win hearts!

It is John Paul Jones. He holds a Commission in the newly formed American Navy. His adventures have brought him to France, which is on the side of the American Colonies in the struggle with England.

He is waiting for a ship, and gazing out across the ocean as if he owned every one that sailed its waves!

At last—at last—his boat arrives. The *Bon Homme Richard*, named after Benjamin Franklin's famous character. Black, unwieldy, eaten with sea-worms.

Wild with excitement, Captain Jones ships what crew he can get. Sailors, scourings of the port; some English prisoners in charge of supercilious French marines. Off they go, cursing in six languages.

After taking several English merchantmen, they fight an English man-of-war, the *Serapis*.

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Most of the old cannon on the *Bon Homme Richard* explode at once.

Meanwhile the *Serapis*, beautifully equipped in battle array, pours broadside after broadside into her opponent.

So close are the ships that a conflict by pistol-shot is maintained.

Then another American boat turns up, and by some hideous mistake pours most of her fire into the *Bon Homme Richard*!

Paul Jones, with his own hands, helps to lash the half-wrecked *Bon Homme Richard* to the *Serapis*. There—she cannot sink now, at least, not alone!

“Have you struck your colors?” comes a stern voice from the English man-of-war.

Paul Jones’ answer rings clear—“I have not yet begun to fight.”

Four hours that marvelous fight lasts. Then Captain Pearson of the *Serapis* surrenders to Paul Jones.

The King of France presented Paul Jones with a gold-hilted sword inscribed: “From Louis XVI in recognition of the services of the brave Maintainer of the privileges of the sea.”

"BUT THEN WHAT COULD I DO?"

KING LOUIS XI OF FRANCE, 1423-1483

SAID OF THE DEATH OF HIS BROTHER

A DIMLY lighted Chapel.

Rows of candles burn before jeweled shrines.
Their light flickers and wavers and flares up
again, to gleam on golden halos.

Before a statue of Our Lady of Cléry kneels
King Louis XI of France. He has taken off
his old cap, which is ornamented with a row
of little leaden images of Saints, and has laid
it humbly at the foot of the gently smiling
statue.

Shrewd and wary, King Louis seeks always
to gain every possible advantage for himself
and for his country. Why not, then, propitiate
the Heavenly Powers? How sincere he was in
his religious enthusiasm history does not ex-
plain. We know that he tried to bribe the
Patron Saints of his various enemies with
promises of gifts to their shrines, as he tried
to bribe their worldly ministers with presents.

Listen to him now!

"Cause me to be pardoned, O my good

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Lady, and I know what a reward I will give Thee!"

For what sin does King Louis wish pardon? Oh! For a mere peccadillo! Simply the murder of his brother, the Duke de Guyenne.

"I confess my guilt, but then what could I do? He was perpetually causing disorder in my kingdom!"

Quite satisfied, King Louis rises.

Unfortunately there has been an eaves-dropper in the Chapel.

That evening at the King's footstool among the dogs lies the Court Jester. His cap bears a scarlet cockscomb, and his truncheon is hung with tinkling bells.

The courtiers call on him for an amusing tale. Lounging, with his arm around the neck of a beautiful stag-hound, the Jester drawls that the drollest thing he has seen to-day was—and then he describes that scene in the Chapel!

A splendid joke, of course, and hailed as such by the courtiers.

But it must have amused the Jester to watch King Louis' lips grow pale!

“THE LADY WITH THE LAMP”
SAID OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE,
1820-1910

ENGLAND is stirred to its depths by reports of tragic suffering.

It is during the Crimean war, and there are thousands of wounded English soldiers on the Bosphorus. They are without the commonest necessities for comfort. This is largely because no one really understands what they need for comfort.

It is amazing to look back upon those days and realize how little was done for sick people!

But across England is going a letter from a young Englishwoman named Florence Nightingale. In it she offers herself as nurse to the Secretary of War. Strangely enough, that letter crosses with one from the Secretary of War, asking for Florence Nightingale's services.

Florence Nightingale leaves England with a staff of thirty-seven nurses.

Under her management, the death-rate in the hospitals on the Bosphorus drops from forty-two per cent. to two per cent.

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What she must have meant to those poor, wounded, homesick fellows! From ward to ward she goes. Even all night she went her rounds, her lamp in hand.

Yet Florence Nightingale, although revolutionizing nursing, employed no mysterious or uncanny methods in her cures. It is true that she had prepared herself for her chosen pursuit of nursing by study, in her youth, at the best hospitals which that period afforded in England and on the Continent of Europe.

But it was her own common sense that led her to use the Nature-taught panaceas of fresh air, sunshine, cleanliness, warmth, and the blessed healing of quiet. She preached disinfectants and ventilation.

A great ovation awaited Florence Nightingale on her return to England, which her modesty led her to deprecate.

Longfellow wrote a poem to her, called "Santa Filomema," from a phrase in which she was fondly nicknamed "the lady with the lamp."

A particularly felicitous anagram was made upon her name: "Flit on, cheering angel."

**“ HONEST FRIENDSHIP WITH ALL
NATIONS, ENTANGLING AL-
LIANCES WITH NONE ”**

THOMAS JEFFERSON, 1743-1826

SAID IN HIS FIRST INAUGURAL ADDRESS

A TALL, lanky man is coming quietly out of his lodgings in the city of Washington this Spring morning. His angular features are illuminated by hazel-flecked grey eyes that flash keen and vivacious.

There is no distinguishing mark in his dress, which is of “plain cloth.” No powdered lackeys attend him. He comes down the steps, mounts his horse, and rides slowly away. A few American gentlemen, his friends and fellow-citizens, follow him.

Thomas Jefferson is taking his unobtrusive way to the Capitol to be sworn in as third President of the United States. His two stately predecessors had been driven over the same path in coach and six. But the most conspicuous apostle of democracy in America would have none of these elaborate doings.

Reaching the Capitol, Mr. Jefferson dismounts and hitches his own horse to a near-by

fence. It is his intention to make his deeds consistent with the principles of the party which he leads.

Rarely in America has party feeling been more dangerously impassioned than in the three years preceding this election. In 1800 the Republican candidates—the Democrats called themselves Republicans in those days—were Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr. They received equal electoral votes. It devolved upon the House of Representatives, in accordance with the system which then obtained, to make one President, and the other Vice-President, which it had accordingly done.

Mr. Jefferson believed in separation from all European politics with their local troubles and turmoils. He cherished firmly the doctrine of America for the Americans. Therefore anything which smacked of foreign customs or the usages pertaining to monarchical countries offended alike his convictions and his tastes.

His first inaugural was a rhetorical and famous statement of democracy. No sentence in it rang more finely than the words:

“Honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none.”

“HE CAN DANCE THE CANARIES”
SAID OF THE DANCING HORSE OF MR.
BANK
SIXTEENTH CENTURY

DANCE?

Of course I can dance, I—Morocco—the famous dancing horse. I am a gay young nag of moderate size, and my coat is a nice, glossy chestnut.

My master is a Scotchman, one Mr. Banks. He has been exhibiting me in London lately. Chiefly in the yard of the Belle-Sauvage Inn, where there is excellent entertainment for man and beast. I promise you he has made a good thing out of it—with my help.

I can erect myself upon my hind legs and leap about so that the crowd screams with delight:

“He can dance the canaries.”

Permit me to explain that the Canaries is the name of a most genteel dance.

Also if coins are put into a glove, I tell how many there are, by raps of my foot. In like manner, I tell the numbers on the upper faces of a pair of dice.

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I have been accused of being animated by a spirit.

To tell the truth, my master gives me a signal each time—such as calling out the word “Up” or the like. See?

Of course people do not know about the signal, so they think me a real mathematician. You remember that Shakespeare alluded to me. Concerning a certain problem in arithmetic, he said, “The dancing horse will tell you.”

It is the only thing that troubles me—this being thought to harbor a Satanic spirit. We nearly got into serious trouble over it, traveling in France, last year.

Consider that case of a horse that was burned alive—horrible—at Lisbon, because his master had taught him to know the cards! Poor creature! He was supposed to employ Black Magic!

It fairly haunts me!

Some one has just told me, however, that my master is to become a vintner in Cheapside. So I hope to have a safe, comfortable old age.

“THE GOOD ESTATE”

NICOLO DI RIENZI, MURDERED IN 1354

HIS NAME FOR HIS SCHEME OF POPULAR FREEDOM

A MOB, viciously bent on murder, surges in the street below the balcony of the Capitol at Rome. A Roman rabble, excited and cruel with the easily aroused passions of a Southern race.

Whom do they seek?

A man who has been their idol—Nicolo di Rienzi.

Born of humble parents, Rienzi from his earliest youth worked for the bettering of the common people. He was the champion of the people of Rome in their struggles against the oppressions of the nobles. By his advice and guidance they were enabled to obtain better terms from their tyrants the aristocrats.

It is only a few years ago that Rienzi led another mob to this very street. He stood here on the balcony of the Capitol, and received by the people's acclamations a ratification of his assumption of supreme power. The title of “Tribune of Rome” was revived from the days of the City's ancient glories, for Rienzi.

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How nobly he has vindicated their trust!

Under his rule, peace and confidence have been established throughout the country, so that trade has flourished. "The woods began to rejoice that they were no longer infested with robbers"—as an old historian states.

The people had at first striven with Rienzi to accomplish what he called "The good estate," his name for his scheme of popular freedom. Not only Rome was comprehended in it. For Rienzi was the first Roman patriot to dream of uniting all Italy in one grand federal republic.

But now—now—what black ingratitude!

What if Rienzi has been injudicious in his flaunting of regal state? What if he has been obliged by the exigencies of government to impose an unpopular tax?

Oh! Need they break his heart before they kill him?

Kill him? Aye, they stab him with myriad wounds, and burn the body of

"Rienzi—last of Romans!"

“ LIKE SPINNING INSECTS ”
JOHANN KEPLER, DISTINGUISHED
ASTRONOMER, 1571-1630

HIS DESCRIPTION OF COMETS

“ LIKE spinning insects ! ”

This is the description given to the tails of comets, by Johann Kepler. He was one of the Court astronomers of Rudolph II, Emperor of Germany.

We see a large room in the royal palace. Smoke from the huge fireplace drifts up to the time-blackened rafters, and the light is subdued and ghostly. Here are mysterious instruments and appliances little understood by us ordinary folk—astrolabes; crucibles; crystals. There, the astrologers and alchemists study and experiment.

By the great open casement Kepler spends his nights. He is at present absorbed in calculations on comets.

He supposes that their tails are the result of the action of solar rays, which in traversing the mass of the comets bear off with them some of the subtler particles. These evanescent gleams form trains or veils across the sky. By

the process of waste thus set up, the comets finally dissolve into the ether and expire, "like spinning insects."

Now enters Kepler's patron, the Emperor Rudolph II. He has a clever, pale face, with a dark pointed beard and most aristocratic hands. He seats himself to listen to Kepler's dissertation.

Meanwhile, behind the Emperor, his courtiers exchange glances, half in derision, half in superstitious awe.

Kepler's wise, gentle talk flows on.

The study of stars, he explains, is important because it is chiefly by their help that we may hope to solve the riddles of the universe. The apparent daily revolution of the celestial sphere, caused by the rotation of the earth, is the gauge by which we measure time.

Time—its long reflections of past glories; its mirages of future facts. Time—which shows us space; space—which waits for time.

Suppose the earth goes out some night in the tail of one of those "spinning insects!" It will have fulfilled its God-meant destiny—its time will be gathered up into Eternity.



JOHANN KEPLER.
Distinguished Astronomer, 1571-1630.

“IT IS I WHO PITY YOU!”
PIERRE DU TERRAIL, CALLED BAYARD,
1475–1524

AS HE DIED ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE

WE are betrayed!

WE—a small body of French knights and men-at-arms—are pursued by the Imperial army. We could fight our enemies, but our friend turned traitor overwhelms us.

Oh! That shot has done its cruel work. I reel in my saddle—help me down, but carry me not from the field of battle—for I must die upon it!

What? Shall I mount you never again, my noble steed? I—Pierre du Terrail, called Bayard, after the castle where I was born, in sunny France—O my own France, whose vineyards I shall never see again! Why—I was wont to vault into my saddle dressed in full armor.

Oh, this weary war in Northern Italy! We might have won our way back to our own land, harassed as we were, had we not been betrayed.

The traitor is the Duke of Bourbon. He was the High Constable of France, and had in

his knowledge the route of our troops, the disposition of our ammunition, and all matters pertaining to the army. For gain he left his King; for worldly advantage he deserted his country. And he was my own familiar friend.

What—the pain of my wound is bringing darkness and confusion.

Shall I no more lay a lance in rest and tilt to win the smiles of lovely ladies? I—who led the youth of the Court in knightly exercises?

A Cross—hold a Cross before my failing eyes. Nay, my sword will do. For high upon its hilt gleams the Blessed Symbol, the Crossed handle.

Who is this that approaches?

Our conqueror, he who was the Constable of France. He bends over me kindly.

“You weep, sir, in pity, to see me thus? Nay, it is I who pity you. For I am only dying—and you must live—a traitor.”

“MY CHAIN WAS RETURNED”

MR. JEROME HORSEY, ENGLISH AMBASSADOR TO RUSSIA

LATTER PART OF SIXTEENTH CENTURY

QUEEN ANNA JAGIELLONKA, widow of King Stephen Batory of Poland, is living at Warsaw.

Mr. Horsey, who is traveling about Poland for his own amusement, writes of her, in his diary. Before the windows of her palace are placed pots and ranks of great carnations, roses and lilies. Also “strange flowers” of which he evidently does not know the names.

Mr. Horsey walks quietly into the palace and comes to the room where the Queen is eating her supper, under a white silk canopy.

Mr. Horsey stands among the other gentlemen and observes the grandeur.

“Every one his silver fork”—he writes in astonishment. This was indeed an unusual mark of elegance for those times.

He is fortunate enough to obtain a glass of sweet wine. There are also what he calls “Portratures in sugar paste,” of lions, swans, and unicorns. Out of the bellies of these “pleasant beastes” are cut delectable slices.

Presently, some of the courtiers who have known Mr. Horsey before spy him out. They recognize him, he writes complacently, by the excellent starching of his ruffles, which were made with silver wire, and "starched in England!"

He is introduced to Queen Anna.

Her Majesty graciously gossips with him.

She has been told by a "bold Jew" that Mr. Horsey's pearl chain is counterfeit—that it is made of fish-eyes, dried. She asks to see it. His precious chain. The good gentleman relinquishes it into her hands with sad misgivings. Queens have been known to take fancies to things—and not return them!

But he writes, in great relief: "My chain was returned, and no honor lost by the Queen's sight thereof."

Then Queen Anna, woman-like, wants to know where he has his ruffles starched.

Mr. Horsey takes the occasion loyally to praise the products of his own country—from its starch to its Queen—the great Elizabeth.

“ I NOW TAKE LEAVE OF YOU ”

GEORGE WASHINGTON, 1732-1799

ON PARTING WITH THE OFFICERS OF THE
REVOLUTIONARY ARMY

A GROUP of solemn and silent men are gathered in a room at Frances'. This is a tavern in the neighborhood of the Whitehall ferry across the Hudson River. At the foot of a flight of steps leading down to the water waits a barge.

Presently into the room, with slow and stately steps, comes General George Washington. His strong, aristocratic face shows deep and noble emotion. He has come to take leave of these men, who have been his officers during the Revolutionary War—just ended. He is on the point of returning his Commission to Congress, then in session at Annapolis.

What memories bind these men together!

Memories of agony, of hope, of toil, that were beaten out on the forge of years. Memories that are rounded now in the perfect circle of completion.

It is indisputable that George Washington refused a crown.

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The thought of a monarchy was a logical one to his friends and fellow-soldiers, brought up as they all had been, under a King. To be sure they had just freed their country from one King—but here was another to their hand whose rule would be vastly different, and more benign.

It was George Washington's own unselfishness and clear-sighted judgment that gave a peremptory end to the thought.

He speaks now:

“With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you.”

To each man he gives a brother's embrace.

The manly tenderness of these veterans can find no further utterance in words. In silence General Washington leaves the room, followed by his officers—for the last time.

They pass through a corps of Light Infantry to the steps.

George Washington enters the barge; he turns and lifts his hat in silent farewell. With silence, the salute is returned.

They had thought of him as if he were an ordinary man —

“—tempting him with a crown.”

**“MY DEATH WILL TAKE PLACE
THREE DAYS BEFORE THAT
OF YOUR MAJESTY”**

**SAID BY SOOTHSAYER TO TIBERIUS
CÆSAR, 42 B. C.—37 A. D.**

AN Emperor—in all the gorgeous pomp of his regal state—Tiberius Cæsar, Emperor of Rome.

Soldiers guard his audience chamber with the zeal of military alertness. Wise and influential statesmen hang upon the Emperor's slightest word; and gay young nobles watch his slightest gesture.

Into the midst of all this splendor comes a quiet figure, in dark robes. Incongruous! Yet there is something arresting about this man. Perhaps because strange symbols decorate his dress; or perhaps a mysterious force really emanates from his flashing eyes.

The courtiers drew back fearfully, and whisper to each other —

It is Thrasullus, the marvelous Soothsayer.

Thrasullus is known to stand at present under the displeasure of the Emperor. For he has been prophesying things uncomplimentary and annoying to his Majesty.

Displeasure indeed!

Tiberius thunders forth a sudden, cruel sentence. Thrasullus is to be dragged forth and thrown over the rocks into the sea.

The courtiers shudder.

Is it the power of the Soothsayer which reveals to them a sight of tall, beetling crags, where sea-birds swoop and scream, against which silver and lavender mist swirls up from the raging breakers below—far, far below?

To be dashed headlong from such a cliff!

The Soothsayer bows quietly. But as the soldiers approach and seize him, he speaks—just a few words.

An amazing change comes over the Emperor's brow. He starts convulsively forward and stays the soldiers with an impulsive gesture.

No—no—Thrasullus is not to be killed—he is to live, to be nobly cared for at the Emperor's expense so long as life can be coaxed to remain in his old body.

What on earth did the Soothsayer say to so revoke the course of Imperial design?

Merely the short sentence:

“My death will take place three days before that of your Majesty.”

“CLAD IN PAGE’S DRESS”

SAID OF JACQUELINE, COUNTESS OF
HOLLAND, 1401-1436

ON HER FLIGHT FROM GHENT

A LOVELY and unhappy lady in prison!

A young and charming Princess held in
durance vile by her enemies. To the rescue!

Jacqueline, Countess of Holland, was involved, during her entire reign, in quarrels with her rebellious subjects and with her kinsman, Philip, Duke of Burgundy.

At one period Burgundy succeeded in helping to separate Jacqueline from her *then* husband, the English Duke of Gloucester. For the lovely Jacqueline fitted on the yoke of matrimony four times!

Burgundy promptly immured the Countess—or Duchess, as you prefer—in the fortress of Grafenstein, in Ghent. Its ancient walls were black and formidable, and there were dark, underground passages.

The pleasantest tradition connected with Grafenstein is that some of its rooms were used as studios by the famous artists, the two Van Eycks.

Through prison walls whispers have been known to penetrate.

In some mysterious way, two gentlemen of Holland, whose names were Spierinck and Vos, were able to communicate with their imprisoned Lady. Disguised as merchants, they loitered about Grafenstein until they managed to smuggle in a bundle of clothes.

"Clad in page's dress," Jacqueline slipped out an unguarded door. She walked quietly through the streets of Ghent.

Just outside one of the city gates, two merchants awaited her—with an extra horse from which they had removed their packs of wares.

Away—through the night they galloped.

Until dawn they rode. Then found themselves on the banks of a river, where a boat lay waiting for them—hidden in the rushes. Again, Jacqueline changed, to the disguise of a burgher dame this time.

After four anxious days of arduous travel the errant Princess and Knights arrived safe on the territory of one of Jacqueline's loyal nobles.

It is comforting to know that the poor, tired lady was here furnished with "garments befitting her rank!"

**“SOLDIERS, IF THERE IS ONE
AMONG YOU WHO WOULD KILL
HIS EMPEROR—HERE I AM!”**

**NAPOLEON I, EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH,
1769–1821**

**HIS GREETING TO THE ARMY ON HIS ESCAPE FROM
ELBA**

SIX thousand soldiers drawn up in battle array. Their muskets are loaded and the bayonets form a glittering, impassable wall.

Slowly approaching them is a small column of men, led by an extraordinary figure, Napoleon Bonaparte!

It would be difficult to say wherein lay the power of his very name. Children in far-away lands are being frightened into meek silence by its sound: Napoleon Bonaparte. A great soldier? A great statesman? More and less than both.

He halts his column now, at a hundred paces from the hostile army. He dismounts and advances on foot.

How did he get here? England and her Allies thought him securely imprisoned on the Island of Elba. But he has managed to slip away, cross the water, and land upon a lonely

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part of the French coast, near Cannes. There a few loyal friends joined him.

Now, he confronts the French army—his army.

He is dressed in his well-known garb. A grey overcoat; high military boots; a cocked hat. With folded arms he stands impassive.

Every musket is brought up to the shoulder and aimed at the breast of Napoleon. The order is given to fire.

Each soldier knew that should his musket be the one to send death to the dauntless breast of Napoleon, he would receive great personal reward from the royal family of the Bourbons.

Not a musket is fired!

Then Napoleon speaks:

“Soldiers, if there is one among you who would kill his Emperor—here I am!”

In mad enthusiasm, the soldiers of France fling down their muskets and rush forward to embrace the knees of Napoleon. Tears, shouts, a tumult of joyful welcome.

“Vive L’Empereur!”

Napoleon’s “bloodless victory” is complete; the hearts of the army are his. With these men and their comrades, he is enabled to approach Waterloo.

**“WITH A HIGH HAND”
SAID OF THE KNIGHTS OF CHARLES, DUKE
OF CALABRIA, IN 1326**

A FINE cavalcade is traveling through Italy in this year of 1326. We will join it.

It is the Escort of Charles, Duke of Calabria. This wise and good ruler is on his way from Naples to Florence, which latter city he has promised to govern for ten years—according to the earnest request of its inhabitants.

Princes and dukes are we, and knights of high degree—with our wives and children and our retainers to an amazing number. There are 1,500 sumpter-mules carrying baggage!

The gentlemen ride horses, “richly caparisoned.” Which means that the horses are almost smothered in long saddle clothes and hung with glittering chains—how the poor beasts must hate it! Hate, too, the heavy and brilliant armor which we wear, and the flapping cloaks of cloth-of-gold.

The ladies, for the most part, ride in litters, or in springless chariots. Their dresses and mantles are strictly determined, as to material and color, by their rank—cloth-of-gold or of

silver; velvets and silks of gayest crimsons, purples or greens.

Each knight has three squires. One carries the knight's helmet on his saddle; a second leads his war charger. The third holds his master's standard on high. Hence arises the saying:

“With a high hand.”

Arriving at Naples, we receive a splendid reception—the streets are strewn with flowers. Wonderful entertainments, banquets and balls.

But a sad difficulty presents itself.

By a sumptuary law—one of those governing the wearing of clothes—the ladies of Florence are forbidden to wear a certain kind of head-dress. It is a band of woven white and yellow silk, and is *so* becoming! What a horrid, mean law!

One of the first acts of Duke Charles is—most tactfully—to repeal this sumptuary statute.

He knows hereafter that the feminine portion of the community is firmly for him!

“TAKE UP OUR SISTER’S KERCHIEF”

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, 1564-1616

Two figures confront each other.

One, a King, whose robes of tinsel flaunt in the narrow limits of a stage. A stage where the machinery and appliances are restricted to the resources of a primitive period. Where even the place of the play’s occurrence is indicated merely by its name painted on a board.

The other, a Queen, whose power is practically absolute over an important part of the earth: Elizabeth of England.

She and her brilliant courtiers sit so close to the actors as to mingle with them.

Was it at the Globe, or at Blackfriars, those two delightful theaters of old London? Was it in a stately hall of one of the royal palaces? Tradition, which tells the story, does not say.

The play proceeds, to the delight of the enthralled audience. Little do the spectators care for the lack of artificial sunlight and painted scenery. They listen breathless to the kindling words, and watch them translated into living,

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flaming action. For it is William Shakespeare who is both playwright and actor King.

Shakespeare! Whose name is a Fairy Prince in the dullest tale.

Queen Elizabeth was always gay and audacious in the hoaxes which she played upon her courtiers.

Now, as Shakespeare approaches close to her chair of state, Elizabeth deliberately drops her kerchief—to see what he will do!

Surely, Shakespeare cannot pass by and let the Queen pick up her own handkerchief. On the other hand, he is too much an actor to step out of his assumed character. How can he act? The Court watches eagerly.

The King of the stage pauses. Then he motions to one of his own attendants and says quietly:

“Take up our sister’s kerchief!”

It was Shakespeare who wrote:

“All the world’s a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.”

**“CONSIDER THE MATTER, NOT
SOLELY AS A STEP
NECESSARY”**

KING LOUIS XIV OF FRANCE, 1638-1715

IN LETTER TO HIS FIANCÉE, MARIE THÉRÈSE

A HANDSOME King is so very handsome!

There are delightful reports of the beauty and charm of the young French King, Louis XIV. One of his admiring subjects declares:

“I do not think any one could possibly be handsomer.”

These reports reach the Court of Spain and inflame the heart of a youthful Princess there, the Infanta or oldest daughter of the King of Spain, Marie Thérèse.

The mother of Marie Thérèse, Queen of Spain, was a French woman, and her aunt, Queen of France, was a Spanish woman. What more natural than that she should dream of marrying the King of France?

But it is said that Louis, “The God-Given,” “The Magnificent,” is to marry a Princess of the House of Savoy. Marie Thérèse is in despair.

Hurrah! Diplomats are vigorously at work

on the matter. The young Infanta delicately intimates to the flustered statesmen that her desires outrun their deliberations.

Pressure is brought to bear upon the French King. Louis is always ready for a love affair, even if it is only with his own bride! He writes romantically to Marie Thérèse, and begs her to consult her own heart and try to "consider the matter not solely as a step necessary for the welfare of our respective States."

This is being a King and a lover indeed!

The Infanta crosses the frontier between Spain and France with the retinue of a great Princess and the trust and joy of a bride in love with her bridegroom.

Marie Thérèse could speak no French. Louis but little Spanish. Yet their marriage was at first one of true love. Tenderness and passion were neither lacking.

We do not have to follow and see the sadness that came later.

We read that in only a few months the young wife felt the first pricks of that jealousy which was "never again to leave her."

**“VERY GOOD CHESTNUT-TREE
AND MEADOW LAND”**

**FROM REPORT OF COMMITTEE, AP-
POINTED BY THE GENERAL COURT
OF MASSACHUSETTS**

IN 1667

A COMMITTEE was sent from Boston in 1667 to investigate a place about midway between the seacoast and the older settlements on the Connecticut River. This was with a view to establishing a village there.

The committee reported favorably that there was:

“Very good chestnut-tree and meadow land.”

A deed was obtained from the Indians to a tract of land about eight miles square, for “twelve pounds lawful money.” The first hamlet was named Quinsigamond, that being the Indian name of the beautiful lake bounding it on the east.

But, alas, this settlement was attacked by hostile Indians during the raging of King Philip’s War, and burned.

Although the power of the savages was, after this, temporarily crushed, it was not annihilated. Braves still lurked in the pathless

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forests to the west and north, ready to pounce upon isolated hamlets.

Again a settlement was attempted, to be called this time Worcester.

One of its prominent men was Digory Serjent, or Serjent. He was a bold and sturdy pioneer who built himself a "garrison house" on one of Worcester's lovely hills, surrounded by his lot of eighty acres of "very good chestnut-tree land."

In 1702, the Indians were known to be approaching Worcester. Its inhabitants fled—all but Digory Serjent.

He vigorously refused to be scared away from his comfortable dwelling.

When a punitive party of Marlborough men reached Worcester in pursuit of a band of murdering Indians, they found a tragedy.

The door of Digory Serjent's strong fortified house had been broken in. The owner was stretched in blood on the floor, and "the place desolate"—his wife and children carried away.

Mrs. Serjent was murdered. Two of the children were afterwards redeemed.

But—strangest part of the story—the children preferred to remain with their Indian captors, and later adopted their habits!

"FAREWELL TO MY YOUTH!"

**FRANCIS JOSEPH, EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA,
1830-1916**

ON FIRST BEING HAILED AS "YOUR MAJESTY"

ONLY eighteen, and suddenly called from the concerns and occupations of care-free youth to be Emperor of vast domains!

On the morning of December 1st, 1848, the young Archduke Francis Joseph of Austria is studying diligently—a stiff lesson on ecclesiastical law and its intricacies.

There are so many things which it has been considered necessary for him to know! The languages and idioms current in the far-away places over which the Austrian Empire's influence extends, such as Hungarian, Czech, Magyar, and Slavonic, to say nothing of French and Italian and English, the last of which the Princeling finds most difficult of all.

Fortunately for his own youthful joy, Francis Joseph has been allowed to cultivate his skill in chamois-hunting and all out-of-door exercises.

Quiet reigns in the palace; nothing particular happens all day—and the young Archduke studies faithfully.

But the next morning! All the dignitaries and grandees of the realm begin to assemble in the outer rooms of the palace. They have received imperial summons "to attend," and no one knows why. The excited and expectant courtiers whisper and question. What is happening?

Suddenly, out from the throne-room comes Francis Joseph—Archduke no longer, but Emperor of Austria—just made so by the formal abdication of his uncle, the Emperor Ferdinand I.

We see Francis Joseph stand—a slender youth, tall, and of a very earnest, grave manner. For an instant he pauses before the bewildered courtiers. Then, with one attendant, he goes quietly to receive the homage of his troops.

Everywhere he is acclaimed, rapturously, for rarely has a sovereign been more popular, and more deservedly so.

As one of his generals wrote: "It is a grand thing to be able to be enthusiastic about one's Emperor."

But we hear Francis Joseph himself sigh to a friend, who first hails him as "Your Majesty":
"Farewell to my youth!"

“ A LITTLE GIRL LIKE THAT! ”

RACHEL FELIX, FAMOUS ACTRESS,
1820-1857

SAID OF HER BY BOX-OFFICE CLERK

HUMPH! Free admission to the theater indeed!

“ A little girl like that! ”

So grumbled the box-office clerk of the Comedie Française.

It is the Jewess Rachel Felix, and she is so poor that she has only one dress, a little gingham, which she has to wash and iron over-night. The box-office clerk tries to relegate her to the gallery, as she is not sufficiently ornamental for any other place.

Take care, my friend, warns one of the actors, that little girl will some day be in a position to lose you your job, by merely remarking that she does not fancy the color of your hair!

We, able to see farther than the clerk, realize that this prophecy comes true.

Rachel, by virtue of her marvelous acting, becomes the idol of Paris; of the whole theater-going world. Her triumphs extend to every

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capital of Europe and to America. Princes lay their hearts and their jewels at her feet.

She was not preëminently beautiful, but had an exceedingly expressive, haunting sort of beauty. Her brow was prominent, and under it blazed her dark, deep-set eyes. The modulations of her voice thrilled her hearers, as it recorded every shade of passion in the Tragedies in which her genius was particularly and oftenest displayed.

At the height of her success we read of her house—which was like a palace. That it had domed ceilings and lofty windows and whole avenues of flower-pots. That she ate off solid silver plates and slept in a bed draped with priceless purple curtains.

Then comes the third dramatic period of her life.

Bereft of all joys by fatal illness, she is dying young—almost alone.

“In the shadow of the Pyramids,” where she has gone seeking warmth and—vainly—health—she writes to a friend:

“I look upon twenty centuries buried in the sands. Behold—I am no more than a shadow which passes—which has passed!”

“PASS ON AS THOU WERT WONT”

SIR JAMES DOUGLAS

FIGHTING AGAINST THE MOORS, ABOUT 1329

PRESS forward—forward still against the Pagan foe!

Knightly swords are crossing, in lines resembling those of the Sacred Symbol for which they fight. Knightly plumes are tossing above the tumult of the battle, as pure sea-foam floats above the fury of the waves.

Sir James Douglas leads the furious charge. Close-bound to his body lies a silver case. It holds the embalmed heart of his King and dearest friend, Robert Bruce.

When King Robert Bruce of Scotland lay upon his death-bed, he lamented, weeping exceedingly. For he had not been able to fulfil his vow to assist in the Crusades. Therefore, he besought Sir James Douglas to carry his heart to Jerusalem and bury it there, that its beating and its burning might be at rest.

So Douglas struggles to obey this dear bequest.

But the Moors—the cruel Pagans—are

gaining upon the Christians. Their ranks close in about the Knights of Scotland.

Douglas is surrounded by the enemies' horsemen and perceives that he cannot extricate himself. Escape is impossible.

In desperation he takes in his hand the precious heart in its silver casket. He throws it as far as possible before him, among the crowding, surging Moors, with the cry:

"Pass on as thou wert wont; I will follow or die!"

He follows—and is immediately struck to earth.

His dead body was found, after the battle, by his friends. True to his trust, he was lying over the heart of Bruce, still shielding it with his body.

Bruce's heart was carried back to Scotland, and placed under the Altar of Melrose Abbey.

The family of Douglas from that time have worn in their Armorial Bearings a Heart imperially crowned.

"The good Knight's sword is rust —
And his bones are dust —
And his soul is with the saints, we trust."



A YOUNG KNIGHT KNEELING.

“AUGUSTUS!”

TITLE GIVEN BY POPE LEO III, IN 800, TO
CHARLEMAGNE, KING OF THE FRANKS

ST. PETER'S in Rome on Christmas Day long ago.

The beautiful old church is crowded with worshipers who, for all the devotion which they pay to the stately ritual, cannot help casting surreptitious glances at one of their number.

He is so grandly dressed, and has such a splendid retinue.

For it is a great monarch who says his prayers here to-day. Charlemagne, King of the Franks, the people of far-away Northern Europe. Of late years Charlemagne's rule has extended also far to the South, until he is sovereign of vast domains.

The Service proceeds.

The sunlight shines through stained-glass windows, to throw flecks of green and saffron and blue on kneeling figures. Clouds of incense soften the light round the high Altar where candles gleam. Voices chant in melodious, monotonous cadences the holy words,

and now and then a bell strikes, like the beat of a heart thrilling keenly.

The Service is over.

Charlemagne rises to his feet and turns to leave the sacred edifice, when he is stopped by a sudden message from the Pope.

What is this? The people nudge each other and gape in amazement as His Holiness approaches the King—with a crown!

Charlemagne is as much surprised as any one. He stands, his big, robust frame drawn up in commanding dignity, but he sinks humbly down when Leo motions him to kneel again.

“Augustus!” The Pope’s voice rings out, as he places the crown on Charlemagne’s brow.

Emperor of the East and West—Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire—Augustus.

Thus was the proud title revived again, which had been worn by the Roman Cæsars, by which Constantine had reigned.

We can see the joy of the surging crowds in Rome that Christmas Day and hear their acclamations. They are thankful to have a settled ruler. He will protect them from the heathen hordes; he will guard Christendom.

“BELOW THE SKIRT, TROUSERS MODERATELY FULL”

AMELIA JENKS BLOOMER, DRESS
REFORMER, 1818–1894

WHAT are the sweet creatures up to now?

Pretty dears! We men have always submitted to all their whims in the way of fashion, and loyally admired them. And how absurd some of them have been! Down through the ages the women march, in every monstrosity of cumbrous skirts and hampering sleeves. Hats and caps and wreaths and turbans—there have been no end to the head-dresses which we have been called upon to compliment.

But this last fashion is really too much!

Hear its originator, Mrs. Amelia Jenks Bloomer, as she describes its essential portion:

“Below the skirt, trousers moderately full.”

Ye gods—have we men of America, in this year of grace 1851, really come to this? That at a ball in Lowell, Massachusetts, such a costume appears! At a ball, mind you, when, if ever, one might think women would like to appear as feminine and dainty as possible!

Here they come.

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The baggy trousers, called "bloomers," are neatly gathered about slim ankles with elastic bands. Above swing and flounce skirts hewn of much of their fullness.

The fair wearers declare how comfortable they are, free to walk about. They insist that bloomers are "healthy" because they do not drag on the sidewalk to pick up its refuse.

They also try to enlist their husbands and fathers in favor of the new style because it has comparatively little material and is therefore economical!

The "strong-minded" ones among the ladies need no such arguments. They boldly assert that they like bloomers because they are "masculine!"

Mrs. Bloomer, who is the "Editress" of a magazine, writes vigorously in favor of dress reform! The joke of it is that her paper bears the effeminate, die-away name of "Lily."

We need not have worried.

Bloomers carried their own doom. They were not becoming.

**“ I WILL PUSH ON IF WE HAVE TO
EAT THE LEATHER OF
THE RIGGING ”**

FERDINAND MAGELLAN, 1480-1521

ON HIS VOYAGE CIRCUMNAVIGATING THE GLOBE

ROUND the world?

Aye! For our commander, Ferdinand Magellan, vows he is going to sail east by the way of the west—that he is going to circumnavigate the earth.

We set sail with him from Spain, nearly two hundred and eighty gallant sailors and gentleman adventurers, in five ships finely equipped.

Across the Atlantic we reach the shores of the New World, near Pernambuco. Then—down the unknown coast of South America. Miles and miles and miles of arduous toil and great hardships. In and out of so many uncharted bays and estuaries that their memories become merged in confused mirages of rocks and water and trees.

By scenes of unbelievable beauty, where the clear, balmy air melts into the sunlit sea.

By scenes of inexpressible horror, where at the foot of precipices raging waves gnash their

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teeth on our comrades' bones, and those who escape are tortured to death by the natives.

Harassed by starvation; harassed by storms; harassed by scurvy; harassed by bitter quarrels among ourselves.

We gain so far south that we lose sight of the North Star—that comfort of mariners. But courageously Magellan holds on for what he called the “Pole Anartike.”

At last—at last! We sail through a strait three hundred and sixty miles long—to be named hereafter the Strait of Magellan—out upon an ocean of steady and gentle winds which our commander christens the Pacific.

But our provisions have given out. The expedition fulfils Magellan's declaration:

“I will push on if we have to eat the leather of the rigging.”

It was on the island of Mactan that Magellan was murdered by natives—after three years of sailing.

His marvelous task was, however, accomplished. For he had already been to this longitude before—from the other side. Therefore he had circumnavigated the globe.

Only one of his five ships reached Spain, the *Vittoria*; and less than forty men returned.

“THE TROOPERS IN LINE—THE OFFICERS IN POSITION”

REPORT CONCERNING FIGHT WHERE
GENERAL CUSTER AND HIS MEN
WERE ANNIHILATED IN 1876

WE hear it is only a small band of Indians, there near the Little Big Horn River.

We ride jauntily forward, this lovely June weather, through the wild, picturesque Western country. We—and our beautiful horses—are the Seventh Cavalry of the United States Army. We are acting as the advanced guard of a force sent against the Sioux—the red, scalping devils—and their allies.

The keen young eyes of our commander, General Custer, flash beneath his wide campaigning hat. Gallant and brave, he is adored by his men.

As we near the point where the Indians are rallying, General Custer divides our regiment into three parties, the better to surround the savages. He himself, with our fine troops, forms the center column.

Fatal tragedy!

For suddenly—Indians—Indians in hordes—nearly three thousand, as will be afterwards

proved—fall upon our unsupported center column.

We dismount; our trained horses drop down, and each man crouches behind a living barricade.

The Indians on their wiry ponies utter curdling whoops and swoop upon us in a wide circle. Their bodies are oiled and painted, and feathers stream back over their shoulders.

They are all armed with Winchesters—God! Where do they get them?

One after another of our men cries out, to roll over in his death agony.

Faster and faster gallop the yelling Indians, closing in under a cloud of dust.

Where are our rescuing comrades?

This is no question of surrender to an honorable foe. Those of us who are taken alive, the Indians will kill with fiendish torments.

More men die—and horses —

Our brains are reeling—but we hold to our soldier's tradition. When our mutilated bodies are found, they will be facing the enemy —

“The troopers in line—the officers in position.”

The Indians are circling nearer —

The rest is silence.



**“ MY VOICES COME TRULY FROM
HEAVEN ”**

**JEANNE D'ARC, KNOWN AS “ THE MAID OF
ORLEANS,” 1412-1431**

BURNED!

Burned to death at the stake!

Can we face this scene?

Here, in the streets of the French city of Rouen, in this year of our Lord 1431, we stand appalled. The crowds about us surge slowly back and forth, moved by shudders of horror.

High above us rises the funeral pile. Fagots of wood, heaped upon each other in combustible fashion, waiting but the torch of the executioner to flame devouringly.

Fastened to the stake is a young girl—barely twenty years of age. Jeanne d'Arc, La Pucelle—or The Maid of Orleans.

What has she done to deserve this hideous fate? Believing herself inspired by the heavenly Voices of Saint Michael, Saint Catherine, and Saint Margaret, she has led the armies of France to victory, and consecrated her King.

Taken prisoner at last by the English, Jeanne was delivered over by them to the In-

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quisition and condemned as a heretic and a witch.

Now—now—no—do not look!

Red flames begin to hiss and lap along the edges of the pyre.

Jeanne speaks gently to the courageous priests who, forgetful of themselves, are pressing close beside her with the Crucifix; she bids them descend.

The flames rise higher.

What thoughts of the oak wood at her native village of Domremy! Coolness from its green shadows touches her lips; dampness from its soft mosses bathes her feet.

True to her convictions Jeanne cries:

“My voices come truly from heaven.”

Stifling smoke and flames swirl upward to float the girlish form in a wondrous halo. The very air becomes rarefied—earth fades in mist away.

Again we hear Jeanne—she calls triumphantly upon the Sacred Name.

Then—silence—save for the crackling of the flames.

Trembling, gasping, the crowd disperses.

“From the crimes committed in Thy Name,
O Christ deliver us!”



